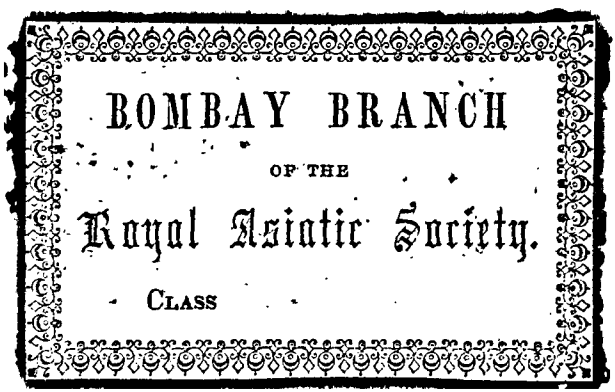
Sir Arch.d Alison D.C.L.

00020943

NOT TO BE ISSUED OUT
WITHOUT PERMISSION.



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

MY LIFE AND WRITINGS

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, BART. D.C.L.

Engraved by J.S. Agar from the Drawing by Frank Howard from an original Bust by Patrick Park, Sculptor.

London: Published by Blackwood & Sons, 37, Paternoster Row.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

MY LIFE AND WRITINGS

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY THE LATE

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, BART.

D.C.L.

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

LADY ALISON

20943
ac

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLXXXIII

1883

All Rights reserved

922.341
Ali/ Ali/som
20943

CONTENTS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAP.		PAGE
XIII.	FROM THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GLASGOW IN 1849, TO MY CREATION AS A BARONET IN 1852, . .	1
XIV.	FROM THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL IN 1852, TO THE DEPARTURE OF MY SONS TO THE CRIMEA IN 1854, ...	60
XV.	FROM THE DEPARTURE OF MY SONS TO THE CRIMEA IN NOVEMBER 1854, TO THEIR DEPARTURE FOR INDIA, ...	110
XVI.	MONETARY CRISIS OF 1857, AND CAMPAIGN OF LUCKNOW, TO TERMINATION OF CONTINUATION OF MY 'HISTORY OF EUROPE,' . . .	182
XVII.	COMMITTEE OF HOUSE OF COMMONS ON TRANSPORTATION, TO THE CONCLUSION OF THE CASTLEREAGH LIVES, ...	240
XVIII.	COUNTRY VISITS—GENERAL REFLECTIONS, . .	321
XIX.	QUIET WINTER AT POSSIL—CONVERSATIONS WITH MY SON—GENERAL REFLECTIONS, ...	388

XX. FROM THE BIRTH OF MY GRANDSON IN 1862, TO THE TERMINATION OF MY PUBLIC CAREER, . 430

APPENDIX,—THE DEATH OF SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, 519

INDEX, ... 529

SOME ACCOUNT OF MY LIFE AND WRITINGS.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GLASGOW IN 1849, TO MY CREATION AS A BARONET IN 1852.

AUGUST 1849—AUGUST 1852.

THE evident and rapid progress of free-trade principles in the nation at this time, and their open adoption by the Government and the Legislature, induced me to embrace a proposal of Blackwood's to publish a selection from my articles in his Magazine, in which these doctrines were most firmly combated. Of course in so doing at such a time I closed the door against any chance of official or professional promotion from the Liberal party, whether Whig or Conservative, then to all appearance permanently installed in power; I also had no views, either to profit or popularity, in such a publication, as the current of thought in it was directly adverse to that of general opinion. My sole

motive was to establish my claim to the parentage of principles then exposed to general obloquy, but which I felt convinced were in themselves just, and would in the end be established in the estimation of men of sense by the results of experience. I added a few essays on literary subjects, in order to enliven the otherwise heavy mass of political disquisition. The work was assailed on its appearance by a storm of violent and somewhat uncandid criticisms from the 'Spectator,' 'Examiner,' and nearly all the Liberal journals of the day. Notwithstanding this, and the extreme unpopularity of the political principles maintained in the work, it had considerable success: the first edition consisted of 2000 copies, of which 1200 were taken off by the first subscription. I was in heart rejoiced and flattered by this storm of abuse levelled at me by the Liberal critics: it evinced the rage of the democratic party at any one venturing to gainsay their opinions, and disturb what they deemed settled truth.

Another work of much more easy composition, but attended at the time by greater popularity, was soon after undertaken by me. The sketch of the life of the Duke of Marlborough, which, as already mentioned, first appeared in the pages of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and had been afterwards published in a separate volume, had already gone through two editions, each of 2000 copies. This success, as well as the numerous omissions and imperfections of which I had become conscious, in a work originally constructed chiefly on a single set of correspondence,

induced me to commence its recomposition on a larger scale, and with the assistance of the Continental books on the subject. These were chiefly the elaborate work on the campaigns of the British hero, enriched with the correspondence between the French generals and the Minister at War in Paris, which is to be found in the 'Archives du Dépôt du Ministère de la Guerre,' published at Paris in quarto; and the able Life of him, written at the same capital by order of Napoleon, and published in three volumes octavo. These foreign works, with the 'Marlborough Correspondence,' edited by Sir George Murray, and the Life of him, in six volumes, by Mr Archdeacon Coxe, furnished all the authentic materials for a complete history of his life; and as usual in such cases when you proceed to the fountain-head, I found great, and considering they were written on opposite sides, surprising identity in these narratives. The study of this subject, which occupied me above a year, led me to form the highest estimate of the military and political capacity of Marlborough. It is well known that Napoleon had a high opinion of both, and that he regarded him as perhaps the most consummate general of modern times. I made no attempt to screen Marlborough's political tergiversation or occasional underhand intrigues, though I found reason to extenuate both, from the effects of a revolution, which renders for a long time the maintenance of individual steadfastness or true faith inconsistent with personal advancement. So generally

is this the case in such times, that *then* it would be more the truth to say that virtue is its own punishment than that it is its own reward. Preserving his faith to his sovereign and benefactor inviolate, Marlborough would have languished in virtuous obscurity in the exile of St Germains, or held a subordinate command in the army of the Grand Monarque. Sacrificing it, he became the first general of the age, and for a time the arbiter of Europe. This pre-eminence furnishes no excuse for his treachery, but it adds another to the innumerable proofs which history affords, that success is very far from being in every case a test of real worth, whatever it may be of worldly ability.

Some time before this Mrs Alison and I had formed a very enjoyable and lasting friendship with Sir John and Lady Matilda Maxwell of Pollok, near Glasgow. The former was the head and lineal representative of an ancient and eminent family, whose estates of great extent were obtained by a grant still extant, which I have often seen, from William the Lion, seven hundred years ago. Sir John was in the highest degree upright and conscientious, impressed with a deep sense of religious obligation, a kind and considerate landlord, liberal and charitable to all around him, and a true model of a Christian gentleman. He had for several years been member for Lanarkshire, and had always lived on intimate terms with the leading members of Parliament, especially on the Liberal side, to which party his

family had for generations belonged. This rendered his conversation interesting and remarkable, from the number of eminent men with whom he had been brought in contact; and although he was not gifted with original talents himself, he had a rare faculty of discerning and appreciating them in others, and had in consequence a mind stored with striking observations and thoughts, which he had imbibed and treasured up in the course of a long and active life, and with the advantage of a varied and extensive acquaintance.

Lady Matilda, his revered wife, was a person of an entirely different disposition, and yet never was a happier couple. A daughter of the Earl of Elgin, who was so well known from Lord Byron's violent tirade against him for the spoliation of the Parthenon, and lineally descended from Robert Bruce, she possessed in a remarkable degree the talents and originality of her long line of ancestors. Without possessing regular beauty, her countenance was eminently pleasing, and the benignity of her disposition appeared in the serenity of her manner and the sweetness of her smile. She was of a very serious turn of mind, and deeply imbued with the doctrines of Edward Irving; but these peculiarities of belief did not in the slightest degree interfere with the gentleness of her disposition or with the universal charity of her feelings. She was pious without being sectarian, beneficent but not exclusive.

Our intimacy with Sir John and Lady Matilda

Maxwell, among other valuable acquaintances to which it led, brought on one of an interesting kind —Miss Agnes Strickland — who was a frequent guest for weeks together at Pollok House. This able and learned lady was then writing the latter volumes of her highly interesting 'Lives of the Queens of England,' and making researches connected with the work, which she projected and afterwards completed, of the 'Biography of the Queens of Scotland.' The vast extent of varied reading and research in printed books, ancient records, family papers, and manuscript correspondence, which the composition of such books necessarily required, rendered her conversation at once original and interesting. She had strong talents, rather of a masculine than of a feminine character, indefatigable perseverance, and that ardour in whatever pursuit she was engaged, without which no one could undergo similar fatigue. But if her powers of thought and. composition were those of a man, her heart and feelings were those of a woman. She was impulsive in her disposition, and had to the fullest extent that tendency to exaggerate the merits of her favourites and indulge in the luxury of hero-worship, which is so common in women of cultivated minds. A striking instance of this occurred in a conversation I once had with her, in regard to Queen Mary of England. She was descanting on the lofty character and noble feelings of that princess, to which I replied: "That may be all very true, Miss Strickland;

but unfortunately she had an awkward habit of burning people—she brought 239 men, women, and children to the stake, in a reign which did not extend beyond a few years." "Oh yes," she said, "it was terrible, dreadful; but it was the fault of the age, the temper of the times; Mary herself was everything that is noble and heroic."

Miss Strickland had great powers of expression and disquisition—too great, indeed; for when she got on one of her favourite subjects she descanted with such animation, that in the intensity of her own thoughts she came to forget that those of her auditor were by no means wrought up to a similar point. Like Macaulay, she poured out without mercy whatever at the moment was occupying her own mind, without ever recollecting that those she addressed were probably interested in totally different subjects. On this account, what she required above all things was a *good listener*, and the presence of that quality almost compensated for the want of any other. She did not even require an answer or a sign of mutual intelligence; it was enough if the one she was addressing simply remained passive. One day when I was laid up at Possil on my library sofa, from a wound in the knee, she was kind enough to sit with me for two hours, and was really very entertaining, from the number of anecdotes she recounted of queens in the olden time. When she left the room she expressed herself kindly to Mrs Alison, as to the agreeable time she had spent; and the latter said

to me on coming in: "What did you get to say to Miss Strickland all this time? She says you were so agreeable; and she was two hours here." "Say," I replied; "with truth I assure you I did not say six words to her the whole time."

With the general distress which, for five years after, followed the monetary crisis of 1847, the business of the Court in Glasgow increased so much, that I was sufficiently occupied to preclude the commencement of any considerable literary undertaking. Not only the number but the weight of the cases rapidly augmented, and from five to six hours every forenoon was absorbed in their study, or in writing the judgments upon them. During the last of these years, in 1850 and 1851, the printing of the library edition of my History was going forward, and the correction of the proof-sheets furnished a light and agreeable recreation in the interval of legal labour. It was during these two years that I first conceived the idea of writing this memoir—which in the latter of them was commenced, and brought to a considerable degree of maturity. My aim in doing so was not to gratify a senseless vanity, for it was from the first a fixed part of my design that no part should be published, or even shown to any one, during my life. My object was to convey to future times, if the work should live so long, a faithful portrait of the eventful times in which I had lived, and of the many eminent persons whom I had met during a long and varied life. As many of these were the most dis-

tinguished and memorable characters of the age, I felt a wish to transmit my sketches of them to future times; and I indulged a hope that their celebrity might give an interest to the work, which I was not foolish enough to expect from its own merits.

My contributions to 'Blackwood's Magazine' were well kept up during 1850 and 1851.[1] On one momentous and interesting topic in which I was largely officially engaged I exerted a more than ordinary degree of care. The *decennial census* came to be taken in the spring of 1851, and various causes had conspired to make it an object of peculiar and lasting interest. The emigration, which since 1846 had assumed such gigantic proportions as for the last four years of the period to have amounted to above a million of souls, coupled with the terrible Irish famine in that year, from the direct or consequen-

[1] The essays written by me during these last years for 'Blackwood' were as follows:—

Dec.	1849.	Free Trade at its Zenith,	Vol. lxvi. 756.
Jan.	1850.	The Year of Reaction,	lxvii. 1.
April	„	The Ministerial Measures,	„ 377.
May	„	Free-trade Finance,	„ 513.
July	„	Chateaubriand's Memoirs,	lxviii. 33.
Aug.	„	Ledru Rollin on England,	„ 160.
Sept.	„	Foreign Affairs,	„ 319.
Dec.	„	Ancient and Modern Eloquence,	„ 645.
Jan.	1851.	The Currency Extension Acts of Nature,	lxix. 1.
„	„	Biography,	„ 40.
Feb.	„	The Dangers of the Country—External,	„ 196.
Mar.	„	The Dangers of the Country—Our Internal Dangers,	„ 257.
May	„	The Dinner to Lord Stanley,	„ 635.
June	„	Æschylus, Shakespeare, and Schiller,	„ 641.
Aug.	„	The Census and Free Trade,	lxx. 123.

tial effects of which probably not less than a half of that number had perished, had produced a very great effect upon the rate of increase, and especially in the neighbouring island had induced a serious decline. I had been officially charged with preparing the census for Lanarkshire, where a great increase had occurred, and my attention had thus been forcibly drawn to this interesting and important branch of our social economy. The census return exhibited a decline of above a million and a half of persons in Ireland alone since 1841; and there could be no doubt that over the whole empire between 1845 and 1851 there had, so far from an increase, been a terrible diminution of inhabitants. This great change from former and recent times appeared much greater than could be accounted for by the famine, how severe soever, of 1846; and coupling it with the great and lasting change in the commercial policy of this country in that year, furnished ample materials for serious reflection. My ideas were thrown into an essay in 'Blackwood,' which appeared in Aug. 1851. The views it contained were adverse to the prevailing opinion at the time, which was in favour of an unlimited and perpetual progression, wealth, prosperity, and numbers, under popular institutions, and they were accordingly very generally assailed in the contemporary journals. The experience of the next ten years, however, and the results of the census of 1861, had already demonstrated their general truth, and given me no cause to blush for my anticipations.

In the spring of these years and of the next two, Mrs Alison and I regularly went to London, and remained there a month or six weeks. I found such a relaxation from the weary labours of my office indispensable, and as I was allowed by the Act of Parliament establishing the Glasgow sheriffship to be absent for three months in the year, I was within bounds in doing so. The only difficulty was that my whole work when away remained to be done when I returned, as no one else could decide the cases appealed to me from my six substitutes; but I always got them done within six weeks after my return. The Registration Court had greatly abated in weight of late years: instead of absorbing fifty or sixty days, it could now be concluded in fifteen or twenty, owing to the cessation of any contest in Glasgow; and this relief fully compensated for my absence in London.

It was at this period that we formed an acquaintance, which soon was matured into a warm and lasting friendship, with Mr Cayley, M.P. for the Northern Division of Yorkshire. We met him first at the hospitable mansion of our kind and highly valued friend Sir John Maxwell of Pollok, near Glasgow; and he became a frequent guest of ours at Possil House. It was impossible to figure a man of great talent and acuteness with more pleasing manners. His health was feeble, and he had long been affected with heart complaint, which rendered him painfully breathless; but his spirits

were cheerful, and he took the greatest pleasure in social intercourse when a real interchange of ideas could take place. Married young to a very charming person, he had been early left a widower, and had only two sons, both at this time young men, of different dispositions, but of unmistakable talents. The intimacy between Mr Cayley and myself was much enhanced by the entire identity of our views on political subjects, particularly on protection, free trade, and the currency. On the last subject he was in an especial manner strong, and Lord John Russell said on one occasion he made the best speech on the subject which had ever been delivered in Parliament. His education in early life had been limited to what is taught in English schools; but he had by assiduous labour conquered his deficiencies in maturer years; and on the subjects which interested him his information was at once full and accurate. It is a proof of his abilities as well as engaging manners, that though he was for thirty years member for the North Riding of Yorkshire, and stood several contests with the territorial magnates of that great district, he was on every occasion placed at the head of the poll, free of expense. He was a Whig of the old school, not a revolutionary Whig, and was the decided friend of the agricultural interest, and of native industry. It was his firm adherence to these principles which secured for him, during eventful times and amidst jarring interests, the long-continued representation of the North Riding.

Our friendship with Mr Cayley introduced us to another family, for whom also we contracted a lasting friendship. This was that of Sir William Worsley of Hovingham Hall in Yorkshire. Connected by marriage with Mr Cayley, the Worsleys were still more closely bound by community of political views, parliamentary interest, and the most faithful and affectionate friendship. We spent a fortnight at the hospitable mansion of Hovingham in the autumn of 1851, and there is no period of my life to which I look back with more pleasure. Our host and hostess, in possession of a noble house, and at the head of a great establishment, were unwearied in their kindness to their many guests, and a numerous and charming family shared their duties and assisted them in their labours. With the Worsleys we visited several of the finest scenes in Yorkshire, in particular Feversham Hall and Rivaulx Abbey; and enjoyed, one clear evening, the felicity of seeing a fine view from the top of the cliffs which form the eastern boundary of the plain of Thirsk and Northallerton.

During the season of 1850 in London I was introduced to Lord Hardinge. He had been gratified by my well-deserved notice of him in the account of the battle of Albuera; and he was desirous of enlisting my services in a cause which he had now much at heart—viz., the awakening of the nation to a sense of its danger, in the event of a rupture with France, from the defenceless state of the empire. This subject, on which the public at that period

evinced an apathy that now is scarcely conceivable, occupied his attention to the exclusion of almost every other. His official situation as Master-General of the Ordnance gave him the means of ascertaining facts regarding it which no other person enjoyed; and Lady Hardinge told me that his anxiety on the subject was such that he could not sleep at night for thinking of it, and never awoke without beginning to descant upon it. He told me that at that time, if England should be invaded, he could not collect above 10,000 men to defend London, after providing for garrisoning the maritime fortresses; and that he had only forty guns which he could bring into the field, the most of which had not been repaired since the battle of Waterloo, and would infallibly go to pieces if driven in wet weather through a clay field. He earnestly besought me to turn my attention to that subject, and furnished me with the official details necessary for doing so. I need hardly say that I shared his apprehensions, and concurred in his views on the subject, which he assured me were entertained by the Duke of Wellington in an equal degree. In consequence I wrote, after my return home, an essay for 'Blackwood' on the subject, in which Lord Hardinge's statistics were engrossed.[1] It is curious now, as containing an authentic proof of the delusion under which, from the influence of Cobden, Bright, and the Manchester school, the nation laboured at that time, and the mortal peril into which it

[1] December 1850. The Defence of Britain. Vol. lxviii. 736.

was brought in consequence, and from which we were delivered only by the good providence of God.

Lord Hardinge has borne so important a part in British history, that some account of him will not be unacceptable. His appearance was not striking; his figure rather little than otherwise; and his air far from having the martial aspect of his rival in Indian fame, Lord Gough. But his manner was kind, and little acquaintance was required to learn that this was not the result of merely external courtesy, but flowed from genuine benevolence of heart. In conversation he was quick, and in the expression of opinion vigorous and decided—a peculiarity common to him with the Duke of Wellington, and one very characteristic of intellectual power. He spoke much on military subjects, and gave a most interesting account of the campaign against the Sikhs. I have found him always a kind and steady friend; and as such, as well as for his distinguished abilities and great public services, I shall always cherish his memory with affection.

About the same period I formed the acquaintance of another public man — too soon, alas! snatched from the service of his country—Mr Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea. I met him first at a dinner-party at Lord Hardinge's, at which the Duke of Cambridge and several other leading military men were present; and as the party was small, and consisted only of men, conversation soon became general, and was very interesting. I saw

that they were all as strongly impressed as Lord Hardinge with the peril arising from the defenceless state of the country; but they were hopeless of being able to apply any remedy in consequence of the temper of the House of Commons. Sidney Herbert, beside whom I was placed, spoke confidentially still more strongly on this subject, saying that unless the public mind were speedily changed regarding it, we should not only lose our position as a first-rate power, but would run great risk of being conquered by a descent of a land-force, or of being blockaded by a maritime one. He seemed to be very desponding; and it is probable that nothing short of the disasters of the Crimean war, and the threatening aspect of Louis Napoleon, would have worked out the great change in our military defences which has since occurred. I could easily see from the style of Sidney Herbert's conversation that his talents were in a peculiar manner administrative, and that if promoted to the position of War Minister, and adequately supported by the House of Commons, he would be a most valuable public servant. He had remarkable talents for conversation, in which he took great delight, and his manners were high-bred and courteous.

I must make an opportunity of recording my protest against the competitive system of examination for admission to the army, navy, and nearly every branch of the civil service of Government introduced of late years, which has been so much applauded by

the Liberal press in every part of the country. Nothing can be more absurd than these examinations, at least as at present conducted, or more likely to introduce an inferior, and, for all practical purposes, an inefficient set of young men into the public service. The reason is that the examinations show only the amount of previous *cramming* to which the young aspirant for office has been subjected, and of the retentive powers of his memory, but by no means a test either of good conduct, clear judgment, talents, industry, or energy, which, far more than memory, are the requisites for real usefulness in the business of life. One of the questions asked of a boy of sixteen years of age, who was going into the army, was, "What was the name of the queen of the seventh king of Assyria?" Another, "What is the name of the river on which Madrid stands?" A third, "In what year was the first English Prayer-book printed?" As to the first of these questions, I am ignorant of the names of all the kings of Assyria, as well as of Babylon, not to say their wives, except the semi-fabulous great Queen Semiramis, and King Nebuchadnezzar; as to the second, Madrid, elevated 1800 feet above the level of the sea, stands on no *river* at all, but is passed by a small mountain torrent dry half the year; and as to the third, it might be a right enough question for a young divine, but was wholly unsuitable for a young soldier. It is not enough to say that these examinations as now conducted are useless: they are positively inju-

rious, for they subject real merit to an erroneous test; proceed on the supposition that all men are to be schoolmasters, not officers or public servants; and send forward for the public service in the Church, the State, and the army, a set of young men unfit for the peculiar duties on which they are required to enter. Already complaints are heard of the unfitness of the youths who have passed these examinations for the duties in real life to which they are called. Sir John Lawrence told me last summer, that instead of the active, spirited young men formerly sent out to him when in command of the Punjaub, he got a lot of bookworms, often feeble in body, who could answer any questions regarding the fixed stars or sulphuric acid, but fell off the moment they were put on a spirited horse, although one of the first duties they had to perform was to command districts sixty miles long. It is well known to military men that the young officers from the mercantile classes sent forward from the competitive examinations have been far from exhibiting the spirit in action which their predecessors, drawn from the gentry of the country, showed. The character of our officers is visibly changing from the effects of the competitive system; and it may with confidence be predicted, that if a British "Bull's Run" ever occurs, it will be from competitive examinations having introduced that class as officers into the army which made itself so famous in the American ranks.

At one of Lord Hardinge's dinners in London at

this period, I was fortunate enough to form the acquaintance of perhaps the most charming woman of her time in England, now no more—Lady Clementina Villiers. I was accidentally seated next her, but as another had taken her down, and I had not been introduced to her, the first course passed without our exchanging words. Our host, however, in the interval between the first and second courses, asked me to drink wine with him, which courteous custom at that period had not gone out. She no sooner heard the name than she turned round and began a conversation which lasted for the next two hours. This led to an acquaintance with Lord and Lady Jersey, who called on Mrs Alison next day, and opened to us the door of their charming mansion in Berkeley Square, which continued a place of frequent and delightful resort till an extraordinary accumulation of domestic misfortune caused its being comparatively closed. Perhaps there was no house at that period in London which possessed higher attractions. Placed by her position and connections in the highest fashion, and possessed of remarkable talents for conversation, which constituted her great enjoyment, Lady Jersey assembled in her drawing-rooms at once the *élite* of the gay set, and the most distinguished of the political and literary world. You met there the first statesmen, diplomatists, generals, and barristers, with all the foreign ambassadors and foreigners of distinction, as well as the most beautiful and high-born women in English society. A slight circumstance, a passing introduction, or an accidental

proximity at dinner, was sufficient to open a conversation, and often laid the foundation of a valuable acquaintance, in some cases of a lasting friendship. Every one felt that presence in her saloons was a sufficient passport, and required no farther introduction. Men of distinction of all parties were welcome; but as the *réunions* were in a great measure political, and the inclinations of the head of the house were decidedly Conservative, the great majority of the guests were of that party.

The acquaintance which an accidental seat at dinner gave rise to between Lady Clementina Villiers and myself, ripened into a friendship which lasted for life. We corresponded regularly for the next nine years, and in all the incidents during that time of our family, she felt and expressed the *Theilnahme*, as the Germans say, which is characteristic of true friendship. The last thing she did before her death was to write a letter to me. I ascribed this remarkable mental intimacy to our identity of thought and feeling on every subject, moral, political, and literary, and to the great admiration which her remarkable talents, brilliant beauty, and spotless character from the very first awakened in my mind. Her extreme beauty, captivating manner, and brilliant conversation, had long made her an object of admiration in the fashionable world. Before many years had elapsed she had refused the heirs to three dukedoms. Nine peers were sometimes waiting to secure her hand at the conclusion

of a dance. Yet with all this unbounded homage she was never the object of envy or detraction to the less fortunate of her own sex. She was as popular with women as with men; there was an air of purity and kindness about her which disarmed calumny and stifled jealousy. It was a matter of surprise to all that with these splendid qualities she should have remained Lady Clementina Villiers, for when she died she was thirty-one, and there were many surmises in the circle in which she moved as to the cause of this apparently unaccountable circumstance. So far as my own observation goes, I should say it was simply from an excess of filial affection. Lord and Lady Jersey had been unfortunate in some instances in their family, and Lady Clementina has often spoken to me of the deep grief which the death of her sister, the Princess Esterhazy, had occasioned both to her parents and herself. Bereft of others, they took refuge in her affection, which was boundless and unceasing. Their dependence upon her, in consequence, became extreme. She was a personification of self-negation, and has often said to me, that her father and mother would be sadly cast away if she left them, and that she had no enjoyment in life compared to that of making their declining years happy. She died on her return from Germany in 1859, and we shall never see her like again. It was said by one who knew her well—"God took a cast and then broke the mould."

During the years 1850 and 1851 we were frequently both at dinner-parties, and in the evening at Lord and Lady Londonderry's in Holdernesse House, and the acquaintances thus formed deserve to be noticed, as well from the distinction of those eminent persons themselves, and the brilliant society with which they were surrounded, as from the circumstance of its having led to further literary composition on my part. Lord Londonderry at that period was much broken; his eyesight was defective, and hearing imperfect; but he still enjoyed the clearness of intellect, and took the decided views which had characterised him during his long and eventful career. His conversation was peculiarly interesting to me, from its abounding so much in anecdotes of the Peninsular and German wars, and of nearly all the illustrious men who had borne a part in the transactions of Europe during the war. He told me a very curious thing, which was that the greatest efforts were made by the Duke of Wellington to dissuade him from publishing the Castlereagh despatches; and that so anxious was his Grace on the subject, that he got the Queen, through Lord Aberdeen, to make a request on the subject in regard to the last volume! This seems to indicate that jealousy is not confined to beauties or opera-dancers, but that it affects the "greatest, best, and wisest of mankind." This information had the effect of inducing a suspicion in my mind that the magnitude of Lord Castlereagh's services in the great war had

not hitherto been rightly acknowledged, and it predisposed me to undertake the task pressed upon me after his death of writing his life.

Frances Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry, who brought a noble fortune to her able and heroic husband, was in every point of view a remarkable woman, even in that age of intellectual activity and cultivation. The last representative of an ancient and noble family, that of Sir Harry Vane-Tempest, in the north of England, a daughter of the Countess of Antrim, who was a peeress in her own right in the north of Ireland, she was heiress to a fine estate in the county of Durham. She was married in April 1819 to Lord Londonderry, then Lord Stewart and ambassador of Great Britain at the Austrian Court. As "Madame l'Ambassadrice," she soon took a lead in that gay metropolis, which she continued to hold till he resigned on Mr Canning's appointment to the Foreign Office in 1823. After that event she returned with her husband to Great Britain, where she soon became a centre of fashion in London, and dispensed hospitality on a magnificent scale, both at her own splendid mansion in the county of Durham, and on her husband's hereditary estates in the north of Ireland. It was hard to say whether entrance to the splendid galleries of Holdernesse House or to the noble suite of rooms at Wynyard, was most sought after by aspirants after distinction, whether in the political or in the fashionable world. As one of the leading patronesses of

the celebrated balls held in Willis's Rooms, called "Almacks," she was an acknowledged queen of fashion; and it was alleged by her enemies — of whom, of course, from her eminence, she had many —that she wielded her power as tyrannically as ever her brother-in-law, Lord Castlereagh, had done that of the British Crown.

This Marchioness of Londonderry had in many respects a noble character, which appeared for the first time in its true colours, when, on her husband's death in 1854, she was left the sole executor and administrator of his great estates. Lord Londonderry had embarked in a vast undertaking —that of creating a harbour amidst the rocks of Seaham, begun on an estate purchased by him from Mr Milbanke, Lady Byron's father, to form a vent for the inexhaustible seam of coal on his estate in its vicinity, which, although eminently prosperous, still required great advances of capital for its completion, and eminent prudence for its management. Never was a human being more qualified for these duties than Lady Londonderry. From the day when she succeeded to her arduous task, she seemed to have but one object, and to be animated but with one desire—that of carrying out in their fullest extent her husband's designs for the improvement of her estates and the welfare of the people. She superintended everything herself, received all the stewards, factors, and engineers in person, and made herself acquainted with all the details of estates and under-

takings, which produced in favourable years £120,000 a-year. The whole morning was devoted to business. She took the lead in everything; and realised what she told me she herself had said to her agents when they had expressed a hope that they would all pull well together in the team: "Yes, I hope you will; but, recollect, I must always be on the box."

She found, as all do who have vigour of mind enough to set their face to the discharge of duty, ample reward in the performance of it. She once said to me, when I expressed surprise at her being able to go through so much work: "When I was a young woman, and cared for nothing but dress and admiration, I was often unhappy, lay in bed every day till three o'clock, often in tears; now I am up every morning at seven, have not a moment all forenoon to myself, and am as happy as possible." This vigour of character, so remarkable in a lady of her rank and previous habits of fashion, met with its deserved reward. I heard from herself that the harbour of Seaham was begun by her husband in 1827 with only £1500 in the bank; its construction cost £250,000: but nevertheless, when she recounted the circumstance in 1857, she had just before had the satisfaction of depositing the titles of the estate in the charter-room at Wynyard unencumbered, the debt being all paid off. Nor were her efforts confined only to undertakings augmenting the fortune of her family. She was equally indefatigable in the establishment of those which lead to the increase

of human happiness. Churches were built and endowed, hospitals, dispensaries, and schools set on foot, an athenæum established, and an infirmary erected. Above 2000 children born or bred on her estates are taught entirely at her expense.

The kindness of our friends Sir Maxwell and Lady Wallace, introduced us in the autumn of 1851 to the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, by whom we were invited to Raby Castle, where we spent some days with a large and agreeable party. This celebrated castellated mansion is one of the few remaining from the olden time that still preserve the customs and usages of the feudal ages. The castle itself, flanked by lofty towers and surrounded by a wet ditch, is entire, and has been converted inside into an elegant and spacious mansion. On the summit of one of these towers a warder is constantly placed, who blows his horn when he sees a carriage or horseman approaching, on hearing which the watchman at the gate lets down the portcullis, which is not opened till the visitor gives his name and address. The hall into which he is then ushered is so large that carriages all drive into it, and a chariot-and-four seems quite small in it at the foot of the great stair. The library is a noble gallery, eighty feet long; the kitchen a vaulted room as large as a church, in which a ton of coal is consumed daily when the castle is full. The Duke and Duchess did the honours with equal grace and affability, and evinced the perfection of high breeding, which

consists in making every one feel at ease, and none neglected.

In striking contrast to this venerable relic of the Plantagenet days, at this time, was a monument in London of modern civilisation. This was the Great Exhibition of works of art and manufacture from all nations, which has rendered the year 1851 memorable in the annals of industry as well as of the British empire. Being the first undertaking of the kind which had ever been executed, it created a great sensation, and attracted visitors and admirers from the most distant parts of the earth. It was attended with very beneficial effects, but not so much by substituting pacific and friendly rivalry in the arts for the angry passions of war, as from the sense of inferiority which it awakened in many who had hitherto closed the door to improvement by thinking they had no need of it.

All the nations of the earth were to be there represented; but it was not in military array, but in civil garb: there were to be no more envyings, or jealousies, or strife, but only the generous and unselfish emulation of freemen. Prince Albert lent the weight of his high position, philanthropic heart, and persuasive eloquence to these ideas; and the general contribution of works of art and productions of industry to the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, proved how widely these ideas had spread among the philanthropic and enthusiastic part of mankind.

No one who has witnessed it can forget the de-

lightful emotions with which the opening of the Great Exhibition on May 2, 1851, was attended. The structure itself was airy and beautiful in the highest degree; and it had the charm peculiar to itself, and which no similar edifice can ever again possess, of being the FIRST. It was erected in a most favourable position, in the level strip of ground which lies between the Serpentine and Knightsbridge Barracks; was built entirely of glass and iron, except the foundations and staircases; and was of such vast dimensions that some of the noble elms with which that verdant turf was dotted were covered like plants in a conservatory with the glassy roof. No words can adequately express the effect of the interior as you first entered the nave, with the light streaming in from all sides through the transparent roof, and the most beautiful works of art from all quarters of the earth glittering on all sides. The exquisite proportions and airy aspect of this magnificent structure constituted the least part of its attractions. It was the IDEA, of which it was the expression, which was its principal charm. It was universally regarded as the *Temple of Peace;* the inauguration of a new era in the world; but, alas! we were on the verge of the Crimean war, the India revolt, the Italian contest, the Chinese strife, the terrible American civil war!

But when we descended from the unrivalled grace of the structure to the works of art collected under its roof, the impression was of a more mixed kind. In

the useful arts, and in such as, though ornamental, utility was still the principal object, the British manufacturers and mechanics maintained their long-established superiority. But in the purely or chiefly ornamental they were for the most part much behind their Continental rivals. This was in an especial manner the case in the patterns for curtains and furniture, carpets, ornamental dinner-services, plate, china, glass, jewellery, and ladies' dresses. This effect was here at once conspicuous of the long exclusion of the British artisan from the Continent during the war, and the want of the habitual contemplation of the models of classical taste from his remote geographical situation. This inferiority had long been felt and regretted by persons who had travelled, and were conversant with the works of foreign art; but it had always been stoutly denied by the sturdy John Bull patriots, who could see no merit in anything which came from abroad. Now, however, if not universally admitted, it was universally felt; juxtaposition dispelled many fond and long-cherished illusions. The finest statuary in the Exhibition came from German or Italian artists; America sent a large share; and the two most admired statues, the Greek Slave and the Amazon, both the work of foreigners, have taken a lasting place among the most admired pieces of sculpture. The British artists, however, took their discomfiture in the right spirit; here, as elsewhere, it was found that a sense of deficiency is the first step to amendment; schools of art were generally

established, and eagerly attended by the young aspirants after artistic perfection ; speedily the old models were thrown aside, and new ones, founded on classical designs, were studied ; the general taste rapidly improved, and when the next Exhibition was opened in 1862, the improvement, especially in the taste of designs, was so remarkable as to excite general observation.

About this time I was confirmed in the opinion of the expediency of steering clear of all associations for either political or social purposes, and of trusting to individual effort alone, by a circumstance which occurred. A strong feeling had long prevailed in Scotland that the country was neglected by the Imperial Parliament, and not duly supported by its representatives in the House of Commons; and an Association had, in consequence, been formed to obtain redress, and procure for Scotland its due share of grants for public purposes from the Imperial Treasury. Lord Eglinton was its chairman, and at his request I attended and moved one of the resolutions at a great meeting held at Edinburgh on the subject in February 1852. The facts I adduced were decisive of the question, so far as the parsimonious dealing with Scotland in regard to public grants is concerned, and the meeting was very successful; but I soon perceived elements of a dangerous character beginning to work in it. Lord Eglinton and I were perfectly united in our views, which were to abide

firmly by the Union, and utter nothing which could shake the general attachment to it; but, resting on that basis, to demand for Scotland her full share in the benefits which the neighbouring countries, and Ireland in particular, had long derived from it. To give only two examples: Ireland got £560,000 to support its police establishment from the Consolidated Fund; Scotland, for a similar defensive force, nothing. Ireland, in the potato famine of 1846, got £8,000,000 from the Imperial Parliament; Scotland, which in its whole western counties had suffered just as much from that calamity, nothing. But we soon found that other more ardent and hot-headed patriots were not content with this object, but not obscurely aimed at a *dissolution of the Union* as the only remedy likely to be at all effectual to obviate the admitted evils of the present state of things. Already the Irish Repealers were stretching out the hand of amity to this new and unexpected ally. The movement, therefore, was obviously becoming dangerous, not from the strength of its opponents, but the imprudence of some of its supporters; and accordingly Lord Eglinton and I agreed that it should be allowed to drop, as it soon after was, on occasion of the breaking out of the Crimean war, upon the ground that "England's danger was *not* Scotland's opportunity."

Before this took place, however, a public meeting was held in Glasgow, with the Duke of Montrose in the chair, to thank Lord Eglinton for his patriotic

efforts in behalf of his country in supporting this movement. It was held in the City Hall, and was very numerously and respectably attended. The Duke made an admirable chairman, and showed such talents for public speaking as to make every one regret that he did not take a more prominent part in public affairs. I was intrusted with proposing his health, which afforded an opportunity for some sentences about Graham's Dyke and the Roman Wall, which were loudly applauded. Lord Eglinton spoke on the occasion with modesty and propriety, and his usual grace of manner and felicity of expression. A melancholy incident closed this scene of festivity. Lady Eglinton had for some weeks previously been seriously ill; but no immediate danger was apprehended, and as the meeting had brought persons from all parts of Scotland, Lord Eglinton did not feel himself at liberty to put it off. He was our guest at Possil, with Mr Baillie Cochrane and a few other friends on the occasion, and we had a very pleasant supper after it, which broke up at half-past twelve. Between one and two a telegram arrived from Eglinton with the intelligence that her ladyship was dying; and I had the melancholy duty to perform of conveying to him the intelligence. He was deeply affected, and immediately set out, but before he could reach home Lady Eglinton was no more.

During the autumn of 1851, after our return to Possil, we had the good fortune to form the acquaint-

ance of another man who has engraved his name on the tablets of British history—Lord Gough. This distinguished warrior, with Lady Gough, paid us a visit for two days, on their way from his son-in-law's, Colonel (now Sir Patrick) Grant, to his villa of St Helen's, near Dublin. It is impossible to conceive a more perfect picture of an old but yet active and vigorous British warrior. His snow-white hair, moustache, and whiskers, bespoke the progress of years, but the lapse of time had brought none of the usual weakness of age, nor abated the acuteness and vigour of his mind. His figure was as erect, his gait as rapid, his strength as great, as at twenty-five; and he seemed as capable of heading a charge, and as ready to do so, as he had been at Goojerat, Ferozeshah, or the Sutlej. He was exceedingly frank and affable in his manners, and, from his store of military and adventurous anecdote, a most agreeable companion. Judging from his conversation, I should say he was more suited for desperate passages at arms than for the more methodical arrangements of a campaign; assault, not strategy, seemed to be his *forte,* and so it proved in many parts of his career, particularly at Chillianwallah. At Goojerat, however, of which he gave me a most interesting account, his tactics were of a superior order, and deservedly crowned with success, with comparatively little loss.

In November 1851, I was, unknown to myself, selected by the Conservatives of Glasgow University

as a candidate for the Lord-Rectorship, which was in the gift of the students. Any one might be proud of being even named an aspirant to a position which had been held by Burke, Mackintosh, Adam Smith, Campbell, Lord Cockburn, Lord Derby, Jeffrey, and many other illustrious men; but the honour in my case became the greater from the opponent selected being Lord Palmerston, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, who was supported by the Liberal party in the west of Scotland. The canvass was conducted with great keenness, though fortunately without any of the violence or ill-feeling frequent on such occasions. The election, according to the constitution of the University, took place by "nations," as it is called—that is, in four divisions, each of which had a vote, and in which were arranged all the students according to the place of their birth. These were called in barbarous Latin, the *Glottiana*, or those from the Clyde; the *Transforthiana*, from beyond the Forth; the *Lothiana*, which embraced all from Edinburgh; and the *Rothiana*, which included all from Ayrshire, Bute, and the north of Ireland. The nations were equally divided between myself and Lord Palmerston, but on the whole there was a majority of 69 in my favour. In consequence of this circumstance, Colonel Mure of Caldwell, the former Rector, upon whom in such circumstances the casting vote devolved, gave it in my favour.

The installation took place in the University Hall

on the 15th January 1852, in presence of a very large assemblage, including Lord Eglinton, Professor Aytoun, the Messrs Blackwood, and many of my personal friends. The interest felt on the occasion was the greater from its having been preceded by so keen a contest, which had run into a trial of strength between the two great parties that divided the State. The speech which I delivered on the occasion, and which is printed in the volumes of these University orations, was very well received, and, in particular, the defeated party were very generous in their expressions of approbation. Upon reflection, however, I think that though the observations made in it were in themselves just, they were not so well adapted for the audience to which they were addressed as the one I had delivered some years before on a similar occasion at Aberdeen. I was now in the first fervour of my admiration for German literature and Schiller's plays, and in consequence I dwelt in my speech more on that subject than was judicious to an assembly of young men, many of them boys, nearly all of whom were unacquainted with German, and only beginning to master the difficulties of the dead languages. Goethe says that no man, unless paying them compliments, ever addressed a public assembly for twenty minutes without being deemed tiresome, and this is still more the case if in the course of it high praise is bestowed, however justly, on others.

About this time I attended, at the request of my

friends in Edinburgh, a public meeting, held in the Music Hall in that city, to arrange a petition to Parliament on the subject of the intemperance unhappily so prevalent among the working classes in Scotland. The subject was a vast one of paramount importance. My official experience in the county of Lanark had unfortunately given me ample ground for representing it, as I did, as one of the greatest evils which affected society. The remedy I proposed, however, and which I strongly stated was the only one likely to be effectual in mitigating the evil, consisted in merely increasing the duty on spirits till the point was reached when smuggling was likely to be occasioned by it. This, accordingly, has since been done, the duty having been increased over the whole island to 10s. a gallon, from 3s. 8d. in Scotland and 7s. in England, and with the best effect—the consumption of spirits in the empire having, in consequence, sunk from 25,500,000 gallons in 1859, to 21,500,000, in round numbers, in 1860. This remedy, however, was deemed much too feeble by several of the speakers, who strongly urged the necessity of a *Maine* law in Great Britain, rendering the *mere sale* of bonded spirits, except by an apothecary on a medical certificate, an indictable offence. As so extreme a remedy was obviously impracticable, and if it could have been carried into practice, likely to produce evils of a much more serious nature than those how great soever arising from intemperance, I withdrew from the association and returned home

with two great truths engraven on my mind. The first was the extreme danger of joining any association, however laudable its general design, when you are not perfectly sure of rational counsels obtaining the direction; and the second, that there are no men whom it is so hazardous to intrust with the direction of public affairs as the clergy.

On 2d December 1851, the anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz, the famous *coup d'état* took place, which ended in setting Louis Napoleon on the throne of France. This important event forcibly arrested my attention, and produced a new effect on my literary pursuits. I beheld in it the completion of the last act in the French Revolution, and an additional proof of the truth in Mr Hume's words, "that subsistence of government by popular force, from whatever cause arising, can terminate only in the government of the sword." I felt a strong desire to incorporate its story with my former history, which closed with the battle of Waterloo, and the establishment of constitutional government in France in the person of the Bourbons, although well aware of the difficulties with which such an attempt would be attended, as the principle on which the work would be written, and the doctrines it was intended to illustrate, were unpopular ones. Regarding as I did the military despotism of Louis Napoleon as the natural result of the democratic convulsions of 1830 and 1848, free trade as a symptom of the first step in national

decline, and the contraction of the currency and its entire dependence on the retention of gold by the Bank of England, which free trade had rendered impossible, as the main cause of the national suffering since the Peace, I could not possibly write a work which would at the moment be popular.

In addition to this cause of unpopularity, there was another which could not fail to arouse some sore feeling and provoke some angry criticism. In treating of contemporary or nearly contemporary events, an author is necessarily brought into contact with many persons who are still alive, or whose recent decease has left warm feelings of attachment in the breasts of their relatives, friends, or political associates. If the author gives way to such feelings, and bestows praise which the verdict of history will not sustain, he justly incurs the reproach of favouritism or sycophancy; if he honestly and fearlessly states his real opinion, and delineates character in such terms as subsequent times will approve, he may obtain the confidence of future ages, but he is almost sure to incur the displeasure of his own. The more impartial a contemporary history is, the more likely is it to incur odium, and to be assailed by one or perhaps both sides. This difficulty was in an especial manner the case in a general history from 1815 to 1852, during which period, from its being one of transition, party spirit ran high in the British dominions, and there were, comparatively speaking, few external events of importance sufficient to with-

draw attention from the ceaseless strife of classes or parties.

Added to this there was another difficulty, which arose from the paucity of authentic materials on which, so soon after the event, to construct a correct narrative of public transactions. In general, no records exist for contemporary annals, but the dry and often jejune compilations in annual registers and parliamentary debates. For the great catastrophes of the fall of Charles X. and Louis Philippe, indeed, there were publications and documents in abundance; but with these exceptions, and those of the Hungarian and Italian wars, there were scarcely any but the journals and periodical literature of the day. To select out of enormous folios the comparatively small number of incidents worthy of a place in the narrow compass of historical annals, was a work of immense, and generally unobserved and therefore thankless, labour. The reviewers, who felt none of it, could not form an idea of the magnitude of this toil, and they often complained that no other authorities but the 'Moniteur' the 'Annuaire Historique,' the 'Annual Register,' and parliamentary debates, were referred to, when in reality there were none other in existence applicable to long periods; and the very examination of them in their rude state entailed a far greater amount of labour than if the materials had been fashioned and abridged by many intermediate hands.

I began, however, the "Continuation" on January

1, 1852, and finished the first chapter in six weeks. It is, in my own opinion, the best I ever wrote, from being a *résumé* of the principles of my whole work, and the result of the thought and study of a lifetime. On that very account, however, it was likely to be distasteful to, and awaken the animosity of, the great majority of the present generation; and accordingly it was rudely assailed by the Liberal press—both daily, weekly, and monthly—on its first appearance, which was in December following. Though in some degree prepared for it, I was on the whole taken by surprise by the violence of the Liberal press, which formed a striking contrast to the indulgence, approaching to favour, with which my former work had been received. I did not recollect, what I now see clearly, that in this new work I had come abreast of the objects of social and party contention at this very time, and had taken my stand on Conservative and Protection principles, against all the changes, political, social, and commercial, which the Liberal chiefs had introduced since the Peace. They had flattered themselves that the triumph of their principles was complete when the corn laws were repealed and free trade introduced, and that no one, either on the hustings, in Parliament, or in the press, would ever maintain the opposite opinions again. Proportionally great was their irritation when they found that an author, whose works had had a considerable circulation, still stood to his guns,—proposed to go over the whole period during which

these changes were introduced on Protection principles, and attempt to deduce from their results additional arguments for them. This was an offence not to be forgiven; and accordingly they said the whole thing was perfectly ridiculous, that it was a vain attempt to revert to obsolete and exploded ideas, and that it would be an insult to the lights of the age to commence any serious refutation of them.

There can be no doubt that these remarks, re-echoed by the whole Liberal, and nearly the whole of the Peelite press, must have produced a considerable effect on a large class of readers, and materially lessened the sale of the work. It did so the more that the Conservative press, divided on the subject by Sir R. Peel's secession, and fearful of bringing down on their own heads the Liberal storm, made hardly any attempt to stem the torrent. Nevertheless, the success of the work was much larger than I anticipated. The first edition of all the volumes, the cost of which was 15s. each, consisted of 5000 copies, and as it extended ultimately to eight volumes, besides a ninth for the index, the cost of the whole was £6, 7s. 6d. A second edition was called for, which had issued from the press, and already reached the third volume, before the publication of the original series had concluded. The second edition consisted of 2000 copies each volume. Such a sale, in the face of such an opposition, and with scarcely any support from the reviews or magazines professing similar principles, is very

remarkable, and strongly indicative of the deep foundation which Conservative principles have in the English mind. The monthly sale, which was of course much lessened by the monetary crisis of 1857, has now again revived, and is rapidly increasing, with the practical demonstration which Conservative principles are now (1861) receiving on both sides of the Atlantic.

The two great complaints made against this work by the Liberal reviewers were that there was no originality or genius in its pages; that when not palpably erroneous it consisted of mere truisms or platitudes; and that a pedantic desire to display learning was conspicuous throughout. To this was added, by those who went more into detail, that the official and real value of exports and imports were not always distinguished, and that errors in dates or other matters of detail were to be met with. In regard to the first charge, my object was, not to enunciate new principles, or to aim at the discovery of supposed new truths, but *to illustrate the working of old truths in recent events.* The constant theme of the revolutionary party all over the world was that, with the dawn of the French Revolution, a new era had arisen in human affairs; that old maxims were no longer applicable; and that the lessons of experience had ceased to be more fit to guide emancipated mankind than the events of childhood were to direct full-grown and mature years. To me, on the other hand, it appeared that,

beyond any other period in the annals of mankind, the years following the French Revolution contained proofs of the identity of the human heart in all ages, and of the eternal applicability of those maxims which experience had taught the thoughtful and observant in every quarter and time of the world.

The charge of pedantry in quoting in the notes passages from ancient historians or poets, which bore an affinity to the events described in the text, was in point of fact well founded; but the motive for doing so was misrepresented. That motive was by no means to make a boyish or unsuitable display of learning in the ancient or modern languages, but to enliven a narrative necessarily long, and in many places unavoidably tedious, by quotations which might throw a radiance over it.

As to the complaint that in some of the statistical figures quoted in the notes, the official value of the imports was not always distinguished from the estimated or real value, it is sufficient to observe that having once for all explained (vol. iii. p. 673, note) that there was no record of the real value of imports till 1854, and that all previous returns were of official value only, I deemed it unnecessary to repeat the same thing on every occasion on which these returns were quoted or referred to.

One rule which I had laid down to myself in my first History was observed with even increased vigilance in the continuation of the work. This was to give a full abstract of the arguments for and against

every proposed measure of importance, chiefly as they were delivered in the British Parliament or in the French Chamber of Deputies. In doing so I was always careful to give the arguments *against* the side to which I myself inclined, as fully and forcibly as I could; and even on some occasions to add some views which had escaped, or were not adequately enforced by the original speakers. I took great delight in this sort of rhetorical gladiatorship, and had enough of the habits of the Bar left to enjoy in the highest degree its frequent practice. It is a singular circumstance that this careful analysis of the debates on both sides of the Channel, on which much pains was bestowed, and which was calculated to abridge so much the labour of original reference, has scarcely ever been noticed by any critics. They seem to have thought that all the passages appearing with inverted commas were quotations of the *ipsa verba* of the speakers; whereas they were generally the pith and marrow, in a few paragraphs, of a debate extending sometimes over hundreds of pages. As there is no part of my historical works on which more care and labour were bestowed than on this, so there is none which I feel assured will in the end contribute more to prolong its existence, or avert for a time the common destiny of earthly things.

Another rule which I invariably followed was to give on the margin a reference by volume and page to the work from which the statement in the text was

taken; to abstain as much as possible from insinuations against, or abuse of, private characters; and to view the acts of public men in as lenient a light as possible. If there is any one thing which more than another impresses the mind in the survey of past events, it is the unnecessary and ill-founded asperity with which party writers and speakers treat each other; and the torrents of abuse which the press on either side pour out upon all who contradict their opinions or thwart their views. Here, too, I found the habits of the Bar of essential service to me, and the power of keeping your temper in the heat of argument, and reserving your censure for erroneous principles only, as valuable to a political writer as "le calme dans la colère," which General Foy describes as the chief and most valuable characteristic of the British soldier, is to persons engaged in war. In this respect I may with truth say that I have been in a great measure successful; for my bitterest enemies, amidst all their abuse of me for supporting false principles, have never accused me of being unjust to individual men.

During the season of 1852 we saw for the last time a man whose name will never be forgotten in British story—the Duke of Wellington. I had seen him almost daily riding in the afternoon from Apsley House to the House of Lords; generally going down Constitution Hill, and had observed with pain the sunken eye, and head fallen down on the breast, as if the physical powers of nature were nearly ex-

hausted. Still his mental powers were undiminished, and he attended his duty daily at the Horse Guards or in the House of Peers. At the State ball of this season on May 24th, Mrs Alison and I found ourselves in the crowd close to his Grace, who was leaning on his daughter-in-law, the Marchioness of Douro, who attended to him with filial devotion. Observing us gazing at him most attentively, he bowed to Mrs Alison, with a smile. After he had left her, I observed to Lady Douro how very much we had both been struck by the extraordinary sweetness and mildness of his expression. She said, "It is so: every one observes it; but it is what makes us most uneasy, for the physicians tell us that that peculiar expression is the well-known symptom of a disease which we much fear has already begun." She proved too true a prophet: that was the last State ball he was at, and in less than four months he had breathed his last, with an equally sweet smile on his lips, at Walmer Castle.

The Whig Ministry having been displaced by an adverse vote of the House of Commons in March 1852, Lord Derby came into power, and a change took place in the whole law officers of Scotland. I happened to be in London at the time, owing to an engagement to deliver a lecture on the "Social and Moral Effects of the Gold Discoveries," which I did in Freemasons' Hall. While there I was called upon by Mr Forbes Mackenzie,

one of the Lords of the Treasury, on the part of Lord Derby and the Government. He stated to me that there was no one in Scotland to whom the Conservatives were so much indebted as to myself; that all the Cabinet were conscious of it; that Lord Derby was desirous of ascertaining what my views and wishes were on the subject, and for that purpose Lord Eglinton would receive me at his residence in St James's Square at two o'clock. Thither I went accordingly, accompanied by Aytoun; and his lordship, after receiving me with his wonted courtesy, asked what my views were, adding, at the same time, that as I had declined the Solicitor-Generalship when the Tories were last in power, he presumed that office did not meet my views. To this I replied that, having declined the Solicitor-General's gown sixteen years before, on the ground of being unwilling to exchange a permanent for a precarious situation, I could not take it now. Upon this Lord Derby wrote to me a courteous and very complimentary letter, acknowledging my claims, and saying he would recommend her Majesty to confer upon me the dignity of a baronet; which would be the more flattering as the only other person upon whom such an honour was to be conferred was Lord Justice-Clerk Boyle, who was about to retire from the Bench after forty years of honourable and effective public service. Some delay afterwards occurred in making out the patent, owing to a hesitation on the part of the Justice-

Clerk in accepting the baronetcy, as he thought he was entitled to a peerage, and on that ground it was ultimately declined by him. But my name at length appeared in the Gazette, and the patent was made out on 6th June 1852.

Before this took place, but when it was generally known in London that the honour was to be conferred, I had a gratifying proof of the kindly feelings with which I was regarded by the leaders of the Conservative party. Mrs Alison and I were at a great party at Lord Derby's chambers in Downing Street, and the moment we entered we were surrounded by our friends and acquaintances, and congratulated by them in the kindest and most cordial manner. Among those who came up were the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord and Lady Derby, Lord Stanley, Mr Secretary Walpole, Mr Disraeli, Sir John Pakington, Mr Whiteside, and many others. The cordiality and warmth of these congratulations will never be effaced from our minds.

The honour of the baronetcy, which was in some degree of a political kind, was soon followed by another of a purely literary character. This was the conferring upon me, along with many others, of the honorary degree of D.C.L. by Lord Derby, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford. The persons selected were partly of a literary, partly of a political character. I had no reason to be ashamed of my comrades in either class: for in the former

were Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Mr Disraeli, Professor Aytoun, Samuel Warren, Sir Roderick Murchison, and many others; in the latter were the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Eglinton, Mr Secretary Walpole, Sir John Pakington, and several of the leading Conservative statesmen of the day. The ceremony took place in the beautiful octagonal room called the theatre of the University. The students, as usual, were very noisy before the proceedings commenced, but the majority were evidently stanch Conservatives. Bulwer, Aytoun, and myself were very well received, which was a sufficient indication of the inclination of the general mind.

Several public dinners were given on this occasion by the hospitable heads of colleges in Oxford to Lord Derby and the newly created members of the University, which were peculiarly interesting from bringing together on an auspicious occasion several of the best speakers in England, both in and out of Parliament, and from affording an opportunity of comparing them with each other. There was not, of course, room for bursts of fervid oratory, such as are suitable for impassioned audiences when weighty interests are at stake, or for a lengthened and lucid statement of facts such as would be effective in the House of Commons. But for the speaking which was then required, alternately serious and playful, complimentary without being fulsome, alluding to learned topics rather than dwelling on them, elegant at all times, eloquent at some, Lord Derby was un-

rivalled, and I believe never was excelled by any orator in English history. I asked Lord Stanley how his father prepared his speeches, and in particular whether he composed sentences and got them by heart. He said Lord Derby never did so, and deemed the practice highly dangerous, as likely to lead to embarrassment if the prepared sentence was forgotten; but that he always thought over the whole subject which he was to embrace, most anxiously and carefully beforehand, and arranged exactly the *order* in which the topics would be brought forward, and the ideas to be expressed in regard to them. He added, what struck me as very remarkable in so practised an orator, and one whose speeches were delivered with such facility that they seemed rather the inspirations of the moment than the result of previous thought, that he never rose to speak even in an after-dinner assembly, without experiencing a certain degree of nervous tremor, which did not go off till he had warmed to the subject.

During this visit to Oxford, an incident occurred so descriptive of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's character that, as characteristic of so eminent a man, I cannot forbear mentioning it. It had been previously arranged that the persons who were to receive degrees the first day were to be those upon whom the honour was to be bestowed rather in consideration of their rank or political position than their literary eminence; and accordingly the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Eglinton, Mr Secretary Walpole,

Sir John Pakington, and others of the same sort were installed the first day, and the purely literary or scientific characters, such as Bulwer, Aytoun, Sir Roderick Murchison, and myself were put off to the second. It never entered into my head to take umbrage at this arrangement, which in the circumstances seemed proper; but it was otherwise with Sir Edward. In the evening, as Lady Alison and I were sitting at tea in our hotel, a message came in requesting me to see him, which I immediately did, and the first thing he said was, "Well, Sir Archibald, what are you going to do? I am off in the first train for London. I never wanted any of their d——d degrees; it was their own doing sending for me, and I am resolved not to submit to the slight now put on us. What! to think of postponing such men as you and me to a parcel of political drudges, who will never be heard of five years after their death. The thing is intolerable! I hope you are not going to submit to it." During this vehement harangue he was impatiently quaffing the fumes of a huge Turkish pipe, the volumes of which came out between each fresh ebullition of wrath. Astounded at this extraordinary indignation, I could only endeavour to elude and mollify a wrath evidently too violent to be encountered in front. "Do you not see," said I, "my dear Sir Edward, that the directors of the proceedings have paid us the highest compliment in postponing our installation to the second day? On the first,

those were selected who were recommended for the most part by their rank or position: to-morrow, those will come on who are chosen only for their merit." "It is all very well," answered he, "for you cold-blooded historians to think so, but we of a lighter turn feel otherwise. I shall certainly go off to-night." By degrees, however, he became mollified; and consented to remain to be installed next day, and go with us to Blenheim on the day following. He wrote, however, a letter of remonstrance to Lord Derby on the occasion; and in the evening I received from his lordship a very courteous note saying that he had borne no part in the arrangements for the ceremony.

We saw a great deal of Bulwer on this occasion, and as everything relating to him is interesting, I must recount a very singular conversation which passed between him and Lady Alison. Their discussion turned on *spirit-rapping*, in which it was well known he was a devout believer. And she was anxious to see to what length his credulity carried him. He assured her with perfect sincerity, and an agonised look which bespoke too clearly the horror with which the vision had been attended, that he had succeeded in calling up the spirit of his daughter, a charming girl to whom he had been deeply attached, and that he had conversed with and received answers from her! Being asked what the subject was, he replied: "The first question I asked her was whether she was happy? She said, 'Perfectly so.' The next was, 'What is the state of the soul after

death?' She answered: 'I know, but I cannot explain it to you, from having been only a short time here; but there are some beside me who could do so.'" Whatever may be thought on this subject, no doubt could remain of the sincerity of his declaration, for his anxious manner when speaking on the matter put that beyond a doubt. Some weeks after, when dining at his house, where his brother, Sir H. Bulwer, and his son were present, he introduced a celebrated mesmeriser to call up some spirits to us, but the attempt totally failed. He ascribed this to my being an unbeliever, which always, he said, marred the effect of the incantation. He mentioned at the same time, what I have since repeatedly heard from other sources, that the Emperor Louis Napoleon was a believer; that spirits were frequently called up at small parties of the faithful at the Tuileries; that the great Napoleon was frequently conversed with, and that his hand was sometimes given from behind a curtain to the company to kiss, which the Emperor did on his knees with the greatest fervour.

The proposed expedition to Blenheim took place on the day after the installation was concluded, and proved one of the most delightful I ever experienced. The day (6th July) was superb; there was not a cloud in the sky, and the temperature was of that delicious warmth which permits of the enjoyment of shade being felt without experiencing chill or damp. We took Bulwer in our open carriage with

Aytoun: besides these two, the party consisted of Lady Alison and my daughter Ella, then in her nineteenth year, and a very charming person. Bulwer was in the highest spirits; the ill-humour of the preceding day had entirely gone off, and his conversation was very delightful. Talking of the estimate women formed of men, I said: "I think women know a handsome man when they see him; but they don't know a clever one, or at least one of a superior mind." He thought a little, and then said: "They know a famed man, but not a superior one; they don't discover talents till they have been acknowledged by men." I have often since mentioned this opinion of his to superior women, and they always have vehemently denied it; but I am convinced that it is well founded. At Blenheim we met Lord Eglinton, Mr and Mrs Disraeli, Lord Malmesbury, Lord A. Churchill, and Mrs Duncombe, then in the full radiance of her beauty, and we went in one party over the palace and grounds. In walking through the room hung with the great tapestry representing Marlborough's battles, I observed with satisfaction that I could tell the name of nearly all the villages represented on the canvas, from my knowledge of the localities, acquired in writing his Life. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the gardens, then in the first bloom of summer, and presenting the unique combination of primeval oaks which had witnessed the loves of Henry II. and the fair Rosamond, with the taste and symmetry of modern

gardening. The rhododendrons in particular, then in full bloom, were beyond measure resplendent.

On returning to London we found invitations for a party at Lord Hardinge's, and for an assembly to meet the Queen at Stafford House. At Lord Hardinge's we met the Duke of Cambridge, Lord and Lady Derby, Lady Emma Stanley, Lady Jersey, and Lady Clementina Villiers, Mr Secretary and Mrs Walpole, Lord and Lady Elcho, and many other persons of distinction. I sat beside Lady Emma Stanley, since married to Lord Shrewsbury's son, but I was nearly opposite to Lord Derby, and the conversation in that part of the table was general. I was much struck with the high-bred playfulness of his manner, and the strong turn for humour which formed so striking a feature in his character. The conversation turned much on mesmerism and spirit-rapping; and though by no means a believer like Bulwer, he recounted several instances in which they had proved successful, which seemed to indicate that, though not prepared to admit what their followers required, he was not disposed utterly to disbelieve in them. Since that time this strange delusion has almost gone out of fashion, and left behind in sensible men one only firm belief in connection with it, which is, in the influence of imagination and the marvellous on the credulity of even the most highly gifted of mankind.

The assembly at Stafford House, given by the Duchess of Sutherland to the Queen, was on a scale

of unparalleled magnificence. The house, or rather palace, originally built by the Duke of York, and splendidly embellished by the present proprietor, is perhaps better adapted than any in London for a display of that description, being a large square structure, with a magnificent staircase in the centre, penetrating all the storeys, and lighted from the roof. This stair is surmounted by an open gallery going round the quadrangular space on the upper floor; and the whole second storey is a series of superb public rooms, adorned with very fine paintings, forming part of the famous Stafford collection. The effect of the whole, especially the great quadrangular staircase, brilliantly lighted up to do honour to the Sovereign, and filled with the first society, and the most beautiful women in London, was in the highest degree imposing and magnificent. I have never seen anything of the kind which could bear a comparison with it. The Queen, who was received by the brilliant assembly with every demonstration of silent respect, seemed to have been of the same opinion, for on leaving the door she said to the Duke, "I am now leaving the palace and going home."

I this year received a very pleasant mark of kindness, in a unanimous and spontaneous election as a member of the "Literary Club," held in the Thatched House, St James's Street. This Club, the successor or continuation of that which Johnson and Boswell have rendered immortal, had long been distinguished as one of the most select and *recherché* in

London; and as its numbers were small and limited, a place in it was much coveted in political, legal, and literary circles. My reception on my first introduction was kind and cordial. The number who met at dinner (which they did on the first Friday of every month during the sitting of Parliament) was in general from fourteen to eighteen. Politics were carefully eschewed; and as the party comprised in general that mixture of rank, distinction, and talent which forms the best basis of agreeable and instructive society, these evenings were in the highest degree agreeable. Sir R. Inglis was always in the chair as long as he lived, and after his death his place was generally taken by Mr Walpole. The Duke of Argyll and other peers were frequently present; Macaulay, Hallam, Lord Mahon, and Croly represented literature; the Chief Baron, Baron Alderson, and one or two other judges were generally present; the Attorney and Solicitor General appeared for the Bar; while Landseer, Baron Marochetti, and Copley Fielding gave to the meetings the advantage of refined taste and imagination. Of course no such *réunions* could be met with out of the metropolis, and the happiness of being admitted to them formed one of the most pleasing incidents of my life. The same kindly feeling caused me to be elected by acclamation a member of the Athenæum Club, which to a casual resident in London like me, was a great convenience, from its not being a party club, and from its giving its members the

advantage of splendid rooms and an extensive and admirably selected library.

Lord Derby's administration at this time, as is well known, was but of short duration. It came to an end in the winter following, in consequence of a majority against Ministers of nineteen on the question of extending the house-tax to houses between £10 and £20, which had hitherto been exempted from that burden. From the first moment that the proposal was broached in the House of Commons by Mr Disraeli, I felt assured it would make shipwreck of the administration. The reason was obvious: it was *perfectly just*, and proposed only to remove an unfair exemption. But that was an exemption in favour of the labour class, to whom the Reform Bill had given the command of the State; and there is nothing to which a dominant party cling with such tenacity as to an exemption in their own favour. In proposing the repeal of this exemption, Mr Disraeli fell into the same error into which Lord Grey had fallen in introducing the Reform Bill; and that was an over-estimate of the virtue and disinterestedness of the middle class of society. The more I reflect on this subject the more am I convinced that this error is the root of most of the pernicious changes and absurd institutions which have been introduced into the world during the last seventy years, and that till the general delusion on this subject is dispelled by experience, all attempts to establish lasting peace and tranquillity in the

world, or to secure the blessing of real freedom to the nation, will prove unavailing.

On returning from London on this occasion, I paid a very interesting visit of some days to the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, at their venerable mansion of Hornby Castle, in Yorkshire. Like Raby, it is a most interesting relic of the feudal ages, and is preserved in a style which completely carries you back to the olden time. The approach to it is for some miles through a wild chase, overrun with gigantic hollies and thorns, the native growth of the place. The castle is an ancient structure, of great extent, though of no great height, and with no change in the interior since the days of the Plantagenets. The drawing-room is still the old hall of the castle, a room of great size and height, and now adorned with all the elegance of modern furniture. The Duke and Duchess, whose kindness was as great as possible, took us a most interesting expedition to Middlemas Castle, the seat of the great and powerful family of the Nevilles, and the scene of the love passages between Richard Duke of York and Warwick's daughter, which have been immortalised in Bulwer's 'Last of the Barons.' Thence we went to Bolton Castle, a noble ruin, farther up towards the elevated moor which separates Yorkshire from Lancashire, and the scene for some time of Queen Mary's captivity. These interesting ruins carried me back for a brief period, amidst the din and strife of modern interests, to the ideas and the contests of feudal times.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL IN 1852, TO THE DEPARTURE OF MY SONS TO THE CRIMEA IN 1854.

NOVEMBER 1852—NOVEMBER 1854.

THE winter of 1852-53 began with a melancholy but highly interesting spectacle: this was the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, who had died in the middle of September, at Walmer Castle in Kent, and was interred in London, with a public funeral, on the 18th November following. Fortunately A—— was at home at the latter time on leave, and we at once resolved to go up to London to witness the ceremony. Nothing could exceed the magnificence and solemn interest of the spectacle. The body, which had been embalmed and brought up from Walmer Castle some days previously, lay in state for five days before in a *chapelle ardente* provided for the occasion in Chelsea Hospital. Some hundred thousand persons during these days went to pay their last respects to the hallowed remains; and so great was the throng, that from the gate of Chelsea Park where you entered, to the door of the Hospital, eigh-

teen barricades were erected, to break the pressure of the crowd, each of which could be passed only by long patience and with no small exertion of physical strength. The morning which ushered in the eventful day was dark and showery, but the sun broke out as the minute-guns began to be discharged, to announce that the procession had begun from the Horse Guards, whither the body had been brought the night before. It moved slowly through the Park, up Constitution Hill, along Piccadilly to the head of St James's Street, and thence by St James's Palace and along Pall Mall, through Trafalgar Square to the Strand, and thence by Fleet Street to St Paul's. An innumerable crowd lined the streets the whole way that the procession passed: seats in a favourable situation were sold for a guinea each. It was estimated that at least 1,500,000 persons were assembled along the line. The Queen and all the Court were at the windows of St James's Palace. The coffin was borne aloft on a gigantic car, overshadowed by lofty sable plumes. On the top of the coffin were the uniform, hat, and sword of the deceased; behind it followed his led charger, with the stirrups reversed and crossed over the saddle. When the mournful *cortège* appeared in sight, every head was uncovered: and as it crossed Waterloo Place, where we were stationed at a window in the Athenæum Club, the whole street up to the Quadrant was like a sea of bare heads, and there were few dry eyes.

The interest increased as the procession approached Temple Bar, where the Lord Mayor and civic dignitaries were placed, and the great bell of St Paul's, heard for miles round, began to toll. The coffin was received at the door of the Cathedral by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and all the hierarchy of the Church. Both Houses of Parliament were there in very full attendance, and 15,000 voices chanted the solemn music set apart for the occasion. The pall was borne by the Duke's old companions in arms. Lord Hill, Lord Seaton, the Marquis of Anglesey, the Marquis of Londonderry, were there; and Prince Albert, as representing the Queen, stood at the head of the body, to do the last honour to England's noblest subject. The body was laid in a splendid tomb beside that of Nelson. Britain's two heroes repose side by side in the stillness of death, and the shrine will be visited for ages by those to whom valour, patriotism, and unconquerable resolution form a passport to immortal renown.

In the spring of the following year (1853) we as usual went up for six weeks to London. During this season we became acquainted with the Chevalier Bunsen, the learned and highly accomplished representative of Prussia at the Court of Great Britain. There was no house in London at that time which presented more agreeable society, both in the great assemblies in the superb saloons of the Prussian Embassy, and at the dinner and breakfast parties, where conversation was the principal object. On

the latter occasions the talents of the accomplished host for discussion and anecdote were particularly conspicuous. Sometimes, perhaps, they led him a little too far, as his great facility of elocution and immense store of erudition caused him occasionally to pour out his thoughts too uninterruptedly, and made the party assume too much the appearance of a lecture-room. But this was only a casual occurrence, and when he got upon some favourite topic: in general his ideas flowed out in that measured strain which admitted others to their share of the conversation. Never was a more benevolent heart or a more simple sincere disposition. Like many other foreign diplomatists, he was the architect of his own fortune; and was only ennobled late in life, when he had retired from the diplomatic service, as a testimony of his sovereign's gratitude for his public services. Strange to say, though by profession a diplomatist, the bent of his mind led him to theology, and his studies were chiefly directed to that subject. Being free from the usual trammels of ecclesiastical education, he carried into his researches on religion the spirit of free and independent inquiry; and on that account, after his death, he incurred the undeserved hostility of that narrow-minded sect of theologians who can admit of no deviation from their preconceived opinions. A Liberal in politics, he was the same in religion, but never was a more sincere and devout believer in all the essential particulars of the Christian faith.

At his parties I found additional proofs of what I have often observed, that diplomatists, when they are able and well informed, are beyond comparison the most agreeable persons to be met with in society.

About the same time I became acquainted with Lord Mahon, now Earl Stanhope, and frequently shared in his hospitality in Grosvenor Place. His parties were generally at breakfast, and of not more than eight persons. The conversation was usually general, and often prolonged, without rising from table, to twelve or one o'clock. The party in general consisted, besides Lord and Lady Mahon, of Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, Mr Hallam, Mr Macaulay, Lord Carlisle, Mr Monckton Milnes, and one or two others. It may easily be conceived that, with such company, there was no lack of either instructive or agreeable conversation. At the same time, I observed, what has frequently struck me in society, when persons are brought together specially to converse, there was too constant an effort to say good things and eclipse each other which after a time became wearisome. In justice to Lord Mahon, however, I must say this fault was in no way to be ascribed to him; for he was always singularly high-bred, and his chief effort was to draw out the colloquial powers of his guests. He is a learned and accomplished man, very well versed in what may be called the antiquities and curiosities of literature, and a very agreeable companion; but by no means endowed with the robust and energetic

practical talent of his father, Earl Stanhope. Poor Hallam was sadly broken, like Burke, in old age by the death of his son; and though he bore it with constancy and resignation, yet this grief preyed upon his mind, and in all probability shortened his life.

Lord Macaulay, to whom I have alluded before, occupies too important a position in British literature not to deserve a prominent place in a gallery of contemporary portraits. His reputation as a historian and an essayist is so widespread and established, that it may seem hardly credible to affirm that his ability as a converser was by no means of the same high order, or rather it was not equally pleasing. Gifted by nature with a prodigious and almost unprecedented memory, and with a mind stored with much and varied erudition, possessing a vivid imagination and great power of expression and illustration, he yet had not the art of making himself agreeable. To women, even the most highly gifted, he was generally distasteful, notwithstanding all his talents and acquirements. I have often heard him styled by those, who in general appreciated conversation the most, a perfect bore. I must own that I have sometimes seen him to be such in company, and admitted to be so by his greatest admirers. The reason is to be found in the intensity of his ideas, and the vast extent of his erudition, which caused him to set off at a gallop when any new subject was started, and often utterly distance the slower mortals who were toiling to keep him in sight behind. He had little sym-

pathy with the minds or wishes of his hearers, but poured out whatever chain of ideas or incidents occupied his own mind at the time, without the slightest regard to whether it was of interest to his auditors. It need hardly be said that this system is of all others the most unsupportable to women. Literary anecdote, especially relating to the characters of the age of William III. and Anne, with which he was engaged in his history, formed, when I used to meet him, his favourite topic; but as the greater part of these men were ephemeral stars, whose names even were now forgotten, the stories regarding them could not be expected to be generally interesting. A little thing, however, a mere accident, often would set him off on a totally different subject, and then, though scholars were amazed at his erudition, the world in general was little either amused or instructed by his discourse. Of this a striking instance occurred at Glasgow, when he came to be installed as Lord Rector of the University there in 1854. On this occasion he was presented with the freedom of the city by the Lord Provost, in presence of a very large audience in the City Hall there. After the ceremony was over, at which he made a very brilliant speech, Macaulay was entertained at a *déjeuner* at the Lord Provost's (Mr, now Sir Andrew Orr) in Blythswood Square. With the exception of Lord and Lady Belhaven, Lord Macaulay, Lady Alison, and myself, the party consisted entirely of the magistrates of Glasgow. I was placed beside

the great man, and, in order to turn the conversation into channels in which the whole company might take an interest, I began by asking him his opinion of the principal parliamentary orators whom he had heard. He gave his opinion in a very lucid and interesting way; but unfortunately, in the course of the discussion I said something, in allusion only, about Brougham and Canning, as compared to Æschines and Demosthenes. At the word "Æschines" he set off, and began a harangue which lasted twenty minutes or half an hour on the oratorical duels between the two speakers "De Corona," and the comparative merit of both with Socrates. The bailies, not one of whom could read Greek, or had even heard of the Athenian orators, remained in mute amazement with their mouths open, but, as may readily be believed, little edified by the conversation.[1]

[1] A singular circumstance occurred in 1854 at the Athenæum Club, which proves that there are sometimes exceptions to the general rule, that eavesdroppers never hear anything favourable of themselves. I was talking in the library there to an old friend, Mr Crawford, the author of a very learned work on Java, on one of the last volumes of Grote's admirable History of Greece, and he admitted its value, but complained of its being dull, adding at the same time: "But it must be recollected the subject was uninteresting; no one can awaken sympathy with the disputes of those little Greek republics." "I scarcely think that," I replied: "put the subject into Macaulay's hands, and you will soon see what genius can make of it." At this moment some one passed me from behind, and went forward to take down a book from one of the shelves. I left the room immediately after, and before I had reached the outer door at the foot of the stairs, Macaulay came after me saying it was he who had passed, and he had heard what I had said; adding at the same time how much he was gratified by this spontaneous, and in the circumstances undoubtedly sincere praise.

It is impossible to imagine a more striking contrast than another very eminent man presented to the brilliant historian and essayist. Mr Disraeli, though leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and gifted with uncommon powers both of eloquence and sarcasm, was singularly reserved and silent in general society. Unlike Macaulay, Hallam, or the other professed talkers, he made no attempt to shine on such occasions, but contented himself with listening and addressing a few words to the person next whom he was seated. As every one knew how much there was in him, and how entertaining he could be when he chose, this was often felt to be very provoking, and many were the attempts made to draw him out, though seldom with entire success. Sometimes, however, he was induced to come forward, and then he was very delightful. On one of these occasions I succeeded in drawing him out at a small party at Sir Edward Lytton's; on another, at a very large dinner-party at Lady Londonderry's. The first was a political party, and the conversation related entirely to public subjects, so that Disraeli's remarks were like one of his speeches in Parliament; but on the latter I succeeded in getting him into a *tête-à-tête* on his Eastern travels, and then he was animated and interesting in the highest degree. He was seated beside a handsome lady of rank, whom Lady Londonderry had selected for him, but they did not get on, and during half the time of dinner he never said a word. I was directly opposite,

and seeing this, I addressed a question to him about Egypt in reference to his brilliant oriental descriptions in 'Tancred,' which I had just been reading. The flint struck fire: Disraeli wakened up, and began a series of pictures of the East, its scenery, manners, and ideas of the highest interest, and even more striking than those contained in his splendid novels. Comparing this with what I had recently before seen of Macaulay at a dinner-party at Sir R. Inglis's, where he dumfoundered the company with a harangue on the wits of Queen Anne's reign, I could not help feeling astonishment at the contrast between two men, both of the highest position and most brilliant talents, and reflecting on the difference of the agreeability of him who adapts his conversation to his hearers, compared with that of him who strives to adapt his hearers to his conversation.

Disraeli's countenance is very striking, and eminently characteristic of his Jewish descent; you would observe and recollect him among a thousand. A profusion of dark hair and eyebrows, with very dark eyes, contrast singularly with the smooth and shorn lower part of his face. In his expression you feel the want of the blue eye and open look of the Saxon. He seldom looks you in the face, but when addressing you looks aside; a peculiarity common to him with O'Connell, and very characteristic of an ambitious Jesuitical turn of mind.

We were fortunate enough to form the acquaintance at this time of a distinguished American, who

held the high position of Minister at the Court of Great Britain, Mr Bancroft. This very able and eloquent politician and historian received me with the utmost courtesy, and we frequently shared his hospitality in Eaton Square. Like all well-bred Americans, he was simple and unpretending in his manners; and, without affecting republican simplicity, his establishment was unostentatious, and made no attempt to vie with the magnificent display at the Russian and Prussian embassies. But nowhere in London at the time was the society more instructive, or the conversation on a higher strain in point of thought and expression. I could not but feel flattered by the manner in which, on all occasions, Mr Bancroft endeavoured to bring me forward. His conversation was like his writings, judicious, sensible, and well-informed, with occasional flashes of genius, which struck you the more from the comparative sober tone of the ideas in which they were embedded. Without sharing the extravagant expectations of his countrymen in regard to the future destinies of the great Republic, and totally destitute of their sometimes obnoxious vanity, he was, with reason, proud of his country, and anticipated the eventual spread of its institutions over all the civilised portions of the earth. How these anticipations have been verified need be said to none who have lived through 1861 and 1862. Bancroft strikes me as a very able writer and profound thinker, much more so than he in general obtains credit for on this side of the Atlantic.

The reason of this is, that as he wrote for the inhabitants of America, he was led to fill his work with a multitude of local details, which the European public, regarding the events at a distance, could not be expected to take much interest in. But many of his thoughts are profound, and many of his expressions eloquent and felicitous. As a specimen of the former, I may mention his observation in regard to the advantage which England has derived from the mildness and humidity of the climate, which permits country labour to be continued throughout the greater part, sometimes during the whole, of winter. This does not strike an inhabitant of this country who is accustomed to it; but it appeared in its full force to the clear-sighted American, who came from a country where snow lies on the ground for half the year, during which time rural labourers are doomed to compulsory idleness. The same difficulty is felt in Russia, and must evidently for long chain its rural inhabitants to real or virtual slavery. For if the working classes are to support themselves by wages, who is to pay them during the severe dreary months of winter idleness?

On the 8th August in this year (1852) our valued friend the Duke of Hamilton died, at the advanced age of seventy-seven, and was succeeded by his son, the present Duke, who became the eleventh in succession. In many respects the deceased nobleman was a remarkable and highly estimable man, though he was far from being a perfect character. Educated

for the most part abroad, in a very superficial manner, and thrown early in life without reserve into the gayest and most dissipated circles of France and Italy, he owed the good qualities which he possessed to his native disposition, and the efforts he had himself made to improve and cultivate his mind. He possessed very considerable natural talents. His taste in the fine arts was refined, and had been cultivated to the utmost by living among the finest models, and with the most eminent artists, in whose society he took great delight. The noble pile of Hamilton Palace, to which he added so much that it became in a manner a new structure, was made, both outside and inside, from his designs; and the splendid collection of paintings, statues, bronzes, and articles of *vertu* which it contains, was in great part made by him. He was an indulgent and liberal landlord, and eminently patriotic and public-spirited in his feelings. His name was to be seen at the head of nearly all public subscriptions in Lanarkshire for beneficent purposes. He lived during the latter years of his life, when I knew him, mostly at Hamilton Palace, generally alone, and occupied entirely with the improvements going on on his property; but when occasion required it he opened his doors, and no one could dispense hospitality in a more princely manner. He had been for some time ambassador at St Petersburg, and was personally much liked by the Emperor Alexander; and as he had lived during his long career with nearly all the

eminent men and women in Europe, his conversation was of the most varied and interesting description. His manners were those of a *grand seigneur* of the old school, scrupulously polite to all, and in particular he was unbounded in his attentions and flattering expressions to women, especially if they were young and handsome.

This last tendency unfortunately led him into some serious irregularities and faults, which his best friends lamented, and which for long blasted his domestic peace. Married in 1810 to the elegant and accomplished daughter of Mr Beckford of Fonthill, the well-known author of 'Caliph Vathek,' and the father of two charming children, he was unable to resist the seductions to which those of his rank, tastes, and manners are, beyond all others, exposed. He became enamoured of an Italian lady, of great personal charms, with whom he lived apart from the Duchess for many years, in that land of enchantment and song. When we first knew him this estrangement continued, and as he remained at Hamilton Palace alone, of course the parties there were almost entirely of gentlemen. As he grew older, however, these culpable frailties lessened; the chief *liaison* was terminated, and the Duchess, who was a most high-minded as well as superior and accomplished person, generously overlooked the past, and frequently, and for long periods, solaced his declining years by her presence at Hamilton Palace. We very frequently were their guests on these occasions; indeed

there was scarcely a year, during a long course of time, that we were not three or four times at parties there, generally for a week together. The Duke, when the irregularities of youth were over, rose in public estimation every day; and a great impression was produced in his neighbourhood by his appearing on horseback in Glasgow on occasion of the insurrection there, already recounted, on March 6, 1848. Passionately fond of art, he gave a striking proof of it in his last acts. He had for several years been constructing, at an expense of above £30,000, a costly mausoleum in Hamilton Park, where he himself was to repose, and whither the remains of his long line of ancestors were removed from the old cemetery, which was too near the Palace. The Duke was possessed of a beautiful Egyptian alabaster sarcophagus, covered with hieroglyphics, which he had acquired early in life when travelling in Upper Egypt. He designed it for his own coffin, but as it had been made for a female, it was rather too small for his stature. To see if the difficulty could be removed without injuring the work of art, he repeatedly lay down in different attitudes in the sarcophagus, and as it was small, he left directions that, if necessary, the breastbone should be sawn through, so that it might be doubled up and the body laid in without injuring the exquisite place of sepulture! A more striking instance of "the ruling passion strong in death" perhaps was never recorded.

This year, as usual, we were guests at the hos-

pitable mansion of Lord and Lady Belhaven at Wishaw, in Lanarkshire, who usually entertained the principal travellers of distinction in Scotland during the autumn months. At one of these parties we met Baron Brunnow, the accomplished ambassador of Russia at the Court of Great Britain. It was impossible to see a more high-bred man, or one who more worthily represented the great and powerful empire of which he was the Minister. Without the varied learning or *facundia loquendi* of Bunsen, he was a much more finished courtier; he had evidently been bred in palaces, not in the professor's chair. In him was seen to perfection the high-bred *retenue* and perpetual self-oblivion which is the invariable mark of familiarity with the highest society, and withal the securest passport to present popularity. A tall commanding figure, and graceful movements, added to the charm of this engaging manner. He was evidently preoccupied and anxious, which, indeed, was no wonder, as he was intrusted with the arduous duty of reporting to his sovereign the dispositions and feelings of England at the commencement of the differences in regard to Turkey which ended in the Crimean war. He conversed much with me on this subject, and seemed most anxious that the good understanding between the two countries should if possible be preserved unbroken. His great object evidently was to ascertain whether England would in any event draw the sword, whether in the last extremity "the old lion would fight." I said

I thought it would, if the quarrel became a political one, and the forces of the empire were called out on the popular side. He seemed much struck by this, but, as is well known, he reported the reverse to his Government, which, trusting to Cobden's assurance of Britain's disinclination to fight, and from jealousy of Louis Napoleon, deemed the opportunity favourable for renewing its ambitious designs on Turkey, and brought on the Crimean war.

The hospitality of our kind and accomplished friend, Mr Stirling of Keir, M.P. for Perthshire, made us acquainted this autumn with a celebrated person, whom we often afterwards met both there and in London, Mrs Norton. As these memoirs are intended to record what I saw and felt, not to perpetuate what I heard, I shall say nothing of the previous fortunes of this highly gifted lady, except that she had been married very early in life to the Honourable George Norton, a brother of Lord Grantley, but had been separated from her husband after having borne to him three sons, two of whom were now grown up to man's estate. She was at this time apparently about forty, still very handsome, and singularly attractive in her manners and conversation. Her figure, though fine, was not tall or commanding; her countenance, of the Roman cast, was beautiful, and a profusion of black hair descending in curls on her shoulders set off the brilliant colour of her skin. Long acquainted with the men most celebrated for rank, talent, and fashion

in her day, she had the ease of manner and varied conversation which, more than anything else, these advantages confer, but at the same time she had lost none of the native kindliness and sweetness of her disposition. She was uniformly courteous and affable to such a degree indeed, that no one could discover from her manner whose conversation, of those she met in society, she really preferred.

There is no one perfect, however, in this world, and Mrs Norton had one blemish in society, which increased rather than diminished with the lapse of time. She had associated so frequently with the first in talent and station, that her mind had become impregnated, as it were, with the atmosphere which they breathed. Hence her conversation consisted too much of anecdotes — many of them trivial enough—of eminent men. A certain amount of it is the best seasoning to society, but *toujours perdrix* does not do in mental any more than corporeal feasts. This peculiarity became more conspicuous of late years than it was before; from finding these anecdotes so often listened to, she became at times egotistical, a common fault of talent and distinction, especially in declining years.

An important change took place in the beginning of the ensuing winter in the mode of conducting business in the Sheriff Court at Glasgow, which was attended with material alterations in my habits of life. Hitherto the great bulk of the business (and indeed all suits involving an interest above £8, 6s. 8d., which

was the limit of the small debt courts in which the parties were heard *viva voce* and a final decision was pronounced at the moment), was conducted by written pleadings. Further appeals were competent to the sheriff, and from him to the Court of Session, not only on the merits of the whole cause, but on many intermediate or preliminary points. The proceedings were often protracted to an inordinate length, and attended with a delay and expense little suited to a mercantile community in which rapidity of decision was the quality above all others called for. The object of having the cases conducted by written pleadings, and of so many opportunities of review being afforded, was to guard against erroneous decisions, and to secure the means of putting the cases right in every stage by appeal to a superior tribunal. But though the object was good, and the system suited to an early stage of society where little confidence was felt in inferior tribunals, and error in judgment was more apprehended than delay in pronouncing it, it became no longer applicable when the multiplied transactions of commerce had brought a multitude of cases into the inferior courts, all requiring despatch; and the increase of business in these had habituated the judges to the required rapidity of decision, and rendered them familiar with the law to be administered in them. The force of these considerations had been especially recognised in Glasgow, where the multitude of *nisi prius* cases requiring rapid disposal was much greater than in any other parts of Scotland,

and the local courts in consequence had had an amount of experience which had earned for them the confidence of the community, and reared up a large body of able and respectable practitioners, as capable as the gentlemen of any bar in the kingdom of conducting important and difficult cases. Various representations both from the mercantile and legal part of the citizens had for some time been made to the Lord Advocate on the subject, and the able gentleman who held that office (James Moncreiff), in consequence, prepared a bill, which passed into a law, and came into operation on November 1, 1853, greatly extending the jurisdiction of the sheriff courts, introducing oral instead of written pleadings, and materially abridging the power of appeal either to the sheriff-principal or the Court of Session.

By this Act (the Sheriff Court. Act) the jurisdictions of the Small Debt Sheriff Court was extended to £12; that of the Sheriff's Ordinary Court without appeal to the Court of Session, raised from £12 to £25; and in cases above that sum, an appeal to the Court of Session allowed only on the merits of the case as finally decided, not on any intermediate or preliminary points. An appeal to the sheriff from the interlocutor of the sheriff-substitute was allowed only against a judgment disposing of the merits of the case, in whole or in part, repelling preliminary defences, allowing a proof disposing of the whole points of evidence in the course of the proof, or granting interim decree for a sum of money. Proofs

were all to be taken by the sheriff-substitute before whom the case depended in person, and the notes of the evidence written out with his own hand; and the debates were to be all *viva voce* in open court, unless the parties preferred lodging a reclaiming petition, one of which was allowed to the sheriff instead of a debate. So strong was the desire for rapid decision, not only in the litigants but among the practitioners, that in almost every case the verbal debate was preferred, and written pleadings soon went almost entirely out of use. This introduced a total change in the modes of conducting business, which rendered necessary an almost entire alteration in my habits of life.

The cases to be decided by me being from 1200 to 1500 annually, and the facts found proved and reasons of decisions requiring to be given at length, it became necessary to make some regular and systematic arrangements for getting through such a mass of business without allowing any of it to fall into arrears. To effect this, I appointed Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday for my own debates, which began at eleven in the forenoon, and generally continued till three or four. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday were set apart for the substitutes hearing cases, one on each; and on the other days of the week they were engaged in taking proofs, or in the ordinary routine or criminal business of the office. The Small Debt Court was taken by the substitutes in rotation. This, however, did not exhibit half of my daily work; for on the other days of the week, when I did not hold my regular courts, I was engaged all forenoon hearing

summary and urgent cases, or such as were intricate and likely to run into long debates, in chambers; and the number so heard was generally three or four a-day. In addition to this I had my interlocutors in the cases heard, to dictate to my clerk, and my official and private correspondence to read and answer, which seldom amounted to less than six letters a-day. The jury trials were taken by myself and the substitutes in rotation, and they came round to one or other of us about once a-month, generally twelve or fifteen cases each time; and the Registration Court, which was held in August and September, absorbed from a fortnight to three weeks annually. So great a mass of business could not be kept down and prevented from falling into arrears, but by strenuous efforts on my part, directed in a regular and systematic way, and perseveringly acted upon. But all this would have proved unavailing, had it not been for two circumstances which eminently contributed to lighten my labours.

The first of these was the vigour and industry of the sheriff-substitutes whom it had been my good fortune to find for these important situations in Glasgow. The oldest of these, Mr Glassford Bell, had been in office since 1839, and in addition to powerful natural talents, and a good legal head, he had by this time acquired an amount of practical knowledge which had secured for him the confidence of the practitioners before the court and the public, and enabled him, with ease to himself, to get through

an amount of business which to one less thoroughly trained would have appeared overpowering. Mr Sheriff Smith was an active and industrious judge; and Mr Sheriff Strathern, whom I had promoted to the bench on the death of a very able man, Mr Sheriff Steele, in addition to great stores of legal lore, possessed considerable oratorical talents. These substitutes, who prepared the cases, and passed judgment upon them in the first instance, generally in long and intricate interlocutors, were of the greatest service to me, because they brought out the facts of the cases, and their views of the law applicable to them, in a distinct and intelligible form; and whether I agreed or disagreed with them, this was an equal advantage. I should think that, on an average, I adhered to their judgments in nearly two-thirds of the cases, and altered or varied in somewhat above a third. The average duration of cases after the system of verbal debates was introduced was six months, and their cost £15,—not a third of the time or a fifth of the expense which the same cases would have required if brought before the Court of Session.

The second—and it was a still more important circumstance for myself individually, which contributed to lighten my labours—was the efficiency, unswerving fidelity, and ability of my private secretary, Mr P. T. Young. He came with me from Edinburgh, where he had been my advocate's clerk, and he had in consequence been trained to every depart-

ment of the public business, in all of which he had acquired uncommon proficiency. Tempted by the superior emoluments of the situation of Procurator-Fiscal, which was in my gift, he obtained from me at one time that office, which he held for two years, and the duties of which he discharged with discretion and ability. But the business was not to his liking; it separated him too much from myself, to whom he was warmly attached, and at his own request I restored him again to his original office, though of less emoluments, after he had held the other for some years. Never was there a more fortunate exchange for me. To a sound legal head and remarkable common-sense he united an industry which nothing could weary, and a suavity of temper which nothing could ruffle. This last quality was of inestimable importance, worried as he was both in his situation as my confidential secretary and in that of Auditor of Court, to which, in order to eke out his scanty emoluments, I promoted him. Never had a man a more faithful and attached assistant: he owed his success in life, as he thought, to me, and his whole soul was wrapped up in my service. During eight-and-twenty years that he has now (1861) been in my employment, there never was an angry word passed, or an angry thought harboured betwixt us.

Mr Young's legal knowledge and experience, and his thorough acquaintance with my handwriting, of which he could decipher the slightest scrawl, enabled me to accomplish the preparation of my interlocu-

tors with a rapidity which, but for those auxiliaries, would have been impossible. All he required was notes of the facts of the case and of the findings in law, written out by me when the debate was going on, and from these materials he made out in the evening or next day a formal interlocutor, which I always found correct. There can be no doubt that in thus writing out judgments, often in intricate and difficult questions both of fact and law, as it were at high pressure, there was a great risk in some cases of an omission occurring, or of a false step being made; but it was the only way in which the enormous and continually increasing mass of business could be kept down, or the still greater evil be avoided of mercantile cases, in an especial manner requiring despatch, falling into a serious arrear.

The sheriffs in Lanarkshire, a county containing above 600,000 inhabitants, for the most part engaged in commerce, manufactures, or mines, were charged with the whole of the duties which in England are discharged by the judges at *nisi prius*, by the justices at quarter sessions, by the county court judges, by the revising barristers in the registration courts, by the registrars, superintendents, and by the ordinary police magistrates. In addition to this, I was responsible for the peace of the county, and charged with the correspondence with the Secretary of State, Lord Advocate, and military authorities on that subject. This duty of keeping the peace sometimes kept me a month or six

weeks in the disturbed districts, to the entire stoppage of other business. Of these various duties, however, by far the heaviest for a long course of years was the Registration Court, in which there were sometimes 6000 claims and 4000 objections to be adjudicated and written upon in Glasgow alone, besides 3000 in the county and other county burghs. Frequently I have sat in this court fifty-five or sixty days without intermission, seven hours a-day. Fortunately about the time the verbal debates began in 1853, it underwent a great diminution, in consequence of the decline of interest in the votes, from the great and increasing preponderance of the Liberal party; and in 1859 the new Act of Parliament, directing the roll to be made up from the valuation roll in burghs by the burgh assessor, reduced the labour of registration, in the burghs at least, to a comparative trifle. I had the assistance of seven substitutes of my own appointment—four in Glasgow, and three in the county; but although they relieved me entirely of the small-debt business, embracing in the city and county about 25,000 cases annually, and of all but my proportional share of the criminal cases, yet in other respects they gave me little relief from the weightiest part of my duties; nay, their efficiency sometimes rather increased it than otherwise. For as there was an appeal to me in all civil cases but those in the Small Debt Court, and often two or three in different stages of one case, the more popular they were, and the more business they got

through, the more did they send forward to me to review—this right being claimed in every instance of the least moment.

One effect resulted from the popularity of the Sheriff Court of Lanarkshire, and the immense extent as well as rapid extension of its business, which, though felt at first as rather annoying by myself and my substitutes, in the end was attended with beneficial effects. Some jealousy of the popularity of the Sheriff Court of Lanarkshire was excited both in the Bar and on the Bench of the Supreme Court at Edinburgh, by the mortification the latter experienced at seeing their own business declining, while that of a local and inferior court was rapidly increasing, and carrying off nearly all the mercantile business of the great commercial city of Glasgow. The transference of the business which had formerly been engrossed by the Edinburgh lawyers to a provincial bar, was increased materially when the new bill came into operation, introducing oral instead of written pleadings, and a provincial bar began to grow up in Glasgow, many of whom made £1000 or £1500 a-year, and pleaded their cases as well as their brethren at the bar in Edinburgh could have done. This feeling was to a certain degree shared by all the legal profession of every grade at Edinburgh; but they generally had the good sense and taste to keep it under. It was otherwise, however, with the Lord Justice-Clerk Hope, who gave expression to it on every possible occasion with much acrimony.

There were many causes which contributed to this result. For many years intimate friends, we had gradually become estranged, from the different paths of life which had opened to us. From the beginning of our mutual career at the bar I had owed nothing to him; all my practice, all my appointments, had come from others. The agents and counsel were so much offended by his irritability and occasional haste of decision on the bench, that his court was in a manner deserted; while the First Division of the Court, headed by Duncan M'Neill, was overwhelmed with business. The return to the House of Commons showed that Hope's Division only decided from eighty to ninety cases in a year, while the First Division, under the able guidance and admirable temper of my old friend M'Neill, averaged 200, and the Sheriff Court of Lanarkshire from 1000 to 1200. Such a result, yearly published to the world in the parliamentary returns, was little calculated to assuage professional disappointment; and the feelings it excited became such, that they were habitually exhibited, not only against myself, but even against my under-sheriffs, and the clerks and officers of court, whenever a case from Lanarkshire was brought before his court.

At first I was annoyed at these sallies of temper, which led to unseemly exhibitions on the bench, whenever a blot could be discovered in the Lanarkshire cases. But I soon ceased to feel vexation from perceiving that, like all hostility pushed to undue

length, it produced a reaction, and did not lower our court in public estimation, but rather the reverse. It being known that the cases from Lanarkshire were scrutinised with so microscopic and unfriendly an eye by the head of the Second Division, of course all the agents against whose clients unfavourable judgments had been pronounced, wished to carry their cases before that tribunal, in hopes of a reversal. Yet notwithstanding this circumstance, so eminently favourable to the multiplication of appeals, the cases carried to the Court of Session from Lanarkshire were seldom above twelve or fifteen in a year, and of these not more than one-half were reversed, out of 1000 or 1200 decided. The knowledge of this small proportion, coupled with the displays of temper by the Lord Justice-Clerk whenever a Lanarkshire case came before the Second Division, tended to confirm the public confidence in our judgments. This confidence on the part of the community of Glasgow was increased by the judgments of the First Division, headed by the Lord Justice-General, which in the few cases brought before them were generally confirmatory of the Lanarkshire decisions.

The perception of this jealousy, made me adhere to my resolution to withdraw myself as much as possible from all public meetings or oratorical displays, other than those in a manner forced upon me by my official position in Glasgow. To this rule, however, I made an exception in regard to public meetings in Glasgow, for the purposes of religion, charity,

or social amelioration. Such meetings were frequent in that great emporium of industry, wealth, pauperism, and licentiousness; and from the general sense of the weight of the evils under which society laboured, they hardly ever failed to attract attention. On such occasions I was generally requested to move the first resolution, and go fully into the subject; and as I knew that I was mainly indebted for this lead to my official situation, I did my utmost on every occasion, however hard pressed for time, to acquit myself as well as I could. I found great benefit from the attention I bestowed on my speeches. They augmented my *moral* influence, especially with the working classes, with whom it was of the utmost importance I should stand well; but whose good opinion, from my well-known Conservative principles, I was perpetually in danger of losing. By showing, however, that I really had their interests at heart, I succeeded to a surprising degree, not only in commanding their respect, but in winning their affection. To this cause I ascribe much of the facility with which a county, containing at this time above 600,000 inhabitants, for the most part engaged in manufacturing or mining pursuits, was governed, and the public peace preserved; under circumstances often of extreme distress, arising from commercial difficulties, scarcity of provisions, or their usual concomitant, long and disastrous strikes among workmen. It will appear in the sequel what frequent and touching proofs I received of the confidence of the work-

ing classes of Glasgow, though often obliged officially to act against them, and always professing opinions adverse to their pretensions by a mere majority of numbers to rule the state.

On the subject of observing with the utmost strictness the rules of courtesy and good-breeding towards all the practitioners before the court, I had early formed a very strong opinion; and subsequent experience had every day tended more to convince me of its justice. I had uniformly found that more judges had lost their popularity, and become objects of dislike, from violence of temper than error of decision: all men can form an opinion on his manner, a few only on the matter. Irritability and arrogance of manner, blamable at all times and in all places, is peculiarly so in the case of a judge; if it were for no other reason but this, that they always destroy the appearance of equanimity in decision, often its reality, and that as the practitioner is in a position in which he cannot—except in extreme cases—venture on a reply, it becomes a piece of cowardice as well as impropriety to address him in violent or intemperate language. No one need be told that the temper of a judge is often severely tried on the bench, especially in inferior courts, where the agent who pleads the case is the same party who conducts it, and who of course has a personal interest in the costs of the suit. I saw enough of this difficulty during the many and weary months I so often sat, *de die in diem,* in the Registration Court, in

which strong political feeling was mixed upon both sides with the ordinary causes of discord in litigation. But that perception only made it more indispensable for the judge to preserve his own temper, even under the most trying circumstances, for no one can moderate the violence of others unless he is master of himself. I was endowed by nature with an equable temperament, and had sedulously through life cultivated self-control, and I hope the numerous agents who practised before me never found these qualities wanting on my part on the bench. By carefully avoiding all sallies of temper myself, I experienced no difficulty in restraining them when beginning in others, and by turning the first ebullitions of wrath in the practitioners off with a joke, I succeeded in preventing them ripening into serious quarrels. I was on such pleasant terms with the practitioners, that during the whole time I sat on the bench, above a quarter of a century, I do not recollect a single instance of an altercation with any of them, or any breach of the decorum proper in a court of justice; and so agreeable was our intercourse, that, after the long vacation, I always longed for the sittings of the court to begin.

Anxious to do everything in my power to extend my moral influence in the numerous and varied strata of society with which I was brought into contact, I accepted the honour proffered to me of Provincial Grand Master of Freemasons for the city of Glasgow, and Lower Ward of Lanarkshire. I had long been a

Freemason, and had frequently observed the warm and cordial feelings with which the brethren of the craft regarded each other; and although I was aware that the dignity of Provincial Grand Master in such a populous place as Glasgow would entail upon me a considerable sacrifice of time, which I could ill afford, yet I thought this disadvantage would be more than compensated by the extended intercourse which it would open up to me with circles of society that otherwise I would have few opportunities of meeting, and the kindly feelings which I hoped would in consequence arise betwixt us. I was in no way disappointed. The warmth of feeling, I may say the sincerity of affection, which grew up between me and "the brethren" in my province could hardly be exceeded. They made every allowance for the numerous avocations which kept me from most of their meetings, and received me in the warmest manner whenever I could attend; and as they were a very numerous and influential body, having ramifications through every class of society in Glasgow, Lanarkshire, and the surrounding counties, I found this bond of very essential service. Indeed, I ascribe in a great degree to the kindly feelings of the Freemasons towards me, the ease with which my official duties in critical times were discharged, and the absence of rancorous dispositions on the part even of those against whom I was obliged to proceed and often give judgment.

During the years 1853, 1854, and 1855, I worked

regularly and assiduously at my History, and got through it at the rate of a volume every ten months on an average. As these volumes were all from 650 to 750 pages, this was a great exertion, and necessitated the writing of three and a half pages on an average of the whole year, which required five pages on those days when the Court was not sitting, when I would work an hour after breakfast, as well as one before it. This accordingly was what I tasked myself to do during the whole seven years of the composition of the Continuation; one half being written before breakfast, and the other half between breakfast and twelve o'clock, when I always set off for Glasgow, and wrote no more that day. The reading requisite for composing a history, of which every paragraph required to be supported by one or more authorities, referred to by volume and page on the margin, was always done in the evening, and it proved a most laborious work, even greater than the collection of materials for my first History had been. This arose, as already mentioned, from these authorities being almost all original—such as the Parliamentary Debates, official despatches in the 'Annual Register,' the 'London Gazette,' 'Moniteur,' 'Annuaire Historique,' or the like works of vast extent and uncondensed information. I could nowhere find, as in the narrative of the former period, works in which this original labour had been in a great measure done and the result presented in an abbreviated form. I never intermitted in my writing

when we went from home, either to London or visits in the country; but, taking the requisite books with me for reference, I continued it the moment I arrived. Indeed I got more done when from home than in my own library; for, as in the former case I was freed from all judicial or legal work, I generally got seven or eight pages of manuscript completed in our own room.

I had every encouragement to continue my labours in the History of Europe. In 1847 the crown 8vo edition, in 20 volumes of 12,000 copies each volume, had begun to issue from the press; in 1849 the library edition, being the eighth, was published at a cost of £10, and this edition consisted of 2000 copies; and in 1853 the demand for copies at a cheaper rate from readers who could not afford the higher-priced editions had become so great, that the Messrs Blackwood determined on issuing a stereotype edition in double column, in 12mo, to be completed in 12 volumes, and sold at the moderate price of 5s. a volume, or £2, 8s. for the whole set. The first thing they did was to send agents through the principal towns of Great Britain, to ascertain the number of copies that they were likely to take up, and the result of their reports was that it was determined to make the issue of the first volumes 3000 each. The issue began at this rate in spring 1853, and that number was thrown off and rapidly disposed of, the first two volumes embracing the Annals of the Revolution. Of the

succeeding volumes, containing the military history of the Wars of the Revolution, 25,000 of each volume was thrown off, and the first subscription was above 20,000 copies. The work being stereotyped, the sale of it is unlimited, and is still (1861) going on; an additional thousand being thrown off from the plates when the number in hand seems nearly exhausted. The foreign sale consisted of above 100,000 copies, printed and sold in the original in America, two English editions printed at Brussels, and of the translations into French, German, and Arabic, which were now going on, and of which I possess copies. I think this large circulation was owing to the fortunate choice of a subject; the anxiety of the people in all countries to acquire some information regarding it; and to my work being the *first* which embraced the whole subject in a form which, though in itself large, was small in comparison to the aggregate of the detached works relating to it.

At this time I began a system which I have since invariably pursued, *never to write after dinner*. I had suffered so much from writing at night during the years when the three concluding volumes of my first History were going on, that I felt convinced if I had continued it, I would long since have been in my grave. My residence at the distance of nearly three miles from my place of business, secured me six miles' walking every day, summer and winter; and I had, besides, an intermediate occupation of five hours' official business, of so different a kind from

writing history in the morning, that it was, literally speaking, *a rest from it.*

I had learned to speak German a little in 1816 and 1821, when travelling in Germany; and subsequently, with the constant aid of a dictionary, I had contrived to understand the military authorities referred to in the latter volumes of my History. But I had never before 1850 really studied the language, or read any of its authors as a matter of pleasure. In that year the advice of a first-rate German scholar—my early friend Lady Wallace—led me to wish to form an intimate acquaintance with the great dramatists and poets of the Fatherland. I began the study accordingly without any tuition, and with the aid only of a grammar and a dictionary. The same day that I began the grammar I began Schiller's 'Mary Stewart.' I read three lines, looked up every word, and was content. By persevering in this system, and sitting every evening for two hours for years together, with the dictionary on my knee, I at length mastered this language; and without being able to write or speak it, I am now, and for many years past have been, able to read Schiller and Goethe as easily as Tasso or Racine. I cannot describe in adequate terms the addition which the command thus acquired of this language has made to my happiness, or the pleasure which the study of the German drama has afforded me. The great German authors, Schiller, Oehlenschläger, Goethe, Wieland, Klopstock, Uhland, Kör-

ner, and others, have since formed the habitual, and indeed daily, objects of my study, and always with increasing admiration. I found the tone of the German mind, especially in the dramatists, more in unison with my own than that of any other country; and my estimation of the great authors whom it has produced, has been such that it has influenced not only my thoughts, but my compositions.

As I found literary composition a relief and a relaxation after my daily onerous judicial labours, so I found reading in *different languages*, especially works of imagination, a relief to each other. This is an important observation which I would strongly recommend to all who, like me, are fain to seek in literary pursuits a relaxation from the labours of professional duty. Literature itself becomes a labour if it is pushed too far in one branch. No man will find relaxation from a forenoon's official labour in reading three or four hours without intermission, either at Homer, or Ariosto, or Schiller, or Bulwer; but he will find great relief in reading an hour alternately at each.

In the autumn of this year (1853) Lady Alison and I went with our daughter to the meeting at Kelso of the Caledonian Hunt, the most fashionable sporting club in Scotland; and while there, we made a pilgrimage to the ruins of Dryburgh, in the neighbourhood, to visit the tomb of Sir Walter Scott. Nothing can be imagined more striking than this

sepulchre, placed in the midst of the ruins which his fancy has done so much to illustrate, and on the banks of the stream which his genius has rendered immortal. No situation could be more appropriate for his last resting-place; and few spots in Britain will be more interesting to future generations. The monument is of plain granite, with the name of the poet alone engraven on it, and it stands in the midst of the ruined aisles and mouldering arches of the abbey—

> "Where distant Tweed is heard to rave,
> And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave!"

If the grave of the greatest of past novelists presented an object of interest, much more interesting was a visit which we soon after received from the greatest of the present. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton had been elected Rector by the affiliated societies of students in the University of Edinburgh—a situation designed by them to come in place of that of Lord Rector of the University, which the statutes of Edinburgh University did not, like those of Glasgow and Aberdeen, place at the disposal of the students. A deputation had previously waited on me to inquire whether I would accept it; but I replied that, having been Lord Rector of Aberdeen and Glasgow, I felt there would be an impropriety in my allowing myself to be put in nomination by what might be regarded as in some degree a rival body; and I strongly recommended them to apply to Sir Edward, who, besides his great celebrity as a writer, being as

yet unknown in Scotland as an orator, would attract much more attention than any inhabitant of the country could be expected to do. They did so accordingly; the invitation was courteously accepted; he was unanimously elected, and Sir Edward came down in March 1854 to be installed in his new dignity and make his address. The hall in which the speech was delivered—one of the largest in Edinburgh[1]—was crowded to excess; and the speech, which occupied an hour and a half, was listened to with breathless attention. Its language was so terse and elegant, that, to a practised ear, it revealed the labour of previous composition; but it was so thoroughly committed to memory, and delivered with so much fervour and animation, that it had all the charm of extempore speaking. Never was an effort more successful, or a more brilliant speech delivered to an admiring and intelligent audience. Genius broke out almost in every sentence, and the truth of the observation was conspicuous, that the highest flights of imagination can be appreciated only by those of kindred dispositions and brilliancy of fancy. His observations on the great poets, orators, historians, sculptors, and architects of Greece and Rome, were very different from the laboured eulogies of pedants, or the forced enthusiasm of mediocrity. They obviously came from the heart, and were inspired by the hidden fire of sympathetic genius. I have often heard it said

[1] That in Queen Street.

by the best judges in the House of Commons that Bulwer Lytton was for an opening the best speaker in that assembly. His unfortunate deafness shut him out from the chance of a reply, unless he had time to see his opponent's speech in the newspapers.

On this occasion we saw a great deal of Sir Edward, for we had a house in Edinburgh at the time; and besides having the celebrated novelist to meet admiring circles in the evening, we had him more than once to dine with us, in a way more suitable for conversation. The more I saw of him I was the more impressed with his extraordinary genius. This did not appear in general conversation, because his infirmity precluded his entering into it; but it shone forth with the highest lustre in a *tête-à-tête*. One of these conversations, which occurred when walking together on the new road cut out on the south side of the Castle of Edinburgh, was so remarkable that it has impressed itself permanently on my memory. We were talking of Queen Mary, a favourite topic with him, which seemed to have strongly impressed his imagination. I said that I thought both her assailants and her defenders were right—that each told the truth, but not the whole truth. "She was guilty," I added, "I much fear, of all that her enemies impute to her, and yet she was as noble and heroic a woman as her most devout worshippers maintain. Her character was composed of many different strata, like the ground beneath our feet, which on the surface is filled with the *débris* of the overhanging rocks;

below that are several layers of gravel, intermixed with the bones of the Romans, the Saxons, and the Danes, who have successively combated beneath these walls; while at the bottom of all are the remains of the oak forest, strewed with the bones of the red-deer, which, anterior to the ingress of man, were the sole tenants of the surrounding solitudes." "You are perfectly right," said Sir Edward; "perfection and immaculate purity are the dream of the poet and the novelist, but they never occur in real life. We are all characters of imperfect goodness; none are either so good or so bad as they appear at first sight and pass for in the world. I often see ladies who bear the most irreproachable characters, and are respected by all the world, and really are persons of very great merit, endowed with many estimable qualities, and yet, if the truth were known, they are far from the unspotted characters they appear. Never was a truer observation than that 'the most frightful of all spectacles would be a naked human heart.' But this should not make us misanthropes, but Christians. 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'"

In May we again joined in the festive circles of the metropolis. I dined as usual with Lord Hardinge, where I met the Duke of Cambridge and several officers of high rank in the army, and went down the day after to see a review and sham-fight at Chobham. It consisted of about 10,000 men, all regulars, and was certainly a brilliant spectacle. The marching past in review presented a splendid

specimen of British discipline and equipment. The 42d and 78th Highlanders as they marched past, occupied a wider front than any of the regiments of the line, or even the Guards. Independent of this circumstance, their appearance was finer than that of any other regiments on the ground. The equipment and discipline of the British army—so far as *regiments* went—was then as perfect as possible. But under the ceaseless democratic pressure of the preceding forty years of peace, the other departments necessary for service in corps, divisions, and even brigades in the field, had been swept away. The staff, the waggon-train, the commissariat-train, the ambulance for the wounded, the reserve artillery-trains,—everything in short not required for regimental peace-service,—had been abolished under the insane cry for economy, so long and loudly heard in the House of Commons, ever since the peace. Hence the particularly noble nature of the conduct of these regiments when *first* brought into the field at the Alma and Inkerman, amid the unheard-of privations and sufferings which so fearfully thinned their ranks during the severities of the ensuing winter. It is a striking proof of the length to which this monstrous system of reduction had been carried, that we have the authority of Mr Disraeli for the assertion that, at the Duke of Wellington's funeral, Woolwich could not furnish seventeen guns, to give the customary salute over the grave of a field-marshal.

Lord Londonderry died on the 4th March in this year, and Lady Londonderry shortly after that melancholy event wrote to me, requesting me to write his life. I felt every desire to do so, both in consequence of my respect for the manly and intrepid character of the deceased, and my regard for herself; but I explained to her that as I was engaged in my Continuation of the History of Europe, which promised to be even a more laborious work than I had anticipated, I could not undertake to commence it till after the expiry of two years. These two years—as will appear in the sequel—extended to five; and the Marchioness doubtless felt some disappointment at the delay and apparently indefinite postponement of the accomplishment of her wishes. I succeeded in persuading her, what was really the truth, that every year was so much gained for a work of that description, as more was daily coming out applicable to it; and that it would be premature to publish such a work during the lifetime of many of the parties principally concerned in it. She accordingly waited patiently, even when double the promised period had expired. In the interim I had leisure to consider the principles on which such a biography as that which I contemplated should be framed, and the objects it should embrace, and I became convinced that Sir Charles Stewart's life *alone* would not form sufficient materials for such an undertaking, and that it would at best be very incomplete, if not accompanied by the life of his

brother, Lord Castlereagh, who bore so important a part in the most momentous period of European history. The result of the whole was the composition of my Lives of the Second and Third Marquesses of Londonderry, which, though not formally commenced till March 1859, was chalked out in my own mind at a much earlier period.

In September the Duchess of Cambridge and her daughter, the Princess Mary, paid a visit to Scotland, and we were invited to meet them at Hamilton Palace. I was seated beside the latter at dinner, a man of rank having taken her in, and being on her left. I cannot but feel surprised that she is still the Princess Mary. She is a very fine woman, and the vivacity of her manners, and the extent and variety of her conversation, the result partly of natural talent, partly of habitual conversation with the most able men of the age, made her very attractive. She afterwards came to Glasgow, and we had the honour of acting as her and the Duchess's *ciceroni* for the lions of the city, and of afterwards meeting them at a *déjeuner* at the Lord Provost's, Mr Stewart of Murdieston.

An important event took place in this summer in my family, attended with much happiness. My only daughter, Ella Frances Catherine, had, during the preceding winter, formed an acquaintance with Robert Cutlar Fergusson of Craigdarroch and Orroland, which soon ripened into a warm attachment on both sides. He was the only son of the Right

Honourable Robert Cutlar Fergusson of Craigdarroch, and the representative of one of the oldest families in Scotland, which, for five centuries, had held considerable estates in Dumfriesshire and Galloway. Like many other estates, however, which had long continued in the same family, it had been sadly encumbered with debt, and considerable parts of it had been alienated, chiefly through the failure of Douglas Heron & Co.'s Bank in 1772, when, having £1500 worth of shares in it, nearly the whole of the property had to be sold or mortgaged to meet the calls made on the shareholders. This occurred in the lifetime of the grandfather of my son-in-law, the same who has been immortalised as the winner of "the Whistle" in Burns's bucolic on a memorable drinking-bout. When his son, the father of the present possessor, succeeded as a young man to the property which remained in 1790, it was so burdened that he was under the necessity of transferring it to trustees, to be held in the meantime, in the hope of its redemption at some future period. In the interim the landless heir of twenty generations of lairds set out for London to push his fortune, and being conscious of superior talent he passed at the Bar, and began to attend the Courts of Westminster Hall, where he soon contracted a good deal of debt without getting any practice.

His career, however, was not destined to be so terminated, and the turning-point of his fortunes

was a very singular event, which in the ordinary case is attended with very different consequences. He himself gave me the following account of it, when on a visit to him with the late Lord Alloway, when on the South Circuit in spring 1829, before his son—my future son-in-law — was born. "Like most other scapegraces and insolvents," said he, "I was, when I first settled in London, extremely democratic in my opinions, and as I freely sported these ideas in debating clubs and public speeches, I became an object of suspicion to the thriving solicitors. So it was, however, that these extreme opinions were the making of my fortune. After the trial of Arthur O'Connor in May 1798, Lord Thanet and I were accused of having attempted to rescue the prisoner in open court; and being convicted, we were both sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and to find security for seven years' good behaviour, besides having to pay fines, he of £1000, and I of £100. That was the turning-point of my fortunes. Being allowed the use of books in prison, and having nothing else to do, I read law assiduously, and came to see that there were better things to be done in life than making speeches at democratic clubs. When the period of my confinement expired, I came back into the world a soberer man; and having been strongly advised to try my fortunes in India, where there was a considerable opening at the Bar, I set out there four thousand pounds in debt, but with

strong letters of recommendation from the leading Whig barristers and attorneys, with whom I had become a hero. I sent the letters on by a packet before the one in which I sailed, and the consequence was that when I arrived in the Hooghly, before I set my foot on shore, I had retainers which insured me full employment for two years. I landed and began practice. I lived freely, made largely, and spent rapidly; but I was too much occupied to be involved in any serious extravagance. Before a year was over my personal debt was paid off, and in two years more I was in the receipt of £20,000 a-year. I made a fortune, redeemed my estate in Scotland, and here I am." Mr Fergusson became member of Parliament for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in which part of his estates were situated, and when the Whigs came into office in 1830, he was made Judge-Advocate. Unfortunately he had not the same faculty of keeping money which he had in making it: besides redeeming his paternal estate, and fitting up its mansion-house, he had a house in Portman Square, another at Boulogne, a third at Paris, and a fourth on the banks of the Lake of Geneva; he lost largely by the purchase of South American bonds, then a very favourite investment with Liberal capitalists; two years before his death he sank £40,000 in the purchase of an annuity; and he incurred very heavy losses at the gaming-table. Still he left an unencumbered landed estate to his

son, besides a handsome jointure to his widow, who was a Frenchwoman, and resided in Paris. My daughter was married in September 1854, and her husband and she immediately set off for and took possession of Craigdarroch, his beautiful and romantic place in Dumfriesshire.

My new son-in-law was one of the most charming and amiable persons whom it was possible to conceive. He was still very young, his talents were remarkable, his disposition amiable, and his tastes refined, and it was impossible to figure a more delightful companion. You could not converse with him without admiring his ability; you could not live with him without loving. Kindly and affectionate in his disposition, he was in the highest degree generous and open-hearted in his conduct; if he was *sui profusus* he was not *alieni appetens.* His mind was ardently set on acquiring knowledge, and supplying by assiduous industry the deficiencies of a somewhat neglected education; his love of poetry was enthusiastic; his ear for music exquisite. So great was his proficiency in the latter art, that he could play through nearly the whole of an opera after hearing it once performed. This refined taste was not confined to one set of objects, it was conspicuous in his furniture, in a very fine and valuable library, and in the purchase of some exquisite gems of painting, and objects of *virtu.* My daughter's tastes were equally refined, and habits similar, and she told me that

she felt as if she were living in the "Happy Valley" of Rasselas. The marriage was blessed with three charming sons, and it promised every felicity. But time had changes in store, and it will appear in the sequel how soon death intervened and cut off the head of the family in his prime.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM THE DEPARTURE OF MY SONS TO THE CRIMEA IN NOVEMBER 1854, TO THEIR DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

NOVEMBER 1854—JULY 1857.

HITHERTO these memoirs have been confined to the life of a laborious civilian, whose time was divided between the duties of an arduous and responsible official situation and the studies and composition necessary for extensive literary undertakings. But the time was now approaching when it was to assume a new character, and when the profession of my sons was to involve Lady Alison and myself in the whirl and the anxieties of WAR. In the summer of 1854 the Crimean war broke out; on the 20th September the battle of the Alma was fought; and it soon became evident that the whole disposable forces of the empire would be required to maintain the struggle on the banks of the Euxine. Both my sons were at this time in the 72d Highlanders, then stationed in Ireland; and the eldest, for whom I had just purchased a company, was at Possil on leave of absence,

when the dreaded (by us) summons to join, with a view to embarkation for the East, arrived. He and I were walking in the flower-garden, according to old custom, on a Sunday, the 8th of November, previous to a circuit of about a mile and a half round the grounds, which we usually made on that day, when the dinner-bell in the house was rung violently, and soon after the footman came running out to say a telegraphic message had arrived, and we were wanted. We at once knew what it was, pressed our hands in silence, and after sending word by the servant we would be in directly, continued our wonted walk, conversing as usual, but each in silence feeling we would perhaps never take that walk together again.

No one can have lived through this eventful period without the conviction that the feelings of the great majority of the nation were more thoroughly embarked in this war than in any contest before or since, if the few last years of the struggle with Napoleon are excepted. Even the dreadful horrors and heroic deeds during the Sepoy revolt in 1857 excited no such unanimous and enthusiastic feelings, especially among the working classes of society. This is a remarkable circumstance, when the unbounded enthusiasm for Russia during the campaign of 1812, 1813, and 1814 is taken into consideration, and the vital character of the national interests then at stake, and brought into hazard during the Sepoy war, is recollected. Still more strange is it that the

descendants of the Crusaders, the countrymen of Richard Cœur de Lion and of Robert Bruce, who directed his heart to be sent with his followers to the Holy Land, should evince this enthusiasm in behalf of a Mohammedan power, and apparently to check the spread of Christian influence on the shores of the Euxine. Yet the thing was evidently so; and in all parts of the country the regiments ordered for the Levant took their departure from the harbours of Great Britain and Ireland amidst even louder cheers than those who had before sailed for Vittoria and Waterloo, or who afterwards took their departure for Lucknow or Delhi. The true cause of this apparent anomaly was, that the great majority of the people in Great Britain regarded this not as a religious or a national, but as a political war. Russia had for long been held up by the whole Liberal party in England as the real and most formidable enemy of freedom: it was to combat this foe, as they deemed it, of human progress, that our legions were now going forth. Impulsive, like every other democracy, the British people threw themselves heart and soul into this contest, which they regarded as an effort to destroy the arch-enemy of freedom, and secure the emancipation of the human race. They did this under the influence of fervent enthusiasm; not only without the smallest previous preparation, but after having spent the preceding forty years in ceaseless and generally successful efforts to cripple the only force by which such a contest could be

brought to a successful issue. Happily, though the House of Commons, acting in obedience to the popular mandate, could destroy the military organisation of the British people, they could not destroy their native courage and military spirit, which were nobly displayed at the Alma, Inkerman, Balaklava, and the trenches before Sebastopol; and thus it happened that while the disasters necessarily consequent on long previous improvidence were incurred, the national honour was saved, and the people might say with Francis I., "Tout est perdu fors l'honneur."

A striking example of the warmth of the feeling in favour of the war, and of the extent to which it had penetrated all classes of society, occurred in Glasgow, on the occasion of a great public meeting, called to set on foot a subscription for the widows and children of those who fell or were disabled during the Crimean war. It took place on the 5th November 1854, the very day of the battle of Inkerman, and was attended by all the most respectable and eminent of the citizens in Glasgow, and by country gentlemen in the vicinity, of all classes and shades of politics. I was intrusted with moving the first resolution on the occasion of this meeting, which shared largely in the general enthusiasm that prevailed shortly after the accounts of the victory of the Alma had been received; and the speech I made was loudly applauded, not so much from any merit of its own, as from its being so completely the reflex of the general

feeling of the moment. The subscriptions in the room were very liberal, amounting to above £7500; and this was followed up immediately by lists opened in every parish church, chapel, and place of worship of every denomination in the neighbourhood, and by generous support from the workmen of all the principal manufactories and mining establishments in Lanarkshire and the adjoining counties. Altogether the sum received for the Patriotic Crimean Fund in Glasgow exceeded £45,000, exclusive of another subscription, for which above £4000 was got, to provide succour and comforts for the wounded soldiers themselves engaged in the struggle. This list was headed by the Duchess of Montrose, who exerted herself most strenuously in this beneficent and patriotic effort. The sums thus realised, amounting in all to £50,000, were much larger than ever had been obtained for any purpose of public beneficence in Scotland before, the Waterloo Fund itself not excepted; and on this occasion considerably exceeded those raised in Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, or any other city in the empire, except the metropolis.

This leads me to remark a very singular circumstance, for which it is difficult to assign any satisfactory reason, but which has been abundantly verified by experience—viz., that the *martial* spirit is stronger in Glasgow and its neighbourhood than in any other part of the British dominions. I had long been informed by the inspecting field-officers charged with the recruiting in Glasgow that the ag-

gregate of recruits got from that city was greater, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, than in any other part of the British dominions; and the breaking out of the Crimean war put it to the test. The whole militia regiments raised for the west of Scotland were recruited in Glasgow, and above 2000 men offered themselves in one day in that city for the Land Transport Corps. The same thing has been observed in later times. When the Volunteers were established in 1860, Glasgow at once took the lead; her regiments were more rapidly filled up than those in any other part of the country; and of 21,000 volunteers who defiled before the Queen on the 7th August 1860, nearly 9000 were from Lanarkshire! The population at that time was 624,000. If the whole island had turned out in the same proportion, the number would not have been 150,000, which was its utmost limit, but 330,000! This remarkable circumstance is doubtless in some degree owing to the spirit of roving and adventure which animates all people recently launched on the career of civilisation, who are less attached to the comforts of home than those who have been long habituated to them. But it is probably to be in part ascribed to the martial and adventurous spirit of the Celtic race, of whom, under the name of Irish and Highlanders, nearly half of the population of Glasgow is composed; a spirit which has been exhibited in every age in France in the undying thirst for military glory, and in Ireland and the West Highlands in the prodigious flood of emi-

gration which has transferred so large a part of the Celtic race to the American shores.

The 72d Highlanders embarked at Cork on board the Neptune, for the Mediterranean. Their destination at first was the Crimea, and I had made every provision, in the way of warm clothing and other comforts, for a winter campaign on the part of our boys in the trenches of Sebastopol. But unfortunately the provisions in the Crimea ran so short that it became necessary to halt the regiment at Malta, where they passed the winter very agreeably in the gay and varying society of that great landing-place for birds of passage in the Mediterranean. The 72d eventually moved forward to the Black Sea in May 1855, and their first operation was to reinforce the troops engaged in the taking of Kertch. At this time the cholera was raging with extreme severity on board the transport, and the 72d suffered severely. The space between decks was like a pestilential charnel-house. When they approached Kertch, it was found that no serious resistance had been made. Nevertheless, from the insubordination of the Turkish and French soldiers employed in the expedition, it underwent all the horrors of a town taken by assault, and gave my sons a melancholy foretaste of the sufferings and calamities of war.

In May 1855 I attended as usual the Literary Fund dinner in London, and a few weeks after I was in the chair of the annual festival of the Caledonian Asylum in the same place. On both occasions I

expressed strongly my conviction of the certainty of a great triumph to the arms of France and England in the Crimea, if they were persevering and true to each other; and as this prediction was uttered when the nation was ringing with the exaggerated pictures given in the 'Times' of the sufferings of our troops in the Crimea, and had become despondent in consequence, it made some sensation, and was noticed in all the newspapers. The reason I assigned for this hope was, that from the days of Xerxes downwards, victory had always rested with the party in the Euxine or Ægean seas which had the command of the ocean; because such was the poverty and difficulty of transit in the rugged and inaccessible regions which adjoined them, that adequate supplies for any considerable body of troops could only come by sea-carriage, and the aid of maritime superiority. This anticipation proved well founded, and the successful termination of the Crimean war was mainly owing to the terrible waste of life on the part of the Russians in bringing up their troops to that remote corner of their empire, and the facility with which, in the second year of the war, supplies by sea were thrown in to the allied forces.

A very interesting ceremony, at which Lady Alison and I were present, took place this season, on the 18th May 1855, in the presentation of the medals by the Queen in person in St James's Park to the officers and men, mostly wounded, who had

returned from the Crimea. The pageant was conducted in the open space behind the Horse Guards, and by the kindness of Lord Hardinge we saw it to the greatest advantage—being at a window of his private room at the back of that building. The scene was inexpressibly striking, and conveyed a clear idea at once of the pomp and sufferings of war. The Guards, in splendid order and in the finest discipline, kept the ground, by forming a large hollow square, in the centre of which her Majesty stood on an elevated platform, covered with crimson cloth, surrounded by the commander-in-chief and her generals. At a given signal the men who were to be decorated with the medals by her Majesty came forward, one by one, and in passing knelt down, and she put the ribbon, with the medal suspended to it, round their necks; and to the most mutilated, or the most distinguished, she addressed a few words in addition. It was an interesting but melancholy sight to see these brave men, many of them disabled for life in the service of their country, some supported on crutches, many resting on sticks, receiving in presence of their fellow-citizens the merited reward of their valour from the hands of their sovereign. One gallant officer, Sir Thomas Troubridge, who had lost both his legs at the battle of Inkerman, was wheeled in a little carriage to the front of the Queen's throne, and she graciously descended the steps and put the medal round his neck amidst the cheers of the spectators.

The pageant lasted two hours, and the interest with which it was attended seemed to increase rather than diminish as the men came forward to receive their medals. Not the least interesting part of the sight was that of a body of sailors, about forty in number, who, in their blue jackets and white trousers, were all decorated by the hands of royalty. We observed one trait highly characteristic of the different feelings at different periods of life, in these untaught children of nature. All the young men, as they approached the sovereign, put their hands through their hair to raise it; all those past middle life, stroked it down to make it cover bald places. All the soldiers saluted; all the sailors pulled their hair as they passed.

This interesting scene was the more impressive to us as to many others present, from its recalling the situation and perils of those who were dear to us, and begetting the hope that possibly they might be spared some day to receive a similar honour at the hands of their sovereign. Lady Alison said to me, when the ceremony was over, "What would we give to see our boys receive their medals as those have done?" A similar feeling, it was evident from the expression of their countenances, pervaded many present. Among the rest who received their decorations was the Earl of Cardigan, then at the zenith of his popularity for the celebrated charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. When he rode out of the square formed by the Guards, the crowd surrounded him, and some of

the most enthusiastic or audacious tried to pull hairs out of the tail of his horse—the same which he had ridden on that occasion—to preserve as relics. His mind, never very strong, fairly gave way under this excess of adulation. Soon after he joined a *déjeuner* at a lady of fashion's in the vicinity. Throwing himself on a sofa, apparently exhausted by the fatigues of popularity, he exclaimed, "*I hope the Queen is not jealous.*"

While these scenes were going on in London, the stern realities of war were still being enacted in the Crimea. The 72d Highlanders had their full share in them, and many were the escapes for which we had to thank Providence in the case of our boys. After the reduction of Kertch, they were brought back with that regiment to the front at Sebastopol. A—— never missed his turn in the fatiguing duty of the trenches. One night when he was in them, an incident occurred to him which was attended with important effects on his future life and fortunes, as well as on those of his brother. He was at that time captain of the light company, and as the regiment went down left in front, he was at the head of the column. He had not received any distinct orders where he was to place his men. In this uncertainty he met Sir Colin Campbell, the general in command of the Highland Division, whom he immediately addressed in these words: "Sir, I have received no specific orders; where am I to place my men? can you tell me where I should do so?'

"Don't ask me," replied Sir Colin; "I don't even know where I am." "Oh," resumed A——, "I think I can show you where you are;" and with these words he drew from his breast a drawing of the trenches which he had copied in the inside of the envelope of a letter, and which is now in my possession. Having pointed out the locality, and placed his men, Sir Colin, after a little farther conversation, said, "Well, sir, you seem to be a sensible fellow; come to my chateau at two in the morning, when all is quiet, and we will have some talk." He did so accordingly, and found that what Sir Colin called *his "chateau"* was a little hollow or blindage in the earth, just capable of holding two or three persons, in the middle of the trenches occupied by the Highlanders. They remained there for a short time in the dark, talking of the siege, and then separated to return to their respective duties. Such was A——'s first intercourse with Sir Colin Campbell, who at that time had not the slightest idea who he was. I was also unacquainted with the Highland hero, whom I saw for the first time when he returned to London a year afterwards, on the conclusion of the peace.

For the next two months—till they were moved to Kamara to cover the vital line of communication of the army, with their base and supplies at Balaklava—the 72d took their regular turn in the trenches, and underwent the usual perils and vicissitudes of that dangerous and exhausting warfare. Both

our boys had their full share of its dangers and fatigues, and bore them with the spirit of British gentlemen. The one commanded the light company, the other was in the grenadiers; and as the duty of the commanding officers of companies was to place their sentries in front of the trenches, they both underwent the usual risks attendant on that service. The ordinary way of making the reconnoitring advances was to creep along the ground on their hands and knees; and as the grass was generally long, they often escaped in this manner from being seen. On one occasion, however, A—— was discovered, and owed his life to the humanity of a Russian soldier. He was crawling ahead of his men in a winding rocky path near the ravine which separates the Redan from the Malakoff, when reaching the edge of a precipitous descent he beheld a picket of thirty or forty Russian soldiers directly below him. Instantly changing his direction, he succeeded in reaching another path, and as he was crawling along it he suddenly came upon a Russian sentry crouching down behind a large stone, who, without firing or giving any alarm, simply stood up with his musket at his shoulder, to show that he was there. On another occasion, when going ahead in the front to reconnoitre, he forbade any of his men to follow him, as it was attended with obvious danger; but after having gone about a hundred yards, crawling, he heard a sound of some one behind him, and turning round beheld his colour-

sergeant softly creeping about ten yards in the rear, following, unseen, his captain.

The 72d was engaged in supporting the unsuccessful assault on the 18th June 1855, but they only crowded the rear of the trenches, and were never led out. The stormers who passed them in the trenches were full of confidence, and said, "In an hour we shall be in Sebastopol." A—— was far from being equally confident. A letter which he wrote to me from the trenches on the forenoon of the preceding day, concluded with these melancholy, though happily not prophetic words: "Farewell, my dearest father and mother; I have never known aught but happiness in my intercourse with you. May you live long and happily; yet think sometimes, though not mournfully, of those who sleep beneath the walls of Sebastopol."

On the day of the battle of the Tchernaya, when the Russians were repulsed with such tremendous loss by the French and Piedmontese, the 72d were under arms nearly the whole day; but they were only spectators of that sanguinary fight from the edge of the plateau. Both my sons saw it to the utmost advantage, and always spoke in the highest terms of the steadiness and discipline which the Russians, after having sustained fearful losses, evinced in their retreat. The threatening accumulation of force in front of Balaklava on the enemy's part, led to the whole Highland Division, with Sir Colin Campbell at its head, being marched to Kamara,

to take part in the maintenance of that vital point of the allied communications. Less perilous than the service in the trenches, the duty to which it was now called was still fatiguing; for the troops, daily expecting an attack, stood to their arms every morning at two o'clock, drew up in order of battle, and remained there till long after daybreak, in hourly expectation of an attack, like that at Inkerman, which began before daylight. Such was Sir Colin's activity, that he was not only always one of the first in the field, but himself often called up his aides-de-camp and principal officers!

On occasion of the assault on the 8th September, A—— was again by chance brought into contact with Sir Colin Campbell. The whole Highland Division having been ordered up to the front to take part in the assault, they marched at two in the morning from Kamara to the trenches, a distance of twelve miles. When they approached the front they came at once upon the French lines, in the ravine between the Malakoff and the Redan; the first thing they saw when entering them was several huge trenches dug, gaping sepulchres to receive the killed in the approaching assault. When the Highlanders got to the English trenches, they were placed in the 21-gun battery, and A—— was beside Sir Colin and General Cameron[1] during the assault. He stood on the top of the parapet part of the time, informing Sir Colin of the progress of the fight. Sometimes

[1] Afterwards Sir Duncan Cameron, K.C.B.

the old General became so impatient that he insisted on mounting the dangerous elevation himself; and when A—— helped him up, he said: "Thank you, my good friend; when I am as young as you I will do the same in return." The veteran hero never exhibited the slightest symptoms of excitement during all the heavy fire to which he was exposed. When the French were sorely pressed in the Malakoff, their General sent to General Simpson requesting the aid of a division of English—the Guards or the Highlanders; but the answer unfortunately was that he had enough to do with the Redan! But for this ill-timed prudence, the British would have shared with the French the glory of that important conquest.

In the salient of the Malakoff there stood an old tower, which was strongly occupied by the enemy, who made a desperate resistance. A stream of fire incessantly issued from its loopholes, which for long enabled its defenders to defy the utmost efforts of the assailants. General Macmahon, who commanded the assaulting column, ordered the fascines and gabions with which the exterior of the work was strewed, to be piled up to give cover against the fire of the tower, and to enable a howitzer to be brought up against it. An accidental circumstance during the execution of this order prevented a terrible catastrophe to both these brave enemies. In digging up one of the fascines, which was buried in the earth, the French engineers came on a concealed

wire, which ran along the ground. Suspecting what it was, the man had presence of mind, by a violent blow of his hatchet, to cut the line. It was an electrical wire by which fire could be instantly communicated from without to a great powder-magazine within the work. It was to have exploded the moment that the assailants were fairly in the Malakoff, and all hope of regaining it was lost! But for this circumstance, it is more than doubtful whether the French, with all their gallantry, could have held their hard-earned post.

From his position on the parapet of the 21-gun battery, A—— had a favourable view of the fight in the Redan; and his letters to me, written two days after, contained a graphic picture of that famous conflict, its early and unhoped-for success, and ultimate failure. The stormers, by a sudden run, got into the work at the apex, with very little opposition, and still less loss; and if the men would have followed their officers, who most nobly exposed themselves on the occasion, a permanent lodgment would have been effected. But no efforts on the part of the officers, who rushed forward sword in hand, followed by the non-commissioned officers, could induce the men to follow. They lay down behind the parapet, and in the embrasures under cover of the gabions and fascines, and began firing from behind them, as they had been accustomed to do in the trenches. Meanwhile the Russians in the work, who were at first only a few hundreds in number, rallied

behind a low dike or trench, forming the base of the triangle, where their numbers rapidly increased, and from whence they kept up a biting fire on their assailants. No exertions on the part of their officers could induce the English soldiers, who were almost all raw recruits, to run across the intervening space, not one hundred yards broad, which separated them from this slender parapet. The troops in the work lay down, and would not move on, and those sent up in support streamed up the outer slope of the rampart, but would not cross the top, and lay there slaughtered by the fire of the flanking guns, unwilling either to advance or retire, till the slope was crimson with English dead! At length, after an hour of this unavailing butchery, during which the Russians behind the trench in the Redan had been strengthened to the number of several thousand men, a gallant young officer, waving his hat in his hand, leapt over the ditch; and the troops, rushing over with loud hurrahs, drove the English out of the work, and hurled them in confusion back to their own lines. An old sergeant, black with smoke, passed A—— in the trenches. "Ah, sir!" said he, "if you Highlanders had been there, we would have kept the Redan; for you stand shoulder to shoulder, and know each other, but we were all scattered. The Englishmen called to the Scotchmen, and the Scotchmen to the Irishmen, and none knew each other, nor the officers in front. We were all jumbled together, and thus we were beaten."

The fatal mistake committed by General Simpson on this occasion was intrusting the assault to the worn-out regiments of the 2d Light Division, which had borne the fatigues of the siege, instead of to the comparatively new and fresh regiments of the Highland Division, which had been the least exposed. The motive for this assigned by him in his official despatch was natural—viz., that those who had borne the dangers of the blockade should have the honour of the assault;" but in its application to the British army, situated as it was at that period, never was anything more disastrous. The regiments which had gone through the trenches during the preceding nine months had lost for the most part three-fourths of their number by the rigour of the climate, sickness, starvation, or the sword, and their place had been imperfectly supplied by raw recruits, many of whom had never seen any service, and hardly knew how to fire a musket; while such as had gone through any real training had been engaged only in the trenches, where they had learned to seek for cover behind gabions, or by crouching behind parapets, and not to rush quickly under fire across the open, which was the formidable and perilous service to which they were now called. To this unhappy arrangement of the attacking force, the disaster at the Redan was beyond doubt owing.

Sensible of the mistake made on this occasion, and burning with desire to wipe out the affront offered to the British arms, Sir Colin made his dis-

positions for the next assault, with the command of which he was intrusted. He resolved to employ the whole Highland Division *en masse*, in the first attack; the 3d Division being in support. He represented—and represented truly—that his men were not equal to such an undertaking in the evening of the first day, during which they had marched from Kamara, and been all day fasting in the trenches; but he offered to deliver the assault at daybreak on the following morning, to which General Simpson agreed.

From the dangers and glories of this assault, however, they were delivered by the movements of the Russians during this eventful night. Gortschakoff, seeing that the French, notwithstanding his utmost efforts to expel them, were firmly established in the Malakoff, and fearing that the English would, by daylight, be masters of the Redan, which would seriously compromise his line of retreat, commenced that retreat at nightfall which has justly rendered his name immortal. It was so skilfully conducted, that though the Highland Division was lining the advanced trenches, the movement was never suspected till between one and two, when, in consequence of the unusual stillness in the works, yet held by the Russians, it was suspected that they were retiring, and a picket was in consequence told off to go forward and reconnoitre. My son F—— was not one of those told off for that service, but fired with ardour he went forward as a volunteer,

and was one of the first who reached the Redan. Their way as they ascended the slope was impeded by the multitude of English bodies which lay in confusion where they had fallen; but this was the principal, if not the only, impediment which they met with. Palisades or abatis there were none—they had long since been knocked away by the allied guns; and having descended the ditch, they mounted the opposite slope without difficulty or resistance. To their surprise they found everything quiet, the place deserted, and the guns without either a sentinel or artillery-man beside them. But they were soon awakened from their fancied dream of security. F—— had mounted one of the guns, and was eagerly gazing on the sea of fire which was arising on all sides, when a loud explosion, accompanied by a quiver in the ground like an earthquake, was felt, and shortly after a shower of stones, arms, fascines, and gravel began to fall around them. It was the explosion of the great mine of the Redan, which suddenly was fired when the Russians thought the forlorn-hope of the enemy was upon it. F—— was blown off his gun through the embrasure down into the ditch, but almost by a miracle he escaped without any serious injury, and rejoined his grenadiers before his dangerous escapade had been even suspected.

Sebastopol having fallen, the Highland Division was marched back to their old position at Kamara. In the course of the march only one man fell out of

the ranks from fatigue: a surprising circumstance, when it is recollected that on both this and the preceding day they had marched twelve miles, besides being a day and a night in the trenches under a heavy fire, with very little food or refreshment of any kind! During the march, A——, being close to the two generals, heard Sir Colin say to General Cameron: "Who is that young officer there? he seemed steady under fire yesterday." "Oh," said General Cameron, "that is young Alison, the son of the historian; he is a good soldier." Nothing more passed at this time; but A—— was recommended for promotion at the end of the campaign. After this the 72d remained at Kamara, in tents, watching the Russians, who were encamped in strength on the Mackenzie Heights opposite, which were fortified with the utmost care, protected by a powerful artillery, and which they seemed disposed to defend to the last extremity.

During the winter 1855-56, while the army lay in its position guarding Balaklava and the southern part of Sebastopol which they had wrested from the enemy, an opportunity was afforded of comparing the relative organisation of the two allies, especially in the article of the commissariat, and of the sheltering of the troops from the severity of the weather, which set in with great violence. Never was a greater contrast than they both exhibited to what had been presented the winter before. In effect they appeared to have changed places. As much as the position,

resources, and provisions of the British army were improved, were those of the French deteriorated and diminished. The wretched provisions, gaunt faces, wasted figures, which then characterised the British lines, were now transferred to the French; while the comparative comfort which the English soldiers now enjoyed, was the object of envy to their allies. A—— and F—— were lodged together in one hut, and by the assistance of the men of their companies, who laboured assiduously to render it comfortable, were comparatively well lodged. The French soldiers used often to come begging to the door, and thankfully received a crust of bread or a glass of beer. They represented their army as almost starving. This is a very remarkable circumstance, as proving that, great as the military resources of the French Empire are, they are not inexhaustible; and that although those of the British had been reduced by the wretched democratic parsimony of the preceding forty years to the lowest point, yet they were capable of an indefinite expansion, and had now come to surmount those of their allies. It must be added, however, that the French had a much larger army to provide for than the British, for they had 150,000 men in the Crimea, and the entire red-coats were not above 50,000.

The cold was very severe during this winter, not so much from the absolute severity of the frost as from the piercing wind, blowing straight from the steppes of Scythia, with which it was in general ac-

companied. So piercing were these northern blasts that even the warmest clothing was scarce any protection, and the ordinary tents and huts were as cold as the external air. The only resource was to heap up the whole clothes which could be collected upon your body in bed, and keep your head as long as possible under the clothes. A favourite cat, which had established itself in F——'s tent, used to creep in beside him, under the clothes, during the night, and proved a very acceptable visitor from the warmth which its fur afforded. The thermometer during the months of December and January generally ranged from 5° to 15° of Fahrenheit when it was frost; but there were frequent intermissions of thaw, during which the ground was covered to the depth of fifteen or eighteen inches with a slush beyond measure troublesome and disagreeable, from its penetrating the huts and filling them with water. The absence of the murderous night-work in the trenches, however, and the affluence of good provisions, produced a marvellous diminution in the sickness and mortality of the army, especially among the private soldiers, indicating too clearly to what the fearful losses of the preceding winter had been owing.

During the necessary pause in military operations in the depth of winter, A—— returned for a short time to this country. His mother had suffered severely from anxiety at both her sons being in the Crimea; and without telling us, a near and dear rela-

tive wrote to him, that unless he returned home at once he would be the cause of his mother's death, and that as the campaign was over for the season, and probably altogether, it was now his duty to do so. Leave of absence was not given from the Crimea. After laying the case before his commanding officer, he with a sore heart was obliged to send in his papers, as the only means of performing what seemed now to have become a sacred duty. He obtained, however, from his commanding officer the concession, that if on arriving in London he found Sir Colin Campbell, who was then in England, averse to his leaving, he might apply to withdraw his resignation. He and Sir Colin crossed each other without knowing it at Paris, and he reached home on the 5th January 1856. The moment his mother, before his arrival, had learned the circumstances under which he had been induced to come home, she entreated me to write at once to the Commander-in-Chief, and ask that all action in regard to his papers might be suspended, as they had been sent in under an erroneous impression. I stated the circumstances to Lord Hardinge exactly as they had occurred, and begged that A——'s application to retire might be cancelled. Lord Hardinge most kindly consented, and my son was enabled to remain in the profession in which his heart lay. He was allowed to stay with us for a short time before setting out on his return journey. Our meeting with him was a very joyful one, and many were the

hours, during the long winter nights, we spent at Possil discussing the incidents of the siege, and the prospects of the respective armies. A—— returned to the Crimea in February, but before he arrived there hostilities had ceased, and the armistice preparatory to a general peace had been established.

During his brother's absence F—— one morning received a message through Colonel Parke, his commanding officer, to the effect that Sir Colin Campbell wished to speak to him. He went to his headquarters with fear and trembling, afraid he was going to get a reprimand, as he had met Sir Colin one day before when shooting beyond the line of demarcation of the two armies: what was his astonishment when Sir Colin informed him that, as one of his aides-de-camp had gone home, he was about to appoint him in his place! The offer was of course joyfully accepted, and that day his things were sent up, and he took up his quarters with his veteran general. Thus began a connection which has continued unbroken to the present hour, and has been the source of numberless benefits to both brothers. Sir Colin took a strong and somewhat unaccountable liking to them both; and to this fortunate circumstance was owing the appointment of both to his staff in India, and the professional advancement they have received.

After the termination of hostilities A—— made a tour into the centre of the Crimea, where his uniform procured for him a cordial and hospitable reception from the Russian officers, and he obtained some very

curious and valuable information as to the condition and sufferings of the Russian troops during the war.

He mentioned a striking circumstance related to him, fearfully descriptive of the cost at which this terrible war in the extremity of its empire was maintained by the Russian Government. From all the rising grounds between Simferopol and the neck of the Crimea, and from thence towards the interior of Russia, you could see long lines of white running along the valleys and traversing the hills, which coming from different quarters, all converged towards Sebastopol. They were formed by the bones of men and animals, which had perished during the march from their native villages to that huge and voracious charnel-house. This is not surprising, when it is recollected that the Russian official account, since published, admits a loss of 260,000 men during the Crimean war, besides horses and oxen. By far the greater proportion perished on the road, and comparatively few either by the sword or in the hospitals at Sebastopol.

Sir Colin Campbell explained to me, during a very interesting conversation in the following year, how it came to pass that the Muscovite loss on the march reached such terrific proportions. Each colonel during the line of march got a certain sum to feed his troops during their journey. Those who were first on the line sent out foraging-parties to the right and left to seize what provisions and animals they could find for the service of the troops, and a

single division in this way devastated the country to the distance of three or four miles on each side of the line of march. The next who came did the same, but they were obliged to spread themselves out to a greater distance, perhaps seven or eight miles on each side. The last corps which moved over the triply wasted line were forced to send out fifteen or twenty miles before they could pass the limits of former devastation, and when they did do so they often found the inhabitants fled, with their horses and cattle, to avoid the devastating tempest ready to sweep across them. In this way the fatigue of the troops was greatly increased; for the soldiers, for one mile they advanced along the direct road, had to march in general four or five on each flank in quest of food. It was like the difference between the ground gone over by an active dog in search of game, and by his master coming up in the line of his point. It was to this cause that Sir Colin ascribed the prodigious losses which the Crimean war had inflicted on the Russian empire, and the frightful devastation with which it was attended in the southern provinces. "Had there been," he added, "a railroad from Moscow to the Crimea, we would never have taken Sebastopol."

This suggests the very important and interesting consideration, that although without doubt Sebastopol might have been taken by a rapid advance immediately after the battle of the Alma, yet the success so achieved, though apparently the chief object

of the expedition, and undoubtedly very important, would have deprived the war of its great and decisive character. The Allies would have taken Sebastopol with some sixteen or seventeen thousand men, and fifteen sail of the line and twelve frigates—a great advantage, but by no means of the decisive character with which its ultimate capture was attended. By the prolongation of the siege, and the profound interest which it awakened in every part of Europe, the national honour on both sides became interested in the issue of the quarrel, and both parties put forth their whole strength to bring it to a successful issue. 200,000 men, and 1200 heavy guns, were brought up by the Allies; the Russians hurried 300,000 men forward to the scene of slaughter. Not a fourth, often not a tenth part of those who set out from the interior, reached the theatre of conflict. Then the struggle, begun by the march on Sebastopol the day after the battle of the Alma, entirely changed its character. It was no longer for a fortress, a province, and a fleet, but for the supremacy in Europe: it was not a beleaguered town which was vanquished in the Malakoff, but an empire.

The Scientific Association met at Glasgow on September 24, 1855, under the presidency of the Duke of Argyll, who made a most able and luminous speech on the occasion, which elicited genuine admiration from men of all parties. He has been more than once our guest at Possil, and his conversation in private is quite equal to his ability in public. He

is not, however, as already mentioned, without certain defects which lessen the weight of what falls from his eloquent lips. From the fact already alluded to of his having never been either at a public school or any of the universities, but entirely educated at home, he has almost unavoidably acquired a degree of self-confidence which appears the more unbecoming that his appearance is singularly youthful; and his hair of light red, and fair countenance, render him, as has been often said, more like "the yellow-haired laddie" than a grave senator. On one occasion he undertook to set down Lord Derby in the House of Peers; and the Duchess of Sutherland, his own Duchess, and several of their party, came to the House to hear him do so. Lord Derby allowed him to go on to the end, and when he was done, and surprise was expressed by some one that he had not interrupted him, Lord Derby replied, "Oh, he reminds me of a strong navvie who had a *little wife* whom he could lift up like a child, but who used to beat him when out of humour. When some one expressed surprise at his allowing her to do so, he replied, 'Let that be: it amuses she and doan't hurt I.'" The party from Stafford House came in just in time to hear this, and retired with very different feelings from what they anticipated from being present at the putting down of Lord Derby.

Our valued friends Sir Michael and Lady Octavia Shaw-Stewart,[1] and Mr and Mrs Baillie-Cochrane of

[1] Daughter of the Marquis of Westminster.

Lamington, were our guests during this scientific meeting. Many of the most distinguished members of the Association dined with us, among whom were Sir David Brewster, Dr Whewell, Sir Roderick Murchison, and Sir Henry Rawlinson. The first of these very eminent men, Sir David Brewster, had been a friend both of Lady Alison and myself from our earliest years, and we had both received much kindness from him at a time when, from his celebrity, it was much valued. I had, as already mentioned, contributed the articles "Italy" and "Ireland" to the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia,' of which he was the editor. His philosophical and scientific abilities are known to all the world, but his private character presents such strange contrasts as to be fully known only to his intimate friends. In private society you cannot meet with a more agreeable man, or one who does more honour to the race of literary celebrities, which so many less judicious do so much to degrade. Modest and unassuming, ever desirous to draw out others rather than advance himself, he brings forth his vast stores of scientific information in the most interesting way, and none knows better how to select from them those topics or facts which are most likely to attract the attention of the great body of ordinary auditors. It is much to be regretted that, to so many great and good qualities, he unites in public and in matters of business an angry and acrimonious spirit, which in a great degree disqualifies him for the pacific or tranquil conduct of public matters.

This disposition has more than once brought him into awkward circumstances. Happily, his great scientific reputation has now placed him in the honoured and tranquil retirement of Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and he has distinguished himself much in that honourable office. His opening speech of the session 1861-62 deserves a place in the very highest rank of philosophical eloquence.

Dr Whewell was at this time engaged in an angry controversy with Sir David Brewster, upon a subject little calculated, it might be supposed, to awaken the irritable feelings of disputants — *the plurality of worlds.* He is a man of very great abilities, and in many respects the reverse of Sir David Brewster. Possessed of brilliant powers of extempore eloquence, which has been amply improved during the many hours of common-hall dining at Cambridge, he always comes forward prominently in society; and from his great scientific reputation, is generally on such occasions listened to by a pleased and willing audience without any interruption or answer being attempted. He is not averse, however, to meeting a single antagonist, engaging, like Dr Johnson, across the table, in intellectual gladiatorship, in which he eminently excels.

Sir Roderick Murchison is in every respect, except in the equal possession of talent, the very reverse of these professed talkers. Originally a sol-

dier, who had combated in the Peninsula under Wellington, he had subsequently been a man of the world, and only took seriously to science after he had passed the meridian of life. When at Sir James Hall's, in 1834, at a large party, of which Mrs Alison and I were members, he joined, on horseback, a party of fox-hunters, in his walking dress; and not a little merriment was excited among the young men in their tights and scarlet coats, at the old stager in his gaiters and trousers; but their laughter ceased when they saw him clear all the fences gallantly, and finally carry off the brush from them all. The ease and unaffected politeness of manners, arising from an extended intercourse with the best society, which has continued to characterise him through life, was never more conspicuous than at the present moment (1861). Enjoying the advantage of an affluent fortune, partly his own, partly an acquisition by marriage, with a handsome house and establishment in Belgrave Square, he forms a valuable, and one of the few remaining links between the world of intellect and the world of fashion. His great scientific knowledge, and extensive additions to geological science secure him the respect of the former; his unaffected courtesy and high-bred manners procure for him an easy entrance into the latter. At his table are to be found united men of the first rank and talent from foreign countries, with the peers, the bishops, the judges, the statesmen and politicians of his own. It is not surprising that he

should be popular with all classes, for his manners bear the mark of that high breeding which is the index of right feeling. Unlike many eminent philosophers or barristers, he never harangues—his dining-room is never turned either into a debating club or a lecture-room. He makes no attempt to conceal his knowledge or shut himself up in contemptuous silence, but conveys his information in so pleasing a way that the company hardly know they are receiving it, and are even more impressed by the grace of the delivery than the value of the matter delivered.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, who, too, was our guest on this occasion, is also a very remarkable man, though of a different description from Sir Roderick Murchison. Of younger years, he is much more discursive, and has acquired eminence in a greater variety of ways. He first was distinguished in the East, during the trying circumstances of the war in Affghanistan, and did good service in an important situation at Candahar, when assailed by the Asiatics after the fall of Cabul and the destruction of the principal army. Subsequently he held important situations, half military, half diplomatic, in Persia; and now bore a part in London society at once as a soldier, a diplomatist, and a man of science. He is very pleasant in society, and is without the *lecturing* propensity which so often lessens the agreeability of eminent men.

At the concluding festival of the Scientific Association, the Duke of Argyll, who, as president, was

chairman of the dinner, omitted, in proposing the toasts, to give that of the Navy and Army. Such an omission at a dinner where above 1200 persons were present, would have seemed strange at any time, but it was doubly so at that juncture, from the enthusiastic feelings which had so recently been awakened in the country by the desperate passages of arms in the Crimea and the fall of Sebastopol, the intelligence of which had shortly before arrived.[1] A strong feeling of discontent was in consequence awakened in Glasgow and its vicinity at the unwarrantable omission, accompanied by a keen desire to make reparation.[2] This wish led to a dinner, given in honour of the heroes of Sebastopol, the general direction of which devolved upon me. The Duke of Hamilton, the premier peer of Scotland, kindly consented to act as chairman, and made a very creditable appearance on the occasion; while I discharged the duties of croupier. The dinner, which took place on the 18th October, was a brilliant affair; the interest of the occasion, and the Duke of Hamilton's name, having secured the attendance of the nobility and gentry of the west of Scotland. The toast given to me was the "Highland Division;" and the speech I made on the occasion, falling in as it did with the feeling of the moment, was loudly applauded, and

[1] It reached me at Possil at 5 P.M. on the 10th September. The Malakoff had been finally taken at the same hour on the 8th.

[2] The Duke of Argyll afterwards told me that he omitted the toast from a dread of a long prosing speech from an officer of the Engineers who was present, and who would have returned thanks for the Army.

largely quoted in the English newspapers. It consisted chiefly, if not entirely, of the graphic picture of the strife in the trenches, which was taken from my son's letters, and was a finished painting, composed from sketches from nature. It was open, however, to one signal reproach, for an omission which appears to me now altogether inexplicable: though the subject was the Highland Division, I never once mentioned the name of its gallant chief, Sir Colin Campbell. That was partly owing to his being the subject of a separate toast, on which I was of course not to encroach, till some mention of their commander was loudly called for on the occasion. Sir Colin, however, kindly accepted the apology I made to him for this strange omission; and I had the satisfaction of afterwards finding that my speech had been gratifying to the gallant Highlanders, for my health was drunk with applause at a dinner given by their officers to Sir Colin on occasion of his leaving the Crimea to return to England.

The speech was attended with a consequence highly gratifying to myself, as it brought me into contact with a gallant nobleman of long-established European fame. The Duc de Coigny, connected by marriage with the Dalrymples of Stair, was one of the distinguished guests at the banquet, and was seated at the chairman's left hand, the Duke of Montrose being on the right. The presence of a veteran of the Grand Army, who had lost his arm at the battle of Salamanca, had survived the horrors

of the Moscow retreat, and had subsequently, in a moment of danger, been called to the councils of his sovereign, Charles X., was too remarkable a circumstance on such an occasion not to call for special notice, and I accordingly alluded to it in complimentary but not undeserved terms in the course of my speech. He is in every respect a striking man. Having been an officer in action in 1812, he was of course no longer young; but his military carriage, erect air, and *lost arm*, at once bespoke the hero, while his polished and courteous manners evinced the nobleman of ancient descent.

Later in the season we were at a large party at the hospitable mansion of Keir, consisting of Brewster, Murchison, Rawlinson, and Whewell, with the addition of the Duke of Hamilton, Mrs Norton, Monckton Milnes, Lord Ardmillan — recently elevated to the Scottish Bench—and a Spanish nobleman, the Marquis Guyamont, with his clever and accomplished daughter. It need hardly be said that the party was most agreeable, and was enlivened with all the charm which distinguished talent, high rank, elegant women, beautiful scenery, and tasteful *entourage* can afford. This mansion is one of the most remarkable in Scotland, for you hardly meet elsewhere such a combination of wealth with elegance, learning with refinement, natural beauty with acquired attractions. The library—a beautiful room, fifty feet in length by thirty broad, remarkable for its large and valuable collection of Spanish

books—is graced by numerous and well-selected quotations from the classical writers, which reveal at once the extensive reading and refined taste of the master-spirit which combined them. Mr Stirling himself kept his place among all these men, who, if not of superior talent, were of greater celebrity in the world. You could not hear the conversation at his table for half an hour without perceiving that he was in natural ability fully their equal. On subjects of taste and foreign painting, especially Spanish, on which he has written two very interesting works, he was decidedly their superior.

Mr Monckton Milnes,[1] who was also at Keir on this occasion, is a remarkable man, both as a poet and as a member of society. A Palmerstonian in politics, and attached to the colours of his leader, he has for a considerable time made a respectable, but not eminent, figure in Parliament. He has no decided turn for politics, and has probably entered the House of Commons rather as the "best club in London," than for any other or more ambitious reason. His turn of mind is essentially literary and poetical, and therein he has very great merit. Some of his small lyrical pieces are of remarkable beauty, though not equal to those of Longfellow or Mrs Hemans. In society his liveliness of manner and quickness of apprehension render him generally agreeable, but there is sometimes too great a straining after effect, and a desire to say good

[1] Afterwards Lord Houghton.

things. He is a great diner-out, both in aristocratic and literary circles, and entertains handsomely in his own house; and it is rarely that a man of talent—habitually moving in such circles—escapes this defect. Sydney Smith had it in an eminent degree, though his ready wit made it generally, in his case, be overlooked—"Conversation Sharp" in a still greater. These men do not lecture or engross the conversation to themselves, like Macaulay, or Whewell, or Jeffrey; they follow the true art of conversation in giving and taking, cutting and thrusting. What renders them sometimes wearisome, is that they make too great and *too continued* an effort to say good things, or knock down an adversary by a home-thrust; and as this deprives their conversation of the air of nature, it severs it from one of the principal charms of social intercourse.

On this occasion there was forcibly brought before our eyes the marked change in social position which the Scottish Bench had undergone, in consequence of the Whig appointments to the seats on it during the preceding twenty-five years. Lord Ardmillan was one of the guests at Keir with whom we were acquainted, though, owing to our different standing at the Bar, and my long residence in Lanarkshire, but slightly so. We met, however, as old friends; and he was in every respect a valuable addition to society. He was a perfect gentleman in his manners, of good family in Ayrshire, possessed of considerable oratorical powers, and a great and easy flow of con-

versation, a popular judge, and an estimable private man. But his presence scarcely made itself felt, and this was entirely the result of a feeling against his professional position, as no one could be more pleasing than he was personally. When I was a young man, the judges, all gentlemen, were at the head of society in Edinburgh, and acceptable guests at the tables of the first nobility in Scotland. Now, they were, with few exceptions, to be seen only at each other's houses, and one of them had recently been black-balled at the principal club in Edinburgh, because—as was said at the time—"though the Queen can make a judge, she cannot make a gentleman." This change was owing in part to the system of exclusive appointments which the Liberal party had followed since they came into power, instead of the disinterested practice of their political opponents which, in the twenty years before 1830, had led them to put six leading Whigs[1] on the Bench. But it was in a still greater degree the result of general causes, and bespoke the growing ascendancy

[1] Viz., Lord Gillies, Lord Alloway, Lord Eldin, Lord Corehouse, Lord Fullerton, and Lord Moncreiff, all appointed by the Tory Ministers. It would be hard to find a single Tory placed on the Bench by the Whigs since that time. The Whigs loudly applauded the disinterested practice of their opponents when they themselves were in opposition and profited by it; and when they came into power did exactly the reverse—*video meliora proboque deteriora sequor.* They soon exhausted all the men of their own party by seats on the Bench; and as they would not go to their political opponents, they had no recourse but the appointment of men who could not uphold the proper social position of the Bench, and such as previously it had always held.

of an inferior class in society in political influence, and was the herald of those times when, from the general Americanising of our institutions, patriotic worth, independent talent, and polished manners were to be hustled out of the race, and public appointments were to be sought after by—and only bestowed on—needy mediocrity, democratic blustering, and time-serving ability.

During this autumn we had a visit at Possil for two days of a most distinguished gentleman, who proved that if public appointments are bestowed in America on a less worthy class, general estimation is bestowed on the really great and good. Mr Prescott, who had been on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll at Inverary, kindly consented to give us some days of his charming society at Possil. I had asked a large party to meet so distinguished a man, but, from some accident to the steamboat, he did not arrive till the dinner was over; but he soon charmed the whole company by the suavity of his manner and the pleasing way in which he brought out his extensive information. The more I saw of him—especially in a *tête-à-tête*—the more was I struck with his talent and acquirements. There may have existed more profound historians, or writers who have scanned with more accuracy the secret springs of human action; but there is no one who has, in a more pleasing and graphic way, painted the varying phases of human events, or condensed, in an equally small space, the accumulated information drawn from

a great variety of sources. His graphic powers—as evinced in his narrative of the wars of Pizarro and Cortes, in Peru and Mexico—are of the highest order; perhaps their only fault is that the descriptions are too rich, and sometimes redundant. He had not, however, the advantages of having *seen* the principal scenes he described. Humboldt, whose wonderful memory retained a vivid image of the scenes he had beheld in early youth, detected this on first reading his descriptions of Mexico and the Andes. Prescott's last work—the 'History of Ferdinand and Isabella'—is perhaps the most valuable of his contributions to the treasures of history, for it contains the results of research as well as the exhibition of pictorial powers. He told me that when he entered our park and saw a group of old firs standing on a knoll, he thought of my having sat there in the night of extreme cold, which I had described in my History.[1]

During December 1855 Lady Alison and I made a visit of a fortnight to Lady Londonderry at Wynyard Park. I was then for the first time admitted to the vast treasures of manuscripts connected with these two eminent men, Lord Castlereagh and her husband, which the archives of Wynyard contained, and which formed the basis of their Lives, which I subsequently composed. I soon saw what a vast field this subject opened, and how immense was the mass of documents, the examination of which would be necessary for its completion. I made considerable

[1] *Vide* note, vol. i. p. 451.

progress during the fortnight I was at Wynyard in going through the documents and correspondence, and in selecting such as were to be copied by the Marchioness's secretary, and taken home with me. I was far, at this time, from anticipating the length to which the Memoirs I contemplated would swell, or the immense labour with which they would be accompanied, and imagined that the lives of both brothers would be comprised in one volume of 500 pages! I began soon, however, to discover how much more laborious it is to frame a narrative from manuscript letters than from printed authorities or state papers. No one who has not engaged in both can conceive how wide is the difference; and it is to this cause I am persuaded that the undue prolixity and overwhelming details, which so often weigh down histories formed from antiquarian research and original documents, are to be ascribed. The labour employed in collecting and sifting the materials has been so excessive that they have acquired an undue weight in the author's eyes; as a sickly child, which has been reared with difficulty, does in those of its mother.

On this and many subsequent occasions I had ample opportunities of becoming intimately acquainted with the Marchioness of Londonderry, and getting a clear insight at once into the excellence and foibles of her character. Unfortunately her weaknesses are on the surface, while many of her redeeming qualities are within, and only revealed to those who

are brought into contact with her in business, or with whom she has shared her confidence. At receptions in her own house her manner was polite and high-bred, but stately and frigid, such as invariably inspired awe in those who were introduced to, or had occasion to pass her. To such a length did this go, that I recollect once, in one of her great assemblies at Holdernesse House, as the Marchioness had taken her seat near one of the doors by which the company were intended to go out, to bow to them in passing, the whole people, the moment they saw her seated in her grandeur, turned about, and went back the way they came, rather than pass through the perilous straits. She is passionately fond of dress, on which she lavishes large sums; has magnificent diamonds worth above £100,000; and still (1855) has by no means lost the taste for admiration.

In general society she is reserved and even haughty in her manner, seldom conversing except in brief sentences. But it is otherwise when she engages in serious conversation with those whom she esteems, and are interested in the numerous projects which she has on foot. She then becomes animated, all *hauteur* of manner wears off, and she enters into unreserved communication of her designs and ideas. Lord Eglinton, who knew her well, has often said to me that in a *tête-à-tête* he did not know a more delightful woman. Her residence for several years at Vienna, when her husband was

ambassador, and subsequent frequent tours on the Continent, had made her intimately acquainted with all the leading political characters of the day; and her conversation sparkles with anecdotes or sayings of Metternich, Schwarzenberg, the Emperor Alexander, Bernadotte, Blucher, Nesselrode, Talleyrand, Chateaubriand, Wellington, Lord Castlereagh, Louis Philippe, Lord Liverpool, Mr Canning, the Emperor Louis Napoleon, the Duc d'Aumale, and all the greatest men who flourished from the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818 to 1860. It may easily be conceived what interest such conversation, coming from so acute and discerning a woman, possessed for one engaged in the pursuits, and occupied with the researches, in which I was then immersed. Seeing the interest with which her information was received, the Marchioness was kind enough to drive me out every forenoon for two hours in her pony-carriage; and on these occasions the conversation never flagged for an instant, and was almost always on the most interesting subjects. Although her manner, however, was thus kind, I was never able to divest myself of a certain degree of awe, and never felt altogether at ease, even in our longest and most confidential *tête-à-têtes.*

Lady Londonderry was very kind to Prince Louis Napoleon, when for several years he was at the ebb of his fortunes, immediately before the Boulogne expedition; and he was a frequent partaker of the hospitalities dispensed on so magnificent a scale at

Wynyard. I have frequently asked Lady Londonderry, the Duke of Montrose, and Lord Eglinton, in whose country-houses he had also been a frequent and acceptable visitor, whether they ever discovered any symptoms of the determined character and remarkable abilities which afterwards became so conspicuous, and they all said that they never had. They concurred in representing him as thoughtful, taciturn, and proud, neither asking nor accepting advice, revealing his intentions to no one, and evidently preoccupied with his own thoughts. He was a keen fox-hunter, and passionately fond of the chase, in which he displayed remarkable nerve; but in other respects he took little interest in what was going on, and in private was chiefly addicted to pursuits of gallantry. At the lowest point of his fortunes, however, he abated nothing of his lofty pretensions; and invariably asserted, and generally obtained, the *pas* in conducting the Marchioness to dinner, even when the Duke of Cleveland, or other persons of the highest rank, were present. That he entertained at this time, and indeed throughout his whole life, the firmest belief of his ultimately ascending the throne of France, I have had from many different sources, on unquestionable authority. Among others the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Burghersh, afterwards Earl of Westmoreland, told me they had heard this from his own lips.

Another member of the same family, destined one day, I trust, to occupy the same rank and social

position, was at Wynyard at this time. The Countess Vane, daughter of Sir I. Edwards, descended from one of the ancient families in Wales, compared with whom the Norman chivalry are *parvenus*, and heiress of a fine estate in that country, possesses all the qualities fitted to grace the elevated rank to which her marriage has called her, and which in any station would render her a delightful companion. Her countenance is singularly pleasing; her figure is slight and fine, and her smile in a remarkable degree winning. But it is chiefly her manners which render her so attractive. They possess the charm which arises from the combinations of high breeding with perfect simplicity, and a great desire for information with entire absence of any wish to display what she herself possesses. Her character is in perfect unison with these external qualities. Kindly and domestic in private life, devoted to her husband, her children, and the people on her estates, she is in the country a model of a British lady of great possessions.

In the spring of 1856, after A——, as already mentioned, had again left us on his return to his regiment in the Crimea, we repaired as usual to London, and joined for a short time in the usual gaieties of the metropolis. I now became acquainted with Mr Whiteside, member for Trinity College, Dublin, and one of the most distinguished ornaments of the Irish Bar. I had been first introduced to him at the Literary Fund dinner in

Freemasons' Hall, and had afterwards frequently met him at small parties at Lady Jersey's in Berkeley Square. He spoke at the public dinner with the ease and grace which parliamentary practice alone can give, and of which Lord Palmerston is so perfect a master; and in private his conversation has all the charm arising from simplicity of manner joined to ability of thought. I am indebted to him for a criticism on my History of Europe, which I at once felt to be well founded—viz., that my account of the Congress of Vienna was too brief, and by no means on a scale with either the importance of the subject or the detailed account of other negotiations of less moment. The defect was obvious, and it arose partly from want of the materials, which I have since obtained, and partly from the fatigue experienced in bringing to a conclusion a long and laborious undertaking. I have endeavoured to supply the defect in my 'Life of Lord Castlereagh,' in composing which I had the advantage both of the 'Londonderry Correspondence' and the important revelations made in the nineteenth voulme of M. Thiers's 'History of the Consulate and Empire.'

I was indebted, while in London in the spring of this year (1856), to my friend Mr Cayley for an introduction to one of the most remarkable men of his age, Lord Palmerston. Mr Cayley and I were writing our names after a Court ball in Prince Albert's book at Buckingham Palace, in the usual way, when the veteran Minister came in. Mr Cayley

introduced me by name, and Lord Palmerston, taking me kindly by the hand, immediately addressed me in his usual winning manner: "Sir Archibald, if I am not mistaken we are old acquaintances; I think you were in frocks when I was at your father's house in Shropshire in 1798 with Dugald Stewart." I answered that it was so, and that I perfectly recollected the circumstance, which I felt much flattered by his remembering. We spoke a little then on indifferent topics, and parted. I have repeatedly seen him since, at assemblies or large dinner-parties, but never have had an opportunity of entering into private conversation with him. I was much struck on this occasion by his lively and youthful manner, belying the expression of his countenance, which bore considerable marks of years of anxiety, though less than might have been expected, for he was then seventy years old, of which fifty had been spent in office.

If not one of the greatest, Lord Palmerston is beyond all doubt one of the most remarkable men of the age. His talents are evidently of the highest order. Some of his speeches when he was thoroughly in earnest, as in those he delivered on Free Trade, will bear a comparison, both in elevation and dignity of thought, and in felicity of expression, with the best specimens of oratory in the English language. His great abilities, and admirable tact in the management both of Cabinets and parties in the House of Commons, are proved by this,

that he has been, with a few and very brief exceptions, a member of every Government which has governed the country for the last fifty years, and in many of them has held the important office of Secretary of War, Foreign Minister, and latterly of Premier, but yet he has never forfeited his public character by the imputation of inconsistency. He never, like Sir James Graham, maintained the proposition that his "principle was change, because he lived in an age of transition, when Government could not be conducted otherwise." On the contrary, such has been his skill and address, that he has contrived to keep uppermost in all the changes of the wheel-of-fortune, and commanded the respect even of those political friends whose side he had left, and whose principles, once his own, he now strenuously opposed! He has always been constant to what appeared to him at the time to be the interests of his country, into whose hands soever the direction of those interests may have fallen. Yet has he often, by this very devotion to his country's weal and reputation, brought both into the utmost jeopardy, for he has repeatedly landed it on the brink of a serious war when wholly unprepared for it, and forfeited the support of its allies by his lofty pretensions as Foreign Minister, when it was most required to withstand a formidable combination of foreign enemies.

In one respect, which has come in these times to be a matter of no insignificant importance, he is, if Lord Derby is excepted, without a rival among the

public men of the day. As an after-dinner orator, and in the faculty of turning aside an argument or question which he does not know well how to answer, he is perfect. No one knows so well how to turn an argument with a joke, or defend himself by a happy thrust at his adversary. This power, so rare in public men, can be attained only by a combination of admirable temper with great quickness of apprehension and felicity of expression, and with a thorough knowledge of the audience to which the pleasantry is addressed. Of this faculty his allusion to "that unhappy rapid movement at the Bull's Run" is one of the most fortunate.[1] Lord Derby is equally happy in this branch of oratory, and both display it alike in Parliament, on the hustings, on the platform, and in the genial atmosphere of the banquet. It is a remarkable circumstance, characteristic of the extent to which our institutions

[1] He was equally happy on another occasion, in the same session of Parliament, when the great and growing distress in Coventry and other manufacturing districts was the subject of discussion. Lord Palmerston said he knew it, and lamented it, but unfortunately it was beyond his power to remedy it, for it arose from a source more lasting and powerful than any political causes whatever. This was the *mutations of ladies' fashions*, which, unfortunately for Coventry, had condemned ribbons to temporary seclusion, and so spread distress in those places, such as Coventry, where they were chiefly manufactured. "The same thing," he added, "recently happened in hardware; the fashion of wearing beards, brought on by the Crimean war, had wellnigh ruined Sheffield, when it was suddenly relieved, and attained greater prosperity than ever, from the introduction of steel into an article of ladies' dress, which did for Sheffield that which this House by no legislative or fiscal measures could by possibility effect." There was of course a loud laugh upon this, which caused the distresses of the Coventry weavers to be forgotten.

have become popularised since the passing of the Reform Bill, that the popular faculty which Pitt or Fox would have despised, which Chatham would have spurned, and Burke condemned, has become one of the most effectual passports to power, and the one in which these two alternate Prime Ministers pre-eminently excel.

The war in the Crimea having been happily ended by the Peace of Paris, concluded in the spring of this year, Sir Colin Campbell returned home, accompanied by my youngest son, F——, as his A.D.C. They arrived in London on the 6th June, and by eleven o'clock next day Sir Colin came to call upon us at our hotel in Jermyn Street. F—— came with him; but though we had never before seen him, there was no need of an introduction, so exactly did he resemble the prints, which were already common in the shop-windows. He met us in the kindest manner, and spoke in so very affectionate and gratifying terms of both our sons that we saw plainly he designed to make them part of his military "family." We were extremely struck, on this as on all subsequent occasions, with Sir Colin. He had not in his manner a vestige of the rough old veteran, whom we had been led to expect; no one could have discovered from his conversation or accent that he was either a Scotchman or a Highlander. His manner and mode of address were courtesy itself, and more like that of an old diplomatist trained in all the Courts of Europe of the age of

Louis XIV., than a soldier who had been fifty years in harness. This was more especially the case when addressing women, towards whom he was always scrupulously attentive and polite. It is well known that he was seriously hurt at having an officer far his junior put over his head as Commander-in-Chief after General Simpson's resignation in the Crimea, and that he had returned during the winter, intending not to go out again. But he yielded his own inclinations eventually to the Queen, who at Windsor, it is said, asked him to sit beside her on the sofa, and burst into tears at his continued refusal. He respectfully kissed her Majesty's hand, and said he could now hold out no longer. The situation to which he was now appointed, though nominally second, was in reality the first. He was to have had the command of a separate corps, consisting of 25,000 British, which was intended to act from the Bulganak, in conjunction with a much larger French force from Eupatoria, against Simferopol and the centre of the Crimea, so as to take the Russian position on the Mackenzie Heights, near Sebastopol, in rear. Had the war gone on, it was easy to see that much of the weight of the contest would have fallen on this *corps d'armée.*

Next day I returned Sir Colin's visit at the Whitehouse, Knightsbridge, where he was staying with his friend Colonel (afterwards Sir Anthony) Sterling. After half an hour's very agreeable conversation with both, he proposed to walk in with me to London; and if his previous conversation indicated the

vigour and resources of his mind, this walk evinced not less clearly the strength and activity of his body. I had all my life been in the habit of walking very fast, insomuch that many of my friends could not keep pace with me; and this power, the result of regular and constant exercise, had not been seriously diminished by sixty-four winters. I soon found, however, that Sir Colin was in this respect fully my match: the little wiry old man stepped out at a pace which kept the grenadier historian, only a few months younger, on his mettle all the way. The more that I saw of Sir Colin, especially in this intimate and confidential way, the more was I struck with the acuteness of his mind and his robust natural abilities. His education had been very imperfect since he left the High School of Glasgow, where he had received only its rudiments, and since that time he had been constantly with his regiment, or in command, for the most part on active service. But all these deficiencies had been supplied, and more than supplied, by the native vigour of his mind, and the use he has made of an extensive and varied experience. He has not read, but he has seen and thought much. On the subject of his own profession, in particular, he has reflected long, and drawn his conclusions from a very wide personal experience, and the result has been that he is never taken by surprise, and by an intuitive glance sees at once in any situation of difficulty what is best to be done, and does it accordingly.

We were extremely struck by F——'s appearance and manner on his arrival: he was at that time in his undress A.D.C.'s attire, consisting of a blue frock-coat and red waistcoat, with gold band, and, with his auburn locks clustering round his sunburnt countenance, was almost the handsomest young man I ever saw. His physical advantages were enhanced by the simplicity and high breeding of his manners. A—— had remained with the 72d in the Crimea, and his company was one of the last which evacuated that blood-stained shore. He came to Guernsey; but before he left the Crimea I had the satisfaction of learning, by a very kind note from Lord Hardinge, that he had been made a brevet-major. His mother and I now began to taste perhaps the "purest, holiest draught in the cup of life," pride *in others*, and those the ones most justly dear to us.

We met Sir Colin soon after his arrival at a party at the Duchess of Argyll's villa at Campden Hill, which was given for the purpose of presenting the hero with a beautiful brooch, the gift of her Grace, and a select number of her family and friends, which she gave to him with the grace and suavity for which she is so justly celebrated. The occasion of receiving such a testimonial would have been trying to any man, albeit bred up in courts and drawing-rooms; but Sir Colin went through it with the modesty which became a brave and distinguished man, and the ease and grace which bespoke a high-bred one.

At the same time, though he was "the observed of all observers," his good sense told him where the line was to be drawn; and when a young lady of his acquaintance, vain of the attentions of the veteran hero, had been, as he thought, sufficiently long at his side, he turned to F——, and said, "Miss ——, let me introduce my young friend Mr Alison, a much more suitable cavalier for you than I am," —and so saying, bowed and withdrew. His marked and characteristic chivalry to women is not, as in many old men, the result of a boyish and contemptible vanity, but of an innate knightly feeling which pervades his whole being, and will descend with him to the grave.

Before leaving London this season, we were fortunate enough to be able to accept an invitation to a great dinner, given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. Perhaps there is nothing which more strongly impresses on the mind the magnitude and importance of the city of London than the grandeur of these civic entertainments. The hall, of ample size and fine proportions, is decorated by statues placed all round, which give it a classical and refined appearance; while the dinner is always of the most sumptuous kind. On the day when we were favoured with an invitation, Lord Derby, Mr Disraeli, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Lord Eglinton, the Duke of Rutland, Lord Salisbury, and nearly all the leading Conservatives, were present. Lady Alison and I got excellent places at the central

table, a few seats below the chair, so that we heard the speeches to perfection. Beauty was not wanting to grace the spectacle; for the Duchess of Manchester, on the right hand of the Lord Mayor, adorned the dais, and Mrs Duncombe, who sat directly opposite to us, was in her very best looks. Altogether the spectacle was one of the most brilliant which the metropolis in its gayest season could exhibit.

The speaking, with some splendid exceptions, was hardly equal to the display of beauty and material riches. Lord Derby, indeed, was in his very best vein and singularly felicitous; but by far the best speech given on the occasion was that of a gentleman from Canada, who returned thanks for the Colonies, in language which was nervous and eloquent in the highest degree. He was evidently inspired by the scene, where the rank and beauty of Britain were assembled by the hospitality of the chief magistrate of its first city to listen to its greatest orators. The Lord Mayor was Mr Daniel Salomons, the first Jew who had filled the civic chair, and he performed his arduous duties with equal propriety and good taste. The list of toasts of course was in a programme, which was in every one's hands; but before separating he stood up and said: "I have one toast more to propose, which I am sure you will drink with pleasure, though it is not in the list. I will not make a speech in proposing it: I will only name a name, but it is a name known to all the world—Sir Archibald Alison." The toast was drunk standing,

with applause: I could not help feeling gratified by such a compliment.

Next morning we set out early, and reached home the same night—so wonderfully had railways now abridged a journey which a few years before had required three days and a half of hard travelling. I was immediately immersed in my usual business and pursuits, from which I was ere long roused by a very animating and interesting ceremony. Ever since the repulse of the Russian cavalry by the "thin red line at Balaklava," and the splendid charges of the light and heavy brigades there, Sir Colin Campbell had been the object of just pride and enthusiastic interest to the people of Scotland; and extensive preparations had been made for giving him an honourable reception in his native city. A thousand pounds might have been raised with ease for this purpose in half an hour in the Royal Exchange; but that would have defeated the main object of the demonstration, which was not to raise money, but to give expression to widespread sympathy and admiration. To effect this object, it was resolved to limit the subscription to a shilling each, and to make the testimonial a splendid sword, to be paid for by the contributions of the admiring multitude. Three hundred pounds was soon raised in shillings, and the sword was ordered to have all the battles in which he had borne a part emblazoned on it. The citizens of Glasgow, by their corporation, resolved to present him with the free-

dom of the city, the highest honour it is in their power to bestow; and the public anxiety was wound up to the highest pitch upon its being announced that the civic honour and the military testimonial were to be presented to the hero on the same day, immediately after each other, in the City Hall. The Lord Provost (Sir A. Orr) was to present the former, myself the latter. The applications for admission were innumerable; the hall, large as it was, would not accommodate a tenth part of the numbers who wished te be present; and to give additional opportunities of seeing the Scottish hero, it was resolved, on the day following the presentation, to entertain him at a public dinner in the City Hall. He arrived by the express train, accompanied by Colonel Sterling, Sir David Baird, and F——, at ten at night; and as I knew he was extremely averse to displays of any sort, I had taken every imaginable precaution against the hour of his arrival being known. It had oozed out, however, and the station was in consequence so filled with people that it was with difficulty he could reach our carriage, which stood at the door to convey them to Possil, where he arrived a little before eleven, in great health and spirits. The crowd accompanied the carriage to the gate of our park, cheering all the way.

Next day occurred such a demonstration as perhaps never had been seen in Scotland before. It was known that the freedom of the city and the sword were to be presented to him in the City Hall,

the ceremony beginning at twelve o'clock; and by half-past ten the whole road from the gate of Possil to the City Hall, a distance of two miles and a half, was paved with human heads. At least 200,000 persons had taken their places on the route. Eight policemen were required at the gate to prevent the crowd breaking in and inundating the park. Through this dense mass of human beings Sir Colin took his way in an open carriage and four, with Lady Alison and his two aides-de-camp. The horses went at a foot-pace the whole way, preceded by a strong body of policemen, to force a passage through the throng; the people all uncovered and loudly cheered as he passed; all who could reach his hands endeavoured to do so; and it was with the utmost difficulty that Lady Alison prevailed on the people not to take out the horses and harness themselves instead. The Hall was crowded in every part, and the presentation of the freedom of the city was gone through by the Lord Provost in a very creditable manner. The presentation of the sword, however, was the great event; and the speech which I made on the occasion went fully into his military career, and perhaps did him some service by making many, previously very ignorant, familiar with the subject. When it was over, I called to the aides-de-camp, Sir David and F——, to buckle on the sword on their general. They did so amidst thunders of applause, for the people thought they were *both* my sons, Sir David having light hair, and somewhat resembling our

family. Sir Colin was very nervous on the occasion, and spoke feelingly, but with hesitation. Emotion choked his utterance; he told me, after the whole was over, he would rather storm the Redan than go through it again.

On that day we had a large party of the principal people in Glasgow and Lanarkshire to meet Sir Colin, covers being laid for twenty-six. He was in great spirits, and very agreeable: a load, he said, having been taken off his mind. The public dinner, seated for 1200 persons, went off next day with great *éclat;* and Sir Colin spoke with much more facility than on the preceding day. It is remarkable that though he has great difficulty in delivering a speech in public before civilians, he experiences no such embarrassment in addressing soldiers, especially on momentous occasions. On the contrary, his speeches to his men on these occasions are a model of military eloquence. Heart and soul a soldier, he knows how to address himself to their rude and untutored but feeling hearts. His address to the Highland Division on leaving the Crimea, and afterwards to the 93d on its return from India, are proofs of this; nothing finer was ever addressed to warriors. He left us on the third day after luncheon, the crowd awaiting his departure as anxiously as they had done his arrival.

An incident occurred soon after our return to Possil, which, although trivial in itself, was attended with important effects on A——'s future

fortunes. He had been since he was a boy a member of the "Lothian Society," in Glasgow, as well as myself,—an association of such as had been born or bred in the Lothians, and had afterwards settled in Glasgow, for the purpose of keeping up old recollections or friendships, and collecting a fund for the relief of the less fortunate of the district. The Society gave him a dinner on his return from the Crimea, and he made, in returning thanks for his health, a speech which, though short, gave a vivid picture of the life and danger in the trenches. This speech got into the newspapers, and Sir Colin read it when on one of his tours as inspecting officer of infantry in Britain. Sir Colin afterwards told F—— in India, that it was that speech which determined him, when the time came, to make A—— his military secretary in India.

We met Sir Colin again this autumn with a large party at Keir, where we were with him and Colonel Sterling for three days. On this occasion we had a favourable opportunity of observing the great talent in conversation and decision of mind of Sir Colin, as well as his singularly refined and gallant manners towards ladies. Mrs Norton, with whom he had been previously acquainted, was the object on this occasion of his chivalrous devotion, and many were the occasions on which, in the course of his visit, he seized and kissed her hands, to which, though satiated with admiration and indifferent to it, she good-humouredly submitted without resistance. At this

period Sir Colin was Inspector-General of Infantry: he had been on one of his official tours before coming to Keir, and he detailed to me various plans he had matured for lessening the expense of the army to young officers, and for increasing the comfort of soldiers in barracks. His mind is evidently essentially practical: educated in harness and from the lessons of experience, his whole turn of mind is on what can be *done*, not what can be said. He is by no means, however, without pleasantry, especially with women. At Keir, Lady Alison was expressing to him her wish that he would get something for F—— to do, for she was afraid he would run wild on leave of absence. "My dear lady," said Sir Colin, "an aide-de-camp has but one thing to do in peace, and that is to make love to his general's wife: now I have no wife, therefore my advice to him is instead to make love to every pretty girl he sees; an advice which I have no doubt he will be too happy to follow."

At a later period of this autumn we paid a visit to Lady Londonderry, in her romantic castle of Garron, on the coast of the county of Antrim, in Ireland. We were invited on this occasion to meet Lord Carlisle, the Lord Lieutenant, an old friend of the Marchioness, who was then making a progress through the north of Ireland. He was received with all the state which suited the occasion; the guns from the esplanade round the castle were fired when his Excellency's carriage with its escort was seen

approaching, and the Marchioness herself, with all her servants in full livery, awaited him at the foot of the stairs. He remained three days, during which I had repeated walks with him on the mountains behind the castle, and also in the wild and romantic chase of Antrim Castle, where we lunched on one of the days. I was struck with the vigour and ability of his conversation, which fully equalled what I had been led to expect from the eloquence of his speeches in public. I was also impressed by a question which he asked me regarding the Crimean war. "Don't you think," said he, "that the Russians have gained in military reputation by the result of the Crimean war?" "Certainly," I replied; "it required all the strength of England and France united to wrest from them one fortress at the extremity of their dominions."

At a later time in this year we met the Duke of Newcastle at Elderslie, near Renfrew, the hospitable mansion of Mrs Spiers, one of the most agreeable persons in the west of Scotland. I had a great deal of conversation with him, and was more impressed than I had expected with his ability. His appearance, with a magnificent red beard, and keen sparkling eyes, was in the highest degree striking. He told me a very remarkable anecdote of Louis Napoleon in the following terms: "One day, in 1846, at Brodick Castle, when we were both on a visit to the Marquis of Douglas, I walked out with Louis Napoleon on the slopes of Goatfell behind the house. As we neither of us cared for shooting,

we sat down on a luxuriant bed of heath, on the side of a dike, and he became very communicative, telling me what he intended to do when he became Emperor of the French. 'One of the first things I intend to do,' said he, 'is to resume the draining of the marshes of Brière, which you know became flooded by the emigration of the Protestants from them after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and which my uncle had again taken in hand when he was driven from the throne. I shall get a grant from the Chambers to prosecute the undertaking.' This very day," said the Duke, "the papers announce that the Emperor has got a grant from the Chambers of 2,000,000 francs, to recommence the draining of the marshes of Brière."

The success which had attended the election of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton as President of the United Societies of Edinburgh University, led to his being chosen at the election of this winter as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He came down, accordingly, to make his inaugural speech on January 15, 1857, and did us the favour of being our guest at Possil on the occasion. His speech, which was published with the Collected Addresses of that University, was poetical and eloquent in the highest degree, and excited unbounded admiration, especially among the fair part of his audience; but I hardly thought it equal in point of thought and learned allusion to the one which he had made at Edinburgh two years before, which was

the finest speech of the kind I ever heard. It is, however, extremely difficult to make two equally good speeches on the same subject, or on subjects having a close affinity to each other; the first almost invariably, like the first novel, carries off the best and most original ideas. In striving to avoid repetitions the second often falls into mediocrity.

Bulwer on this occasion remained with us three days, on the two first of which we had large parties to meet him, while on the last he was alone, A—— being the only addition to our ordinary circle. We had thus the best opportunity of seeing him in domestic life; and nothing, so far as fell under our observation, could be more delightful. The variety of his ideas, the extent of his observation, the different grades of society in which he had mingled, from the highest to the lowest, and from which he has drawn his observations, the poetical and romantic turn of his mind, — render him a charming companion. On the last day of his visit he sat on a stool by the fire in Lady Alison's boudoir, with herself and A——, and fascinated both alike by his conversation. He listened with the utmost eagerness to stories of adventures in the siege of Sebastopol, the finest subject for romance which modern times has produced, and which it is surprising has not been taken advantage of by genius adequate to the subject.

On going to London next spring we dined frequently at Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's, and on one

occasion, met Sir Henry, his brother, the celebrated diplomatist, who was then ambassador at Madrid. He has great talents, perhaps equal to his brother; but they are directed to other objects. An experienced and successful diplomatist, he has acquired the elegance and suavity of manner, which is almost always contracted by men whose converse is with emperors and kings, and who are compelled to study the feelings of others in their manner and conversation,—the very thing which men of talent are in general so little disposed to do. Lady Alison sat by Sir Henry at dinner, and was charmed with him. On other occasions we met at Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's, Mr Disraeli, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Clanricarde, and many of the principal wits about town. The Duke told me much about his illustrious father, which presented him in a very different light from that in which he is generally seen. He said that his great characteristic was the extreme ardour and enthusiasm of his disposition, which it required the effort of his whole life to subdue, and which his sedate manner had been originally assumed to conceal. I answered that I had no doubt this was the case, from the great vigour and decision of his letters, as well as from the decided line which he always took on important occasions on his sole judgment and responsibility. He said that was exactly the case, and that he had numbers of letters of his father in his possession which would put it beyond a doubt.

During this season our intimacy with the Jerseys was greatly increased, and besides often dining with them, we were once or twice every week at small evening parties there. These *réunions* were singularly delightful—indeed more so than any other parties I was ever at in London. Lady Jersey saw her friends after the Continental fashion, every evening; and when she had large dinner-parties, which was generally twice a-week, she asked some guests specially in addition to the general invitation which all to whom she was partial received. They were the only parties on the Conservative side which bore a resemblance to those at Holland and Lansdowne House, which had shortly before been so famous. The Conservatives were always in a great majority, but unlike the Whig receptions, which were in general exclusive, Liberals of all shades were also there, and foreigners of all nations and parties were sure of a ready welcome, if their manners were suitable. Politics at that time ran very high, and the young Tories, who were sanguine of soon succeeding to power, frequently met there on their way to the House, and added much to the interest and diversity of the scene. Occasionally the leaders also were present. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Mary, Lord and Lady Derby and their daughter Lady Emma Stanley, Mr Disraeli, Mr Whiteside, Mr Secretary Walpole, the Duc Decazes, Lord Talbot (afterwards Lord Shrewsbury), Lord Loughborough, Lord Dalkeith, Lord Winchester, Mr and Mrs Baillie-Coch-

rane, the Duke of Rutland, Lord John Manners, Sir Hugh Cairns, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, and many others of the same description, formed the habitual circle which adorned this delightful society. But its principal charm consisted in Lady Clementina Villiers, whose beautiful sylph-like form was to be seen always flitting about from one to another, doing the honours without seeming to do so, and introducing or putting those together who she thought would enjoy each other's society. One only reflection arose in the mind of every beholder, and threw a cloud over those charming *réunions*. Lady Clementina was sensibly fading away; her beautiful face was becoming like alabaster; and though her smile was as enchanting as ever, it was painfully evident that the spirit would ere long take its flight to the better world for which it was fitted.

I was at a very interesting scene this season, at the festival of the Caledonian Asylum, which, as the Duke of Buccleuch, its chief patron, was chairman on the occasion, I made a point of attending. The banquet was numerously attended, and after dinner the children maintained by the institution went round behind the chairs of the platform in their best attire, after joining in chorus in some patriotic songs. They each bore on their breasts the medals which their fathers had won in battle. One little girl had no less than *five* of these decorations: the Peninsular, Waterloo, Crimean, Turkish, and Legion of Honour. F——, who was with me, gave her a sovereign, with which

the little thing was highly delighted, and said she would give to her mother. This charity is admirably conducted, and is of very great use. It preserves the national feeling in the nobility and gentry of Scotland, by whom it is supported, and binds the recipients of their beneficence to their country by the strong bond of experienced obligation. Nothing can soften the prospect of death more to our gallant defenders than the knowledge that their wives and children will be provided for by the gratitude of their countrymen, and I have repeatedly heard Scotch soldiers express great thankfulness for the benefits they have received from this institution.

A military pageant of general interest took place this summer in Hyde Park, on 24th June, on occasion of the presentation of the Victoria Cross by her Majesty in person to those adjudged worthy of the honour. Everything was done to give *éclat* to the spectacle. The Commander-in-Chief and Sir Colin Campbell were present with brilliant staffs; the Foot Guards kept the ground; the Life Guards and Blues opened the procession; and the Queen, with her Ministers and Court on an elevated platform in the centre of the ground, presented each of the recipients with the Cross as they passed. Among those thus decorated we were glad to see Mr Hope, son of my old friend the Justice-Clerk, who appeared in the diplomatic dress, having exchanged on the peace the military for the Civil service, in which he now is. The day was fine; and everything went

on with the utmost regularity and success; but the scene, though interesting, had not the charm which attended the distribution of the medals behind the Horse Guards two years before. The number of the recipients was not nearly so great on the second occasion as the first, and the general enthusiasm was greatly less, partly from its being the second, partly from the war being over, and the troops returned, which deprived it of the interest of contemporary events, and threw it into the class of historical commemorations. Not the least interesting part of the scene to us was afforded by F——, who rode about the field on a beautiful grey Arab which I had just given him.

These spectacles, however striking, were mostly playing at soldiers; they exhibited only "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." We were soon wakened, however, to its sad realities. The Indian Rebellion had broken out in the May preceding, and excited very great anxiety; but we did not anticipate any immediate danger to our sons, as the 72d was in Guernsey, and under no orders for foreign service. We set out accordingly on the 11th July for Scotland, and arranged with the boys that they should come down to Possil a few weeks later. On arriving at the station at Glasgow at ten at night, two telegraphic messages were put into our hands; the first announcing that Sir Colin Campbell had been appointed Commander-in-Chief in India; the second that A—— was appointed his Military Secretary,

and F—— his A.D.C., and that they were to set out next day. Had a bomb-shell fallen and exploded at our feet, we could not have been thrown into greater consternation. Lady Alison's first impulse was to set out instantly by the night-mail and return to London; but I persuaded her with some difficulty to relinquish that idea, as they would be gone before we could get back, and it would only be a desperate fatigue for nothing. Sir Colin had been sent for the day before by Lord Panmure, when he made the answer, which became so famous, that he would be ready to start next day. Our boys got still shorter notice. F—— was at a *matinée* at Lady Shelley's at Fulham at 4 P.M., and A—— at the same hour was walking with Lady Isabella Gordon in the Park, when they got their summons, and they were both off with Sir Colin in the Dover night-mail at 10 o'clock the next evening.

CHAPTER XVI.

MONETARY CRISIS OF 1857, AND CAMPAIGN OF LUCKNOW, TO TERMINATION OF CONTINUATION OF MY 'HISTORY OF EUROPE.'

JULY 1857—JANUARY 1859.

Soon after our return we paid a visit of some days to our kind and hospitable friends Mr and Mrs Merry, now of Belladrum, then residing at Culdees Castle in Perthshire, from whence we visited the beautiful gardens of Drummond Castle, which, strange to say, we had never before seen. In some respects they are the most beautiful in Scotland, chiefly from the union they present of wild Highland with the most highly artificial garden scenery. Situated at the edge of one of the most romantic parts of the Highlands, where the Earn forces its way through volcanic mountains, finely wooded, and of the most picturesque forms, it is approached by a long avenue of old beeches, planted on the summit of a ridge of whin rocks. On the right hand, in approaching the house, is a fine sheet of water shut in by overhanging woods: it is not a natural lake, but

an artificial one, formed by the Duke of Perth after the Rebellion of 1745, to cover the stables, which had been sullied by the presence of the English cavalry in the campaign of that calamitous year, and the remains of which, like the villages beneath the Sea of Haarlem, may still be seen in calm weather far beneath the waves! The gardens, which are celebrated, lie in a valley of an oblong form, immediately behind the castle, shut in by rocky wooded knolls, covered with birch and oak, bringing Trossach scenery close to the last refinements of Italian taste. Six acres in this wood-surrounded plain are laid out in the straight alleys, adorned by the formal spiral evergreens, cool fountains, *jets d'eau*, and marble statues, which recall the gardens of Florence or Rome. In this combination of the beauties of nature and art, the gardens of Drummond Castle are unrivalled; but in extent and mere horticultural beauty they are not equal to those of Drumlanrig in Dumfriesshire.

I was recalled from these romantic scenes by a request to attend a public meeting in Glasgow, to raise a subscription in aid of the Indian Relief Fund, at which I was asked to move the first resolution. It was held in the Merchants' Hall, with the Lord Provost in the chair. The accounts recently received of the progress of the insurgents, and the massacres of Delhi, Futtehghur, and Cawnpore, had filled every mind with horror, and cast a melancholy air over this meeting. The great merchants were there, and

subscribed their £100 apiece with their wonted liberality; but it was more in pity than in hope. It was easy to see that they were by no means sanguine as to the result, and that in general opinion a dark cloud was settling over our Eastern dominions. The desire for vengeance on the cruel mutineers was the universal feeling; and I faithfully expressed the sentiments of the meeting when I concluded with these words, which subsequent events rendered prophetic: "When Sir Colin Campbell draws the sword which was presented to him by the citizens of Glasgow, I venture to predict that he will strike a blow which shall resound through Europe and Asia, and prove to the world that wide as is the extent of the British dominions, and unbounded the sphere of British beneficence, more terrible is the stroke of British justice, when kindness has been met by cruelty, and fidelity by treason."

But although men's minds were variously agitated by these calamitous events, there was by no means the same enthusiasm which had attended the departure of the troops for the Crimea; and the subscription, which on the former occasion exceeded £45,000 in Glasgow and its vicinity, on this did not reach a third of the amount. This is a very remarkable circumstance, more especially when it is recollected that the Scotch in general, and the inhabitants of Glasgow in particular, are eminently a religious race; that the Crimean war was undertaken to uphold the Mohammedan dominion in Turkey,

and for a very remote and contingent British interest in the East; and that the Indian contest was undertaken to save our own dominions in Hindostan from dismemberment, to avenge the massacre of our own countrymen, and preserve the foundations of a Christian Government in Asia. This strange perversion of the human mind from what might in the circumstances have been expected, can only be accounted for by recollecting how strongly public feeling in Europe, and especially in this country, had been excited in favour of the Hungarians and against the Russians in the war of 1849, and how strong was the desire then generally felt to repel the Muscovites as the eternal enemies of independence and freedom. This turn of the general mind may perhaps be considered as a proof that mankind are more liable to be violently excited by their feelings than even by their interests, and that they will sometimes combat more enthusiastically for "an idea" than for their material welfare, their religion, their children, or themselves.

Shortly after we paid a visit to Craigdarroch, where Ella, now Mrs Cutlar Fergusson, was happily established, with a kind husband and two beautiful sons. From Craigdarroch we went to Drumlanrig, the noble seat, at no great distance, of the Duke of Buccleuch. It is certainly one of the most remarkable places in Scotland, as well from its vast extent and romantic scenery, as for the exquisite gardens with which the taste of the present Duke

and Duchess have adorned its immediate environs. The house is a rectangular building of great extent, surrounding an inner court built about the middle of the seventeenth century by Inigo Jones, in a style very similar to Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh. It is placed on a knoll or eminence, standing in the middle of a little plain, now laid out in ornamental gardens of great extent, and surrounded by low wooded hills. These hills were formerly covered with noble woods of great age, which were nearly all cut down by the last Duke of Queensberry, to whom the estates belonged, who died in 1810. Their place, however, has been supplied by young and thriving plantations, which, although no rivals to the ancient patriarchs of the forest, are sufficiently advanced to give the place a clothed and cheerful appearance. It is a striking characteristic of this fine place, which, so far as I have seen, is peculiar to itself, that the park and surrounding farms so melt into each other that you cannot observe where one ends and the other begins. The gardens are sixteen acres in extent, and laid out partly on the spacious terraces which, after the ancient fashion, adjoined the house, and partly on the little plain, already mentioned, beyond them. They are nearly all visible at once from the highest terrace next the house: the flowers are planted in separate plots, each of one kind only, intersected by little alleys of white sand; and as they are so arranged as all to come into blossom at one time,

when the family are at home in September and October, they resemble at that period, when seen from that elevated position, a splendid Turkish carpet, laid out in perfect taste, and emblazoned with the finest colours of nature. We found that the Duke and Duchess still upheld the same character for splendid and courteous hospitality, which we had witnessed seventeen years before at Bowhill. Their manner to their numerous guests was perfection, and their popularity in the many counties in which the family estates lie, is unbounded.

Entirely different was the character of another of the show-places in Scotland at which we passed some days this autumn. Buchanan House, the seat of the Duke of Montrose, is situated within two miles of Loch Lomond on its eastern side, and at the foot of Ben Lomond, which rears its majestic head above a barrier of heathery hills immediately behind the park. Situated on the edge of the Highlands, it possesses the advantages of both Highland and Lowland scenery; but its great attraction and unequalled charm consist in the wooded islands of the lake, most of which form part of the Duke's park, and one of which is his deer-forest. Nothing can be conceived more charming than rowing in fine weather round those lovely isles, lying like baskets of flowers on the bosom of the waves, and combining what is lovely in lowland with what is sublime in mountain scenery. The new Castle of Buchanan, which we now saw for the first time, and which was

not yet entirely finished, is situated on a high eminence, surrounded by old natural trees, and commanding beautiful views cut out of them over the lake and adjoining mountains. It is built in the old Scotch manor style, of great extent, and is the most perfect specimen of that kind of house that I have seen. There was a large party at Buchanan, and the Duke and Duchess did the honours with the highest politeness and courtesy. Her Grace is a very superior woman, well-informed, and fond of conversation, and is always surrounded by a large and brilliant circle.

During the same autumn we were for some days at Ardgowan, the splendid seat of my kind and hospitable friend Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart. He was the son of my old friend and contemporary Sir Michael Stewart. I already felt we were dropping into a new generation. Ardgowan, situated on a promontory projecting into the Firth of Clyde, and commanding extensive views of Arran on the one side and the mountains of Argyleshire on the other, and surrounded by fine woods, clothing the steep banks which on either side descend to the sea—is one of the finest places in the west of Scotland. The present hostess—Lady Octavia, sixth daughter of the Marquis of Westminster—threw over the whole the charm of beauty combined with courtesy of manner. We met here Lord St Germans—who afterwards was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—and Lady St Germans. He was a man of pleasing manners; and she was

evidently a woman of a very cultivated and superior mind.

We met also this autumn Lady Jersey and Lady Clementina Villiers at Mr Baillie-Cochrane's at Lamington, near Biggar. Lord Bathurst was there also. It was a strange thing, in 1857, to meet a statesman who had been a contemporary of Castlereagh and Wellington, and whose conversation was of the campaign of Leipzig and the Congress of Vienna. As might be expected of a man who had been a Cabinet Minister in those times, he was in very advanced years, but he had much that was interesting to recount in anecdotes of the illustrious men with whom he had passed his prime. Lady Jersey and Lady Clementina were as charming as ever. I had several walks in the romantic scenery of Lamington with the latter, which I shall never forget. They were the last I ever had. She was as beautiful as ever, and as delightful; but the marble-like paleness of her countenance, and the attenuation of her figure, suggested a painful doubt whether she was destined long for this world. They came to Possil afterwards, on their way to Drummond Castle, and I had the pleasure of showing them the lions of Glasgow; and that was the last time we ever were together, except in the crowded drawing-room of Berkeley Square next season.

During all this time I worked assiduously at my History every day, and the only difference made when from home was, that I worked harder than

when in my own library. Having nothing else to do when absent from Glasgow, I taxed myself at a larger amount of writing than when at home. Seven quarto pages was the former allowance, and only five the latter. I took with me, wherever I went, five or six volumes, being the authorities immediately required in the pages I intended to write when absent, which was seldom more than a few days. It is a curious circumstance—to which I have already alluded more than once in the course of these memoirs—that when from home, and having nothing to do but write my History, I could not manage more than two, or at the utmost three pages, in addition to my regular five pages, although when at home, I had five hours of legal work to go through every day, requiring the closest attention, and often rendering necessary five or six pages of notes of evidence or legal argument. Change of occupation and thought is even a greater rest to the mind than absolute inactivity; and this is the true explanation of the amount of business got through by those who have been fortunate enough to discover this invaluable secret, or have had it, as it was with me, forced upon them.

In one respect during the winter of 1857-58 I had great advantages. I was engaged then in writing the account of the monetary crisis of 1847, the suspension of cash payments by Lord John Russell, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer's famous letter of the 25th October in that year. At the very

time when this was doing, another monetary crisis of parallel features and still greater intensity was going forward, followed by a similar supension of cash payments by Government in the middle of November. The features of the two crises were so identical, that in describing what took place in October 1847, I had only to paint what I saw going on around me in November 1857. The great export of gold to the Crimea, for the use of the French and English armies during the war, led to such a drain upon the Bank of England, as obliged its directors to put on the screw violently in 1857 —a course which was immediately followed by every bank in the country. Disastrous and ruinous everywhere, this sudden contraction of the currency was in an especial manner felt as destructive in Glasgow, in consequence of the great extension of commerce and undertakings which had taken place there since the rise of prices, beginning in 1852 with the increased supplies of the precious metals from the mines of California and Australia. The consequence was, such a run upon the banks for specie, and such a cessation of their advances on any even the best security, as led to a suspension of cash payments by two—the Western Bank and the City of Glasgow Bank—and such a pressure upon the others, that even the most affluent narrowly escaped bankruptcy.

I was at Hamilton trying cases when this alarming intelligence was brought to me as I sat in

court. I immediately hurried back to Glasgow when the trial was over, and found the city in the utmost state of consternation. The doors of nearly all the banks were beset by clamorous crowds, even though the banking hours were past; and the Savings Bank in particular was so besieged that the greatest fears were entertained that it would stop payment. One great bank—the Union—which had the largest circulation in Scotland, was only saved from stoppage by the timely advance of £35,000 in gold by a rival establishment, the Clydesdale Bank. By means of this seasonable and generous aid, however, the afternoon was tided over; and next morning the general panic was much lessened by a letter from the newly elected Lord Provost, Mr Galbraith, expressing entire confidence in all the banks, —a confidence which the event proved was well founded. This well-timed and courageous step on the part of that patriotic magistrate tended greatly to allay the general alarm; and at a public meeting held in Glasgow a few days after, the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Montrose, and the chief merchants of the city came forward and expressed the most entire confidence in the banking establishments of the country. The effect of this demonstration was immense; the panic immediately ceased; not a note even of the establishments which had failed was depreciated, for all had confidence in their ultimate solvency; and in so far as a monetary crisis was concerned, the danger was

at an end. I took a part in this meeting, and expressed as strong an opinion as any one on the strength of the Scotch system of banking, which, by rendering so many partners liable for the company's debts, secured the holders of the notes in ultimate payment. For doing so I was immediately assailed by the 'Times,' with that want of moderation and just feeling for which in Scotch matters that celebrated journal is often conspicuous. In consequence I addressed a letter to the editor, which they had the candour to admit in their columns. The issue proved that the eulogium then passed by all the speakers on the Scotch system of banking was well founded; for although the late transactions of the banks had been on a scale of unprecedented magnitude, and the liabilities of one alone —the Western—were to the enormous amount of £14,000,000, the whole debts due by them to the public have been discharged to the last shilling.

But although the solidity of the Scotch system of banking, in so far as *the public* holders of its notes or securities are concerned, was decisively demonstrated by this serious catastrophe, yet the same cannot be said as to the safety of those establishments to the shareholders, or the guarantee they afford for prudent management and a due regard to the interests of the latter. On the contrary, it may safely be admitted that in that point of view the Scotch banks have broken down. This result, however, is not peculiar to them; it has been arrived at also by the

experience of joint-stock banks and companies in every part of the country. The truth is, that the *co-operative system* will not do for capitalists any more than workmen, at least in the state of society in which we are now placed, and in the face of the immense profits, on the one hand, which may be gained by a skilfully conducted system of fraud, and the boundless risks on the other, to which all undertakings, however wisely conducted, are necessarily exposed in a country where general credit is by law made to depend entirely on the retention of gold—the very thing which of all others it is most difficult to retain. In such a state of society, as the one in which we live, joint-stock banks and companies present many advantages, but are attended with corresponding and perhaps greater dangers. By accumulating small capitals together, which could have effected little or nothing taken singly, it has led to many great works being undertaken and completed which never could have been accomplished in any other way. The magnificent network of railways which now overspread the land owes its existence chiefly to this system. But on the other hand, the evils it has introduced are equal, perhaps greater. It has changed entirely the description of British transactions and the character of the British merchant. It has rendered the first no longer a steady walk, progressing slowly but advancing securely, but a huge game of chance, surpassing all lotteries in the world in magnitude, and exceeding them in hazard. In the intricate trans-

actions of joint-stock companies, in which many hundreds or thousands of persons are subject to the responsibility, and a few clever active men are intrusted with the management, the temptation to fraud, mismanagement, and perilous adventure is such as is soon found to be irresistible. No words can describe the widespread devastation which the blowing up of these extravagant schemes occasions among a numerous and helpless body of proprietors. The Western Bank of Glasgow paid all its creditors in full, and that proved the breadth and solidity of the basis on which it rested. But it did so only by a heavy assessment upon the shareholders, which reduced many thousands of innocent persons to beggary from affluent circumstances, and by subjecting a few directors to ruinous actions of damages, which some of their number were glad to compromise for £200,000.

The way in which the thing goes on, and the danger arises, is this. A joint-stock company is set up with a flourishing advertisement, followed by an engagement to pay a high dividend, sometimes as much as eight or nine per cent. In this way the unwary and inexperienced are attracted, and that numerous class of persons, especially widows and orphans with small capitals, to whom a "good dividend" is the grand object of desire. The next step is to get a few known, established, and respectable capitalists to appear on the direction, especially bankers, manufacturers, or miners, who necessarily expend a large

sum weekly. This is in general no difficult matter; the joint-stock company in which they appear as directors requires, and speedily comes to absorb, a great quantity of their notes as bankers, or their produce as manufacturers, while the assistance of these banks or great factories is not less valuable to the joint-stock company to which they belong. Thus there being a mutual advantage, the alliance is not long of being formed. The directors, thus placed as so many decoy-ducks at the head of the joint-stock company, are in general wealthy men advanced in life, and either up to the ears in business of their own, or living in easy retirement at their splendid country-houses or elegant villas. To keep up appearances, and secure the advantages they are reaping at both ends of the chain, they go through the form of attending the meetings of the joint-stock company, but it is in general but a form only. They get a mass of papers and neatly prepared statements put before them, which they very soon come to subscribe as a matter of course, with very little examination, either from trust in the manager or cashier, or from a clear perception of the impossibility in a hurried meeting of an hour or two once a fortnight, of making themselves masters of the details of a business, to unravel which would require the efforts of a lifetime devoted to the subject. Before long these periodical meetings become little more than a mere form, in which the main object of the directors is to pocket their sovereigns and get away, and their only duty consists in

signing, with little or no examination, whatever is put before them.

In this way the practical direction of the company's affairs comes to be vested in the manager or cashier, and he is placed in a situation which presents temptation, such as experience proves the virtue of few is able to withstand. Doubtless there are some men whose fidelity and strength of mind no temptation is able to assail, and who may be safely intrusted with unlimited powers, or untold gold, without the smallest danger of the trust being abused. But unfortunately such virtue cannot always be relied on, least of all in an age where, from the multitude of undertakings afloat, and the facility which the dexterous find in getting the unwary in, and themselves out of them when danger threatens, the greatest possible facility is afforded for great gains being made by dishonest means. The great object is to get the market value of the shares raised to such a height, and for such a time, as may enable the initiated few to realise a handsome profit by their purchase and sale. Often the profit is obtained without advancing anything, by merely subscribing for shares, and selling them before any calls are made. The great object is to get them fairly off at a profit, with no matter how ruinous a loss to the new purchasers; and "when they are once vested in the widow and the orphan, they are allowed to sink and become extinct without further trouble." If they go on, the same system of fraudulent concealment and

misrepresentation is pursued, often for long with surprising success. Losses are concealed, large dividends paid out of borrowed money, or by encroachments on capital; cooked accounts are exhibited, and the directors, equally with the shareholders, are kept ignorant of the real state of affairs, till a monetary crisis comes, when, owing to a great export of gold to pay for grain or maintain a foreign war, the usual supplies from the bank are withheld, those establishments themselves being beset with difficulties, or seized with terror, and then the whole fabric of imposition comes at once to the ground. In a word, under this system the facility of deceiving and making a profit off the public is equalled only by the readiness with which in their anxiety to clutch a good dividend all classes rush forward to be deceived. All this proceeds from one cause—viz., that the direction of the concern is placed practically uncontrolled in the hands of one party, and the responsibilities connected with it in another; and that thus the greatest safeguard against maladministration—viz., that losses arising from delinquency should fall upon the party in fault—is entirely lost, and in its stead a system is introduced which makes clever knaves rich, and innocent fools poor.

Sensible of these evils, and having had ample experience of them in their own joint-stock companies, the Americans have sought to eschew them by vesting the entire direction in one manager, who is very highly paid, and responsible to an unlimited

extent for negligence or fraud. This is certainly a considerable improvement on the English system, because, by giving such an officer £4000 or £5000 a-year, you are likely to command the services of a superior class of men, less prone to delusion, and probably, from the possession of character, less liable to yield to temptation. But still, even this system does not go to the root of the evil; it does not *unite delinquency and responsibility*, which is the one thing needful. The shareholders still remain the parties really responsible, the manager the real uncontrolled director of the concern. His salary of £5000 a-year is no guarantee for relief from losses which may amount to millions. Another plan proposed, and strongly advocated by a portion of the press, is to have a Government officer or officers appointed to audit the accounts of joint-stock companies, and publish the state of their affairs. Every one practically acquainted with these matters must be aware that such a system would soon be found to be impracticable, and, if practicable, useless. Not one, but *hundreds* of auditors would be required to go through the gigantic labours of investigating the affairs of the innumerable joint-stock concerns in the kingdom. Supposing this "army of martyrs" appointed, and in full action, nothing would be easier than to impose upon them by cooked accounts, supported by fictitious vouchers, as the directors are now imposed upon. In a word, the only security which can be relied on against

maladministration, when large sums of money are intromitted with, or great credit enjoyed, is to make the responsibility coextensive with and attaching *to the same persons and fortunes* as the administration. Till this is done, there never can be any real security; if it is, the chief dangers are at an end. Look at the conduct of these supine and imposed-on directors of joint-stock companies in the management of their own affairs. Certes there is very little supineness or negligence there, or they never would have amassed the fortunes which they in general possess, and which led to their being taken into the direction. The old law that no bank in London, or within fifteen miles of it, should have more than six partners, was dictated by the jealousy of the Bank of England at such rival establishments; but it was a very wise provision for the interests of the public and these bankers themselves, and it would have been well for both had it been still in force.

These observations, suggested by my long experience of the Bankruptcy Court of Glasgow, are still more applicable to co-operative societies' operations, which, so far as they have come under my observation, have never come to any *permanent* good, and have been productive of infinite loss and distress to the unfortunate obligants. They generally end, after the philanthropic and patriotic directors who set them going are dead or have retired, in falling into the hands of some scoundrels, who run off to America with the funds, leaving the hard-working operatives

to pay the debts. But these views are at variance with the prevailing ideas of the age, which are based on the principle of admitting numbers to the direction of affairs, who never cease repeating that "union is strength." So it is; but it is as often for evil as good. I am well aware that these principles are opposed to the opinions of the vast majority of persons now in the country; but it by no means follows from this that they are erroneous. I am content to record them as my opinions, founded on a very extensive experience in the great commercial emporium of Glasgow, and to leave them to be judged of by my country when the present generation has passed away.

The public distress consequent on this monetary crisis was of very long duration, although by the meeting above mentioned the panic was allayed. The ruin spread far and wide by the failure of the Western Bank, is still (1861) not nearly at an end. A public meeting was held on the subject, in which, in common with others, I took an active part; and large subscriptions were, with the usual liberality of the Glasgow merchants, entered into for relief of the unemployed, which had a very beneficial effect both in relieving suffering and appeasing discontent. One of the first things that the parochial boards did was to meet and pass a resolution, which was immediately acted upon, to disregard the decision of the Court of Session in the former case ten years before, regarding the unemployed able-bodied poor, and to act by my decision the other way. In

managing the fund, raised partly by subscription and partly by assessment, the same system was adopted which had been done in 1848, and was strictly in terms of my decision. This was to give relief to the able-bodied *only in exchange for work;* to make the wages less than the average usually given to working men; and to employ the paupers, where it was possible, in making cloth or webs, which were sold, and the price received laid out in paying still more able-bodied applicants for parochial relief. In this way the same sum was "turned over," in mercantile phrase, several times, and £10,000 was made to do the work of £50,000 or £60,000. The subscriptions, though very large as usual on the part of the great firms, were much less than they had been either for the Patriotic or the Indian Fund, and did not exceed £12,000. The reason was partly that the funds of charity had been much exhausted by the recent demand on them for the Indian sufferers, and that so many of the affluent classes had been ruined by the monetary crisis, and the calls on the shareholders of the Western Bank.

The view of this suffering excited in my mind the most painful feelings, chiefly from the clear perception which I had that it was of artificial creation, and might have been averted by the simplest act of legislation. The crisis, it is well known, arose entirely from a heavy drain of gold having arisen from accidental causes in America, at a time when the market in Britain had been much exhausted by

the demand for the precious metals during the Crimean war. What was the obvious remedy for such a passing dearth? Evidently to issue, during the temporary absence of gold from the British Islands owing to these passing causes, such a circulation of inconvertible notes, limited in amount, as might support general credit and facilitate transactions during the brief period that elapsed before they returned. Ample provision might be made to prevent the issue from becoming redundant, or degenerating into assignats, by limiting it to a small sum, say four or five millions, and providing for its being drawn in by being taken, and *not reissued*, in payment of taxes when the precious metals returned. This was exactly what Garnier Pages did in 1848, when Minister of Finance at Paris, after Louis Philippe had been dethroned, and what was done on occasion of the same convulsion in Belgium and Holland—and in all these instances with the very best possible effect; while England underwent the most dreadful suffering by delaying to adopt it, or by the want of Government interposition, till universal bankruptcy was at hand. With these facts before me, decisive of the question at issue, I redoubled my efforts in depicting the monetary crisis of 1848, with which I was then engaged in the Continuation of my History, to effect, if possible, the adoption of a different policy in the crisis which was now again approaching. I met with violent abuse from the whole Free-trade and Liberal journals and reviews,

who vied with each other in the attempt to turn into ridicule a policy which, if adopted, would have saved the nation at least £200,000,000 sterling, and four years of suffering, till the gold discoveries stopped it in 1852. The moneyed classes, who gained immensely by interest being run up to 8 or 10 per cent, were strong enough to buy up or overawe nearly the whole press; and the *soi-disant* friends of the people were unpatriotic enough to abandon them to the tender mercies of the usurers at a time when, and on a question in which, their vital interests were at stake. The great body of the public, intimidated by fear of the Free-trade journals, or disinclined to study a question, difficult indeed, but in which their dearest interests were at stake, remained indifferent and apathetic, and could not be roused to effort by any exertions on the part of the few journals that embraced the cause of labour against capital. Seeing this, I became convinced that the case was altogether beyond the reach of any efforts in contemporary literature, and confined myself to unfolding what I deemed the true views on the subject in my History, leaving the event to speak for itself.

Our boys set out with Sir Colin Campbell at ten at night from London on the 12th July, and proceeded to India as fast as steam could carry them, by Paris, Marseilles, Alexandria, Suez, and Point de Galle, to Calcutta, which they reached on 13th August, having completed the journey in thirty days; an expedition almost at that time unparalleled. At Alex-

andria they visited the field of battle between the English and French on 21st March 1801; at Cairo they gazed at the Pyramids, "from whose summits forty centuries gazed down on their proceedings;" and in going down the Red Sea, Sir Colin spoke of the plans which he was maturing for the restoration of the British power in the East, then wellnigh humbled in the dust. The time passed very pleasantly for all, and the old chief was cheerful and kind and considerate to every one in his external demeanour when in company; but A——, who was writing five or six hours every day for him, knew what anxieties were passing through his mind, and with what serious thoughts he regarded the arduous duty in which he was engaged. He was not, however, on that account the less resolute or determined to strain every nerve to restore the British supremacy, amidst 150,000 rebel bayonets on the plains of Hindostan. When he sailed up the Hooghly he had the satisfaction of learning that Lord Elgin, on his way to China in the Shannon, with the 90th Regiment, had arrived there a short time before; and he landed with his staff and tripped up the steps of the quay with the alertness of five-and-twenty instead of sixty-five.

I was kept accurately informed of all the intended movements of Sir Colin, by A——'s letters, the confidential parts of which, when in the field, were written in the Greek character. In one of his letters, dated 1st November, he gave an account of a

narrow escape Sir Colin had on his way to the front. His party had arrived near a place called Mohuneea, between the Soane river and Benares, when they came upon the mutineers of the 32d Native Infantry. These men had mutinied at Deogur, escaped the parties sent out to intercept them, and were crossing the road at right angles to Sir Colin's course on their way to Rhotas-ghur when he and his staff came upon them. F—— and A—— were in the leading carriage, and had stopped to change horses, when the people came out and told them not to go on, as the road close in front was occupied by sepoys. A—— did not believe them till they said, "There they are on the elephants;" and on looking from the roof of his carriage through his opera-glass, he saw distinctly enough that men on elephants crossing their course were mutineers. A—— and F—— immediately got out their pistols and swords, and F—— went back to stop Sir Colin, who was in the next carriage about a quarter of a mile in rear. A—— kept watching them with his glass and learning from the people about their numbers and course. They were now about 1000 yards from A——, but crossing the road. The people said there were about 350 or 400 of them, with many elephants, and they pointed out to him their line of march. A bend in the road and a field of sugar-cane concealed the men on foot, but A—— could see those on the elephants quite well. As soon as F—— got Sir Colin stopped, the chief ordered A——

back, and they then retired some hundred yards and had a long examination of the mutineers through their glasses, till Sir Colin discovered some twenty-five horsemen turning the corner of a wood on the right, when he with great reluctance decided to go back. And now an amusing scene took place. Sir Colin, F——, and A——, who were the last, fell back, halting every short distance and watching their course; but, as generally happens, the alarm spread through the little column of six carriages, and quite a panic ensued in the rear: one carriage was abandoned by its occupants and got upset; two officers got upon country ponies, barebacked, and galloped off to the nearest detachment, which was coming up about ten miles in rear. Except Sir Colin's and A——'s two carriages, it was a regular rout. Sir Colin all the time was as cool and quiet, tracing the mutineers' course on the map, as if they were a hundred miles off. Fortunately the sepoys had no idea of whom the party consisted, and kept on their own course without molesting it. Sir Colin went back to Jahanabad, where the nearest detachment was, and returned under its escort in the evening. The escort halted for some hours until Sir Colin had passed the dangerous point. A—— counted twenty elephants with the mutineers. It was the narrowest escape for Sir Colin possible. Five minutes more and he would have been in the middle of them.

A——'s last letter—dated from the Alumbagh, near

Lucknow, on the 14th November—announced the approaching attack on Lucknow, to relieve the beleaguered Residency there, and the quarter in which it was intended to be made. We were therefore extremely anxious for the next mail, which would bring intelligence of its results. The arrival of that momentous news was expected towards the end of December; and on Christmas-day 1857, as we were driving to chapel in the forenoon, I desired the coachman to stop first at the Western Club on the way, that I might run in for a minute to see the telegram. I did so accordingly, and on entering the lobby I met a gentleman with whom I was unacquainted, who gave me a strange look, which made me start and apprehend some disaster. I hastened in to the news-room, and the first thing which met my eye was,—"Great battle in India. Sir Colin Campbell wounded. Major Alison wounded—severely. Captain Alison wounded. The garrison delivered."

I instantly returned to the carriage and told Lady Alison, who was anxiously awaiting my report, the agitating news, desiring the coachman at the same time to drive home. She was violently affected, as may well be believed; but chiefly from an apprehension that seized her that her sons were both killed, and that I was communicating the lesser disaster from a wish to prepare her for the greater. It was long before I could make her believe that I had told her the real truth; and in fact she never altogether

credited it till she herself read the telegram in the London newspapers. She acted, however, on this trying occasion with the greatest fortitude; and she stood in need of it all to support her under the trial, for we received no further intelligence for a fortnight, and during all that time we knew not whether our sons were alive or dead.

If it be true, as has been often and finely said, that prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament and adversity of the New, with equal truth it may be said that prosperous circumstances excite the malignant passions, and disastrous the generous. No words can adequately paint the kindness and sympathy we experienced in our distress from all around us, even strangers. The first letter of condolence we received was from the secretary of the Duchess of Cambridge, by command of her Royal Highness; the second from Lady Clementina Villiers, ever the foremost to express her sympathy, either in adverse or prosperous fortune. Similar kind letters and messages succeeded each other from all quarters, and from not only our own friends, but from great numbers of persons with whom we were scarcely acquainted: for several days I was incessantly engaged in answering them. All our friends in Glasgow and Lanarkshire called, and from several of them we received the only real consolation, which, beyond the expression of kindness and sympathy, it was possible to obtain, and that was information of the distinction between wounds returned as "severe" and

"dangerous;" the former denoting in general the loss of a limb, the latter a serious hurt in a vital quarter. So it proved in the present instance. On the 9th January, as I was engaged in a bankrupt examination in the sheriff's office, the post came in, bringing letters from both A—— and F——, announcing that the former had escaped with the loss of his left arm, and that the latter had entirely recovered. It was F——'s letter, however, which alone mentioned his brother's loss; he himself only alluded to it—though, as already mentioned, he gave a full and most interesting account of the military operations. I instantly ran out to Possil, and announced the joyful intelligence of their lives being spared, to Lady Alison and my sister, who had kindly come to us in our anxiety. On entering the house we all fell on our knees to return thanks to the Almighty for the signal mercies we had experienced. We had good reason to do so: such was the fatal effect of the climate on the wounded, that out of all those who had limbs amputated at the relief of Lucknow, A—— and one other alone survived, and they owed their lives to the unbounded care and attention with which they had been treated. A—— told me afterwards that he never was happier in his life than when lying in his tent after his arm was taken off; he spent the time almost entirely in reading and writing. During his confinement he read nearly the whole of Napier's 'Peninsular War' and Mill's 'Political Economy' twice over. Sir Colin visited

him daily, and showed him the most unbounded kindness.

When the monetary crisis assumed such formidable proportions in November 1857, I said, half in joke, to the magistrates of Glasgow, that they had better begin betimes to enlarge their prison accommodation. They laughed at my warning, and in reply, and as an excuse for doing nothing, observed that they did not see any connection between the *export* of sovereigns and the *import* of criminals. The events of the succeeding spring demonstrated, however, in the most striking manner, the intimate connection which exists under our present monetary system between a drain of gold upon the bank and a general depression of industry, accompanied by a serious and alarming increase of crime. The monetary crisis, which was of the severest kind, and had led to a suspension of the Bank Charter Act by Government, was attended, as is always the case, by a general prostration of credit, and to the trading classes ruinous reduction of prices. This as a natural consequence was followed by a reduction of wages; and the announcement of this immediately produced its usual effect of inducing the colliers and iron-miners to unite in a general strike, to prevent its being carried into execution. The leaders of the movement requested an interview with me, to discuss the expedience of this course and the chances of success in the struggle, which I willingly accorded. We met accordingly, and the discussion lasted three hours.

What I chiefly endeavoured to impress upon the leaders — Messrs Macdonald and others — was the intimate and immovable connection which existed between a contraction of the currency, from whatever cause proceeding, and a reduction of prices, and consequently of wages; and the extreme imprudence of their striking, and involving themselves and their families in severe and long-continued distress in an attempt, which necessarily in such circumstances must prove unsuccessful, to prevent the wages of labour from falling in proportion to the fall in the price of the commodities on which the labour was expended. "Strike," I said to them, "if you please, against the law which narrows the circulation in paper with every sovereign beyond a certain limit which is exported, and petition the House of Commons to have a law passed ordering the Bank of England, instead of contracting their issues with the export of gold, to *expand* them in proportion to the specie abstracted, and to declare the notes so issued to be a legal tender inconvertible into cash, but liable to be drawn in, and not again reissued when the gold returns; and then you will effectually prevent those fearful oscillations in prices, from which you and the whole working classes in the country suffer so severely. But do not, while you quietly acquiesce in the present monetary laws, which of necessity induce a circulation famine the moment a bad harvest or foreign war induces a great export of gold, commit the solecism of trying to

obviate its necessary effects on the wages of labour by the ruinous measure of a strike, which in such circumstances must be hopeless." They discussed the matter long and ably, though with that one-sided view which the working classes on such occasions never fail to exhibit; and after a time professed themselves satisfied with my reasoning, but declared that matters had gone so far on this occasion that they could not prevent the strike going on. They requested me to give their constituents an opportunity of hearing my views on the subject at large on some future occasion, which I promised to do.

The strike began accordingly in March 1858, and soon appeared in proportions which no previous movement of the kind had ever exhibited in Scotland. Before many weeks had elapsed, thirty-five thousand men were engaged in it, involving the bread of above a hundred thousand persons, in the three counties of Lanark, Ayr, and Stirling, of whom fully sixty thousand were in Lanarkshire alone. The crisis, therefore, was of the most violent kind, and it was the more so that it occurred at a season when cold and bad weather seriously aggravated the sufferings of the labouring classes out of employment. Fortunately the local authorities had a much larger and more efficient force to meet it than on any former occasion; and it may be added, that the experience of former strikes, and the immense impression produced over the country by the disclosures made

in the course of the cotton-spinners' trial in 1838, had made the leaders of the strike sensible how much they injured their own cause by having recourse to acts of violence. There were at that time in Lanarkshire two regiments of militia, commanded by Lord Belhaven and Colonel Buchanan of Drumpellier, and, what was perhaps of equal importance, there was a rural police under very efficient direction, consisting of 130 men. I immediately stationed one of these regiments at Coatbridge and Airdrie, while the other was at Hamilton and Lanark, the former of which had become a great mining emporium. Two troops of yeomanry were also called out, and stationed near Coatbridge, in the centre of the mining district; and strong bodies of police were located in the villages most immediately threatened. The result of these concurring circumstances was, that although the strike was attended with unspeakable suffering to those engaged in it, and immense loss to the tradesmen with whom they dealt, there then was greatly less violence used than on any former occasion. Indeed there was not one combination case tried at the circuit in the following spring; and there were no cases of intimidation and assault in pursuance of the strike, which were not adequately repressed by the police magistrates. As might have been expected, this strike proved unsuccessful; and after having lasted nearly four months, and cost the working classes in the three counties where it prevailed not less than £600,000, the workmen were

obliged to give in, and accept the terms offered them from the beginning by their masters.

During the spring I was under the necessity of making an application to the Secretary of State for an additional sheriff-substitute in Glasgow. The vast increase of business in that city had long rendered it evident that such an addition to the establishment was absolutely necessary, and the legal bodies in the city had repeatedly petitioned Government on the subject, while the press had unanimously supported the same view. The Sheriff Court Act, while it authorised such an appointment, required very properly that the necessity of the case should be certified by the Lord Justice-General, the Lord Justice-Clerk, and the Lord Advocate. The first and the last — M'Neill and Moncreiff—at once, on my application, certified the necessity of the appointment in the strongest terms; but the Lord Justice-Clerk professed himself by no means satisfied, and called for additional statistics—in particular, for returns of the cases which came into court in the year 1857 and 1858. This year being the year after the monetary crisis of 1857, it was anticipated that no increase at all, or at all events only a very trifling one, would be perceptible. As it turned out, however, the reverse was the fact; for the year 1858 was influenced by a still more severe monetary crisis than that of 1857; and the returns, in consequence, exhibited such an increase of cases over 1847, that the necessity of the

case was completely made out. The Lord Justice-Clerk died about this time, and when the matter came before his successor, Mr Inglis, he at once granted the certificate, and the Secretary of State sanctioned the appointment, which I conferred on a most deserving young man, Mr Mitford Morrison.

For some months after he lost his arm, A——'s wound progressed favourably, insomuch that he was able to march with the army when it began the campaign of 1858 to Futtehghur, and was present at the action there, and also was able to return with the troops to Cawnpore before the second advance on Lucknow in the March of next year. As these marches were performed by him on horseback, he thought his wound was completely healed, and he resumed his duties as military secretary with the Commander-in-Chief. But ere long he was painfully undeceived. On one occasion in mounting his horse hurriedly he bruised the stump of his lost arm, which broke out afresh, and being aggravated by the fatigue of riding, and the increasing heat of the weather, it ere long assumed the most menacing aspect. Fever appeared, and was daily rising; and his medical friends gave it as their decided opinion that his liver was affected, and that if he remained in India, no care could save his life. Sir Colin upon this insisted upon his coming home, to which A——, after holding out as long as possible, was compelled to give a reluctant consent. He set out accordingly on the 6th March, and bore the

journey well to Calcutta, where he arrived on the 9th. Indeed it was evident in his case, what I have often heard observed in others, that the excitement produced by change of air and scene was more beneficial to wounds than the fatigue and heat of travelling were hurtful. He had a successful voyage home, until he arrived in France; but in the course of the journey from Marseilles to Paris—which was performed partly in the night during very cold weather, with no adequate winter clothing—he received a severe chill, which resulted in an attack of jaundice, that nearly proved fatal.

We received the intelligence of A—— being on his way home on the 12th April. This was quite unexpected, as the previous accounts had represented him as entirely recovered, and as having resumed his duties with the Commander-in-Chief. Next day a telegram announced that he had reached London. He had been gazetted as Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel before his arrival. I instantly set out by the night train to meet him, and reached London by 11 A.M. the following morning. We met in Rawling's Hotel 37 Jermyn Street, our usual place of resort, where he was at breakfast with his kind brother-in-law, Mr Cutlar Fergusson, who happened to be in London at the time, and had hastened there to meet him. It may readily be conceived what a joyful meeting there was, and how many topics we had to discuss. He looked very thin, and his emaciated appearance afforded evidence of the severity of his wound, and

the danger he had run from the amputation; but on the whole he was much better than I had expected.

After staying a few days in London, A—— and I prepared to return to Scotland. Before leaving town, however, we attended a levee, where I had the satisfaction of presenting him to the Queen. Hardly had he returned to the hotel when a card arrived from the Lord Chamberlain, inviting him to dine that day with her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. A—— took Lady Malmesbury to dinner; and in the evening he was honoured by a command to come and speak to her Majesty, who conversed with him in the most animated way for nearly an hour on the Indian campaign, with the whole particulars of which she showed a thorough acquaintance.

A—— returned with me to Possil, where, as may well be believed, we had a most joyous meeting with his mother. Soon after his arrival at home, he received a gratifying proof of the estimation in which he was held by his countrymen, by an invitation, signed by the Lord Provost (Mr Galbraith), the magistrates, and chief merchants and citizens of Glasgow, to a public dinner, to welcome him on his return from the East.

The dinner took place in the Corporation Hall in Glasgow; and the success of it was complete. The chair was occupied by the Lord Provost, the croupiers were Sir James Campbell and Sir Andrew Orr, supported by nearly all the city and county magistrates, and one hundred and fifty of the most respect-

able and eminent citizens of Glasgow, including the city members. Sir John Maxwell of Pollock, and Mr Stirling of Keir, M.P. for Perthshire, were kind enough to come from Keir for the occasion; and the latter, whose genius and literary taste rendered his opinion of peculiar value, wrote the same night to Lady Alison, who was in London, congratulating her on the success of the demonstration, and speaking in very high terms of A——'s speech on the occasion, as "the very best and in the best taste of any I ever heard on such an occasion." In truth, though I say it that should not say it, it was impossible for any one to make a more becoming speech. Disclaiming any merit in himself, he ascribed at the outset the honour which had been conferred upon him, to the wish of their kind friends to indemnify his mother and myself for the anxiety we had suffered on his own and his brother's account, and to their desire to do honour to Sir Colin Campbell and the army of India. Passing then to the events of the campaign, he gave a graphic narrative of them, which excited general interest, not only in the company to whom it was addressed, but in those to whom it became known through the public press. It first opened the eyes of the public as to the great merits of Sir Colin Campbell's campaign, and the extraordinary difficulties with which he had had to contend in conducting it. I was congratulated in the warmest manner on leaving the room by all my friends. It was indeed the proudest day of my life, far ex-

ceeding in gratification any honour I myself had received.

After the dinner was over, A—— and I returned to London, where Lady Alison already was, to attend the Queen's ball. Lady Alison and I were the guests of our kind and valued friend, Lady Macdonald Lockhart, of Lee Castle, in Lanarkshire, whose house, always agreeable, was now enlivened by the presence of five charming daughters, of elegant forms and delightful manners, the eldest of whom was making her *début* in the fashionable world. We had ere long serious cause for alarm in the health of A——; and Dr Martin, whom he consulted, absolutely forbade his remaining in London, and enjoined country air and exercise, and a quiet life, as the only means of averting a serious illness. He remained accordingly only for the State ball on the 8th June, and immediately after returned to Scotland, where he employed his leisure hours in writing a narrative of the Indian War down to the commencement of the final advance on Lucknow in March 1858, which was published in October of the same year in 'Blackwood's Magazine.'[1] It effectually quashed, the clamour against Sir Colin Campbell's generalship, which had previously become violent, from the combined influence of military jealousy and civil animosity in India, because he would not give way to the savage measures urged by the intemperate public press in that country.

[1] Vol. lxxxiv. p. 480—"Lord Clyde's Campaign in India."

Lady Lockhart was kind enough to allow us to intersperse one of her great dinners with some of our own friends, and I availed myself of her permission to ask three distinguished men of my own profession—Sir Fitzroy Kelly, then Attorney-General, Sir Hugh Cairns, Solicitor-General, and the Lord Advocate of Scotland, Mr Inglis. We afterwards met Sir Fitzroy Kelly at Lady Londonderry's, at dinner in Holdernesse House, and dined with himself and a very charming party at his magnificent house in Piccadilly. We there met Lord Stanley, Sir H. Cairns, Mr Whiteside, and the two grandsons of the celebrated Tippoo Saib. Sir Fitzroy's great reputation as a lawyer was fully sustained by his vivacity and quickness in conversation, though it was not so pleasing as the parliamentary style, and savoured more of addressing juries and cross-examining witnesses. I have observed this peculiarity in nearly all the eminent English lawyers whom I have met with, and it prevails more in them than in legal men of corresponding eminence in Scotland. This is easily accounted for when it is recollected how large a portion of an English lawyer's life is spent in court, and how much talent at the Bar there is directed to the important tasks of cross-examining witnesses and addressing juries, from which legal necessity the Scotch lawyers were at that period exempt, from the most important pleadings being conducted in writing, which left them leisure for extra-professional studies. I have heard it said, in reference to this peculiarity :

"The human race is composed of three classes—men, women, and sergeants-at-law." This character in an especial manner belonged to Sergeant Wilde, afterwards Lord Chancellor Truro, whom we often met at Wishaw with Mademoiselle d'Esté, when he was paying attention to that able and accomplished lady. To these observations on English lawyers, however, I must make an exception in the case of Mr Whiteside and Sir H. Cairns, in whom the parliamentary element predominates over the legal, and who are in consequence, with their great abilities, among the most agreeable men it is possible to meet.

Sir Hugh Cairns is one of the most remarkable legal men of the age—it may be added, political men also. No one need be told that he is a first-rate lawyer, alike distinguished for his forensic eloquence, his skill in cross-examination and addressing juries, and the extent and depth of his legal knowledge. But in addition to this, he possesses talents and qualifications of a still higher kind; an enlarged mind, the soul of genius, and a heart that feels for his country. His speech on the great question of the Oudh land tenures sufficiently demonstrates this. In private society he has the simplicity and unaffected modesty which ever characterise true talent, accompanied by the quickness and vivacity which the habit of forensic contests so strongly develops in English lawyers. I regard my acquaintance with him as a very fortunate circumstance; and as he and Lady Cairns are intimate with Lady Lockhart and

her family, I hope the acquaintance may ripen into a friendship.

Mr Inglis, then Lord Advocate, is also a remarkable man, chiefly by his legal talents having so early raised himself to the high situation of Lord Justice-Clerk, which he at present holds. He is no common man who, at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, could have raised himself to such a situation, the more especially as, though of most respectable descent, he had not the advantage of aristocratic connections. His father was an able man, a minister of Edinburgh, long leader of the Moderate party in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and possessed of distinguished forensic and pulpit force and energy. Mr Inglis, his son, had risen rapidly at the Bar, and was Lord Advocate during the administration of Lord Derby in 1852. He was not possessed of any remarkable oratorical talents, and made little figure on the platform; but his legal acuteness was great, and few could state a case more forcibly to the Court when a question of jurisprudence arose. In private society his manners were pleasing and unassuming: few could be a more agreeable boon companion.

While in London my old friend John Hope, Lord Justice-Clerk, died suddenly from an affection in the head; and I was immediately assailed by my friends in Scotland with recommendations to make sure of my acquaintance with several members of the Cabinet to push forward a claim, either for that

judicial situation, or for some subordinate seat on the Bench in the event of any of the existing judges being promoted. I resolved, however, to do nothing of the kind, and never addressed a line or a word to Government on the subject. I knew that Inglis, as Lord Advocate, was entitled to the office; and I had no inclination to lower myself by any application on my own account. Besides, I had no wish to change my present situation. I was at the head of a Court which had proved a formidable rival to the Court of Session, and which decided double the number of serious cases which were disposed of by the whole of the judges in the Supreme Court put together. Added to this, that I had now been nearly a quarter of a century sheriff of Lanarkshire, and as such I would be entitled to the *maximum* retired allowance of three-fourths of my present salary; whereas if I went on the Bench at Edinburgh, ten years must elapse before I became entitled to any retiring allowance at all. At my age of sixty-six this consideration was decisive.

On leaving London we paid a visit to Lady Londonderry, at her beautiful villa of Seaham Hall, near Seaham, where we met Dr Longley, the Bishop of Durham, afterwards Archbishop of York. We were with him three days there, and he subsequently paid us a visit of the same length at Possil. I have made few acquaintances in life which I value more than that of this upright and admirable prelate. Without being gifted with the brilliant oratorical

talents which made Bossuet immortal, or the amiable fancy which has made Fénélon a household word throughout the world, he possesses in an eminent degree those qualities which fit him to discharge the important duties of those elevated stations in the English Church to which he has been called. He is the model of a Christian bishop. Mild and unassuming in his manners, patriotic in his feelings, benevolent in his disposition, he is pre-eminently fitted to fill the archiepiscopal chair to which, fortunately for the country, he has been now called. He has considerable administrative talents, and is zealously attached to the interests, spiritual and temporal, of his diocese or province; but as much as the good which he has effected, and is effecting, it is the charm of his manner which wins every heart. His object seems to be to realise the words of the poet—

> "By winning words to conquer willing minds,
> And make persuasion do the work of fear."

And never did human being more completely succeed in that truly Christian object. When we first met him he was in his sixtieth year, but the vigour of his constitution and youthfulness of his manner made him look ten years younger. He was a widower, and had one married daughter; another, still unmarried, resided with him, and had inherited her father's suavity and charm of manner.

In August of this year we paid another visit to Buchanan House, the beautiful seat of the Duke

of Montrose, near Loch Lomond. Lord Bathurst was one of the guests, as were Sir James Fergusson, M.P. for Ayrshire, and Sir David Baird, A.D.C. to Lord Clyde in India. Lord Bathurst, whom we had often met in London, was long a member of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet, and great part of Lord Castlereagh's official correspondence in 1814 and 1815 was addressed to him. He was very old at this time, and evidently lived in the reminiscences of former days. His manners were mild and pleasing, and his memory entire; but he did not strike me as a man of remarkable ability, and it was with some surprise that I reflected on the positions he had held in the Cabinet in former and arduous times. The weather was beautiful during our visit, and we had several charming expeditions, one in particular to the Duke's deer-park, formed by one of the largest islands in Loch Lomond.

Later in the same autumn we passed several most agreeable days at the hospitable mansion of Mr Stirling of Keir, near Stirling. The party consisted of the Honourable Mrs Norton, Lord Ardmillan, Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and a few others. But its principal attraction was Mr Gladstone, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, who for good and for evil has now left his name indelibly impressed on the tablets of his country. I had been acquainted with him when he was a young man, and he had dined once or twice at our house

in St Colme Street; but I had not seen him for above twenty years, and in the interval he had become a leading parliamentary orator and a great man. I was particularly observant, therefore, of his manner and conversation, and I was by no means disappointed in either. In manner he had the unaffected simplicity of earlier days, without either the assumption of superiority, which might have been natural from his parliamentary eminence, or the official pedantry so common in persons who have held high situations in the state. In conversation he was rapid, easy, and fluent, and possessed in the highest degree that great quality so characteristic of a powerful mind, so inestimable in discoursing, of quickly apprehending what was said on the other side, and in reply setting himself at once to meet it fairly and openly. He was at once energetic and discursive, enthusiastic, but at times visionary. It was impossible to listen to him without pleasure; but equally so to reflect on what he said without grave hesitation. He left on my mind the impression of his being the best discourser on imaginative topics, and the most dangerous person to be intrusted with practical ones, I had ever met with. He gave more the impression of great scholastic acumen than of weighty statesman-like wisdom. Eminent at the university, and transferred without any practical training in the business of life at once from its shades to the House of Commons, he was like the ecclesiastics who in Catholic countries were often

transferred direct from the cloister to the Cabinet, and began to operate on mankind as they would do on a dead body to elucidate certain obscure points of physics, and who have so often proved at once the ablest and most dangerous of governors. After observing his turn of thought for three days, especially in conversation with Mrs Norton and Lady Alison, who kept him admirably in play, I formed in my own mind the measure of his public capacity, and was not surprised at the perilous measure of finance on which he at once adventured when soon after intrusted with the duties of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

This summer was distinguished by an event of great importance to my family, and which in every point of view has been attended by unmixed blessings. My eldest son—now Colonel Alison—had formed an acquaintance before he went to India with Miss Black, only daughter of the late Mr James Black, one of the most enterprising and successful merchants in Glasgow. Possessed of remarkable talents, blended with singular taste and refinement of mind, Mr Black had early in life made a large fortune, and being in delicate health he had spent the last years of his life in travelling, in the course of which he had visited every part of Italy, and had latterly spent two winters at Madeira. He died, however, at the early age of thirty-nine, leaving a family consisting, besides his widow, of three sons and one daughter, of whom one son died in childhood. A—— paid a visit

to Mrs Black at a beautiful villa which she occupied at Dunoon, on the banks of the Clyde, and there on her birthday, June 20th, the affair with her daughter was settled.

The marriage took place on the 18th November following, in St Mary's Chapel, Glasgow. So great was the public interest and curiosity on the subject, that from an early hour in the morning the doors of the chapel were beset with a numerous crowd anxious to obtain admission; and the moment the doors were opened at ten, every corner of the chapel was filled with spectators. Thousands went away unable to obtain an entrance. The ceremony was performed by our esteemed friend the Rev. Mr Oldham, the incumbent of the cure; Sir David Baird, who had been with my son on Sir Colin Campbell's staff in India, was best man. The appearance of the newly married couple excited universal interest, especially as they had both been known by sight to many of the spectators from early years. They set off amidst the cheers of an immense crowd from the bride's mother's house for Rome and Naples, where they passed the winter in a continual circle of gaiety and happiness. Subsequent experience has not belied these flattering prognostics; on the contrary, it has outstripped our most sanguine hopes. I do not believe there is a happier couple in Britain than they have been and are. To great personal attractions Mrs Alison unites good sense, sterling abilities, remarkable taste for the fine arts, an affec-

tionate disposition, and the advantages of a refined education. I regard her alliance with our family as one of the most fortunate events of my life.

If our family this autumn was the scene of joy and festivity, another dear to us was plunged in anxiety and mourning. The pale look and increasing thinness of Lady Clementina Villiers of late, while it had enhanced rather than diminished her marble-like beauty, had awakened the serious apprehensions of her friends; and by the advice of her physicians, Lady Jersey in August took her to Germany for the benefit of the baths and change of air. They settled and spent two months at Kissingen, where her remarkable beauty and delicate aspect awakened universal interest and admiration. For a time she was decidedly the better of the change; but unhappily she was seized by a low fever before leaving it, and she returned home in November with the seeds of a mortal malady in her frame. She reached Middleton, Lord Jersey's seat in Oxfordshire, in safety, and strong hopes were for some days entertained of her recovery, but they were destined to prove fallacious. She gradually became weaker, and Lady Jersey wrote to me requesting me to write to her daughter, "as she is always the better of your letters." I did so instantly, giving an account of our son's marriage; and she wrote to me in return in the kindest manner, but with expressions which revealed in an alarming degree her sense of approaching dissolution. Her anticipation proved too

well founded — that letter was the last she ever wrote; "her last effort," as Lady Jersey expressed it, in announcing the fatal event to me. She was calm and collected in her last moments, oblivious of self, and solicitous only for others, as through her whole life. "Good-bye, dear mamma," were her last words: she sank back on her pillow and expired. If ever a spotless spirit winged its way to heaven, hers did so on that occasion.

Lady Clementina Villiers was not only one of the most charming and delightful women of her age, but at the same time the most favourable type of a variety in the human species more perfect than any other country ever produced—the high-bred and highly educated woman of the highest fashion. Born of a noble family, descended from an ancient race, gifted by nature with uncommon elegance and beauty, these advantages, great as they were, constituted the least part of her attractions. It was the enchantment of her manner, kind and engaging to all, making no invidious distinctions in favour of any, which won every heart; while the superiority of her talents and the vast extent of her information rendered her conversation valuable to men of the highest cast, both in Government and political or literary circles. Having lived all her life in the first circles, both in her own country and on the Continent, she had become acquainted at different times with most of the eminent men who had played a part on the theatre of Europe of late years: her

conversation was of Metternich and Schwarzenburg, of Wellington, of Chateaubriand, and of Guizot, as much as of Bulwer, Lord Derby, or Disraeli. Though oppressed often by the gay life she was compelled to lead, and the incessant letters she had to write for her parents, she found time to devote several hours every day to study, and, after returning from balls at three in the morning, usually rose at seven for that purpose.

Among the mysteries in which human affairs are involved, one of the greatest and most inexplicable is the different degrees in which, without any moral difference, joy and sorrow seem to be meted out to different individuals, or to the same individuals at different periods of life. Lady Jersey had enjoyed hitherto a very brilliant, and, upon the whole, happy existence, but the muffled drum was in prospect: never was accumulated upon a single head in a short period a greater accumulation of misfortunes than that which now fell on that of this estimable and talented lady. Within the period of a year she lost her daughter Lady Clementina, her husband Lord Jersey, her brother the Earl of Westmoreland, her dear friend and relative Lady Peel, and her son Lord Jersey! The common proverb that misfortunes never come singly proves how generally its truth has been experienced in the ordinary lives of men.

I was now approaching the termination of the second part of the 'History of Europe.' It was

begun on January 1, 1852, and as the period of seven years from that date drew nigh, I became extremely desirous to complete it if I could on the seventh anniversary of its commencement. To attain this object, I worked very hard during the last month of 1858; and as the beginning of 1859 drew near, my anxiety became extreme to finish it within the appointed time. Still, however, I adhered to my resolution of never writing in the evening, and of concluding all my literary labours before twelve o'clock in the forenoon. As the work had extended much beyond the limits which I originally contemplated, and the public were naturally and with reason beginning to grumble at a length which seemed interminable, it was indispensable to conclude it in the eighth volume, now printing, which had already assumed alarming proportions; and to accomplish this, it was necessary both to condense very much the narrative, and to cut out a great deal which would have been a valuable addition to some parts of it. These circumstances increased very much the difficulties of the last volume, perhaps the most important of any, as it embraced the Revolution of 1848, and consequent wars in Italy and Hungary. At length, however, these were all overcome; and on January 1, 1859, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, with Lady Alison sitting by my side, I had the satisfaction of writing the last line of the last page, being that day seven years from the day when it was commenced, and that day *thirty years*

since the first page of the first volume of the original series had been written.

It is a very rare thing for the composition of any literary work to extend over so long a period, and still more for any author to have the unbroken health necessary for its completion, and the means of purchasing the large library required for the compilation of a historical work of such magnitude, and embracing so great a variety of details. As there were no public libraries containing the works I required in Lanarkshire, nor indeed in Scotland, and I had no time to go to London, it was indispensable to purchase all the books myself; and during the period when the work was in course of being written, I expended on the books requisite for it not less than £5000 sterling. I felt a legitimate pride in the reflection that this great library, unique in Britain in the historical class for which it was collected, had been purchased entirely from my own unaided resources; and that as I began it without private fortune, and my official salary was absorbed in my family expenses and life insurances, it was from the work itself that the means of continuing it had been derived.

During this long period, however, a remarkable difference had arisen both in the manner in which the work was received by the public, and the temper in regard to it evinced by the reviewers. My first History had been on the whole very favourably treated, to an extent indeed often beyond its merits; and even

the 'Edinburgh Review,' in an elaborate article, had criticised it with a candour which was hardly to have been anticipated in regard to the narrative of events of recent occurrence in a party journal. The case, however, was widely different with the second part of the work, which dipped into contemporary events, still the object of vehement party contention. I was now assailed on all sides, with an asperity which was much beyond the rude but honest expression of political hostility. It was *personal*, not general, and betrayed the bitterness of literary animosity. The 'Edinburgh' now reviewed my Continuation in a malignant spirit, and with extraordinary ignorance of the subject. The same temper and disposition was conspicuous in articles on the Continuation in 'Fraser's Magazine,' and in one in the 'Dublin University Magazine.'

In one respect I stood in a peculiar position amidst this tempest of hostile criticism. In general, when a writer is assailed by party reviewers on one side, he is defended by the party reviewers on the other. But with me this was far from being the case. Of the reverse there then could not be a stronger proof than was afforded by the 'Quarterly Review,' which during the thirty years that it was in course of publication, had *never reviewed my History at all*, nor mentioned it, even in a note, except in terms of studied disparagement. I knew that this remarkable reticence in regard to a work which had gone through ten editions, was owing to personal causes.

The feeling began with Mr Croker, who was naturally provoked in the outset at my getting the start of him on a subject with which he was very familiar, and on which he had made great collections, with a view to annals from his own pen. His influence in the conduct of the 'Quarterly Review' was sufficient to exclude my work from its pages as long as he lived. After his death, a similar or analogous feeling got up among the contributors to this,—with the exception of 'Blackwood,'—the only remaining Conservative periodical in the kingdom. I was not one of themselves; I did not belong to any literary clique in London; I made no attempt to gain their goodwill,—and yet there were the ten editions staring them in the face, and the author a Scotchman, dwelling in a remote county, was well known in London society. These considerations sufficiently explain the scarcely disguised hostility of the London Conservative press towards me of late years; but the same causes could not be considered as having actuated the Liberal press, which was more open in its attacks. I have often reflected on this circumstance, with an anxious desire to get at the bottom of it. I did not know one of the London or English reviewers, either in the daily or periodical press. I had never attacked or injured one of them, and I was ignorant even of their names, and would not have known them if I had seen them. I could not ascribe their hostility to literary jealousy: there were no symptoms of such a feeling in regard to

Macaulay, Bulwer, Dickens, or many others who had acquired a more general popularity than any author could who espoused the Conservative side in politics. The cause to which, after much consideration, I am inclined to ascribe it, is the increasing *Liberal* spirit of the age, and the animosity excited by the sight of an author enjoying a certain amount of popularity, and steadily resisting the growing political feelings of the majority. They had become so accustomed to carry everything before them of late years, and were so deluded by the constrained yielding of Conservatives on the platform, on the hustings, in the House of Commons, in the press, to the popular voice on every subject, that they could not restrain their indignation at an author who resisted the alleged lights of the age, and amidst a deluge of Liberal views and convictions still asserted the old opinions. They felt the same rage at any author who disturbed these settled opinions, as the Roman Catholic hierarchy did against the Reformers in the days of Luther, who desired the supremacy of the Pope. As Bulwer said, "You need not wonder at being attacked: if they had had the power, they would have burnt you."

But the political leaders on both sides showed me great kindness and attention, and spoke of my work in terms very different from those of the reviewers. In the only instance where a reviewer hazarded remarks not on the words or opinions, but on the facts adduced in the work, in the article above mentioned

in the 'Edinburgh Review,' he fell into such a series of blunders, admirably shown up in 'Blackwood,' that even the journals on his own side were obliged to admit that he had gone beyond his depth and fallen into serious errors. I felt greatly obliged to the critics for their remarks on words; for being by nature exceedingly careless on that subject, I was much benefited by their observations.

The 25th January 1859, was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Burns, and great preparations were being made to celebrate it with *éclat*. The public enthusiasm increased daily, and as the day approached the excitement became extreme. The dinner in Glasgow was in an especial manner the object of interest, as Colonel Burns, the son of the poet, had promised to be present there on the occasion. The committee intrusted with its direction early applied to me to take the chair on the occasion; but being very averse to such displays, when not called on for the purposes of charity or public duty, I earnestly recommended them to get some eminent man from a distance, who might prove a greater attraction than a person with whom they were all familiar. They were unsuccessful, however, in doing so, and I was ultimately obliged to undertake the duties of chairman. The dinner took place in the City Hall, when covers were laid for 800, which were rapidly filled up. Besides this there were several other dinners at a cheaper rate in different parts of the city, and the excitement

the whole day was very great. We had a large party in the house, including my able and agreeable friend Mr Monckton Milnes and Colonel Burns, who gave universal satisfaction from the unaffected simplicity and quaintness of his manner, and the beauty with which he sang some of his father's songs. The dinner went off with great *éclat;* and no toast in Scotland was probably ever received with greater enthusiasm than that of "The immortal memory of Robert Burns" was that evening. The speech I made in proposing it was of course very eulogistic, but not more so than what I really felt; for from my earliest years I had entertained the utmost admiration for the Scottish bard. I had an hereditary right to do so; for my father, who was intimately acquainted with him, was so impressed with his genius while he was as yet unknown to fame, that he kept the original copy of "Auld Lang Syne," which the bard gave him, till it literally fell to pieces in his waistcoat-pocket.

CHAPTER XVII.

COMMITTEE OF HOUSE OF COMMONS ON TRANSPORTATION, TO THE CONCLUSION OF THE CASTLEREAGH LIVES.

1859-1861.

We went up to London earlier than usual this year (1859) in consequence of a summons I received to attend a Committee of the House of Commons on transportation and penal servitude. I was examined at great length, and with considerable minuteness, by the committee, as the opinions I advanced on the subject were adverse to those which it was the object of the majority of the Committee to establish. Their aim was to make out that penal servitude was much better than transportation; mine that it was infinitely worse, and that the removal of convicts to a distant colony was the best system which human wisdom had ever devised, at once for the mother country, the colony, and the convicts. The grounds of this opinion, which I stated, as I felt it very strongly, were the same as those advanced in three articles I had written some years before in 'Blackwood,' and which were reprinted in my collected

Essays. In the course of my examination I gave one instance of the working of the penal servitude system, so extraordinary that I would hardly have ventured to adduce it if I had not had the superintendent of police at my back to confirm the statement, which he accordingly did. It was to this effect. A man was convicted in 1856 of a garrote robbery in Glasgow, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude; and within a year of the first conviction, in 1857, he was again caught in a second garrote robbery in Glasgow, and sentenced to twenty years. Within another year, in 1858, he was caught a third time in a garrote robbery in Glasgow, and was given a sentence for life. He had not in any one of these instances made his escape from the place where he was undergoing his penal servitude; he was simply liberated on ticket-of-leave, because their cells were full, and they did not know where to put him. This startling fact produced a considerable impression, but the majority in favour of the new system was decided, and so the Committee reported accordingly.

To one who considers the subject dispassionately, and who has had practical experience of the effects of the system thus recommended, it appears one of the most extraordinary facts recorded in history, that a policy which lets loose upon society annually from the penal reformatories from two to three thousand criminals of the most hardened character, rendered adepts in their calling by associating so long together, should

for a moment be tolerated in a country anxiously bent on social amelioration and the diminution of crime. Still more extraordinary must it appear when it is recollected that Great Britain possesses colonial settlements in every quarter of the globe, containing ample room for penal colonies for ten centuries to come, and where the most prosperous outlets for our population, and markets for our manufactures, might with ease and certainty be established by the forced labour of the most dangerous and burdensome classes of the community at home. Foreign nations are never weary of expressing the immense advantages which this country possesses for the disposal and utilisation of its criminal population in its numerous and thriving colonies, and the deplorable effects which have resulted to them from the want of them; while experience has proved that the objections of the colonies to the reception of convicts may at once be turned into an ardent desire for them, by the simple expedient of sending out four or five times the number of free emigrants that there are of convicts, which would at once make the colony so favoured distance all its competitors. Yet is the nation content to forego all these immense advantages, and submit voluntarily to the manifold evils of the galleys, so grievously felt and feelingly described in all the statistical writers on the Continental States!

It is the combined influence of three circumstances which has produced this strange and otherwise inex-

plicable phenomenon. The first is, that the substitution of penal servitude for transportation, though the cause of a vast additional burden upon society and the nation as a whole, is productive, in the first instance at least, of a great reduction of the charges coming on the Exchequer. The expense of sending the convicts out at fifteen guineas a-head is avoided; the duration of penal servitude is seldom half of what that of transportation would have been; and in three cases out of four, when the liberated convict is again apprehended for a fresh crime he is unknown, and escapes with a few months' or days' imprisonment, the cost of which falls not on the executive but on the counties. It was stated to me in the Committee by one of the members, that this saved £300,000 a-year to Government by throwing it on the counties. In the next place, a very numerous and influential party in the State, the advocates of moral and religious instruction, eagerly clutch at a body of men who might be *compelled* to submit to their theoretical training; and who, they flatter themselves, by the mere force of education and religious cramming, may within the four walls of their cells, without the aid of any external appliances or change of scene and associates, be converted from utter profligates to useful and decorous members of society. In the third place, the establishment of penal reformatories on a great scale in different parts of the country, and the general adoption of a system of moral and religious education in all places of confinement, quickly reared

up a body of men who are personally interested in the maintenance of the new system, and spare no efforts to secure its continuance. The whole body of inspectors, chaplains, schoolmasters, and other functionaries employed about the convicts, and whose numbers increase with every augmentation of the persons confined, are directly interested in upholding the new system, and would be turned adrift if it were either abolished or materially abridged. Of the extent of the sums lavished upon this class of employees, some idea may be formed from the fact, that above one-half of the cost of every prisoner confined in jail—which is paid by the counties—goes for moral and religious instruction, and the cost of penal establishments at home has now risen with the abolition of transportation to £1,400,000 a-year! Thus the new system goes on, while its effects are visible in the frightful revolts of Portland and Chatham, and the deplorable increase of murders, robberies, and serious crimes of late years, which have with reason attracted so much attention.[1]

[1] "The offences against property and person now committed in our streets make us rub our eyes, and ask ourselves what century we are living in. Crime is evidently making a fresh start; it is becoming young again; there is the spring and saliency of a new morning of life about its ways and habits. It sticks at nothing, and marks its prey as coolly in our thoroughfares as if it were watching in the lane or forest. A man is knocked down, robbed, and garrotted amid the blaze of lamps, with the police in call, and with cabs and foot-passengers close upon him. In what part of London can you pronounce yourself absolutely safe, when you leave your party and take your walk home? There was a time, and that not long ago, when any of her Majesty's subjects carried his watch or his purse as safe from St Paul's to Whitechapel, or

I was examined about the same time on another subject of great social interest, at least in Scotland—that of arrestment of wages. To understand this subject, it must be premised that the law of Scotland authorises creditors to receive payment of their debts in three ways, which may all be put in force at the same time—viz., by seizure of the person, for any established debt above £8, 6s. 8d.; by distraining of furniture or other movable effects; and by arrestment in the employer's hands of any money due to the

from Cheapside to the City Road, as from his own front door to his own back door; and when it never occurred to him that he might not at the end of his walk have all the teeth in his head that he had at the beginning, or have his skull as compact and smooth as when he started."—'Times.'

"It is pretty well known to what we owe this new and insolent race of criminals; that we owe them to the ticket-of-leave system. England is now trying the experiment of 'absorbing' her own criminals, and she does not find it altogether a profitable one. But, if we cannot transport offenders to our colonies as we used to do, this is an experiment which we must make, and we must take the consequences of it, so far as the experiment itself is necessary. The question is, however, whether we are not giving the most gratuitously extravagant form to this experiment by our present ticket-of-leave system. A class of convicted criminals, who have undergone the full period of punishment, and therefore *must* be let loose, is one thing; but a class whom we let loose upon society before their term of punishment is over is another thing. It is certain from the plainest statistics that outrage and violent crimes increase in proportion as the ticket-of-leave multiplies. The judicial statistics of last year give an increase of 556 burglaries over the preceding year, and the same judicial statistics give an increase also of about a thousand tickets-of-leave in that year over the preceding year. Nor have we seen the last of this growth and multiplication. The Penal Servitude Act of 1853, which did not allow mitigation of sentence, dies out this year, and leaves full and uninterrupted scope to the ticket-of-leave system. We may therefore expect a still larger harvest of this class of crimes. It is evident that something must be done."—'Times,' August 4, 1862.

party from whom payment is sought to be recovered. In the case of the working classes, as most of their debts are below £8, 6s. 8d., and furniture or other movable effects they have none, it is by arrestment of the wages due to them by their employers that in nine cases out of ten payment can be effected; and this, accordingly, is regarded by those who supply them with food and other necessaries, as their sheet-anchor, and in fact only mode of payment. On the other hand, this summary mode of transferring wages due to him from the workman to his creditor often came to press with extreme severity upon the former, especially as that restraint was permitted on what is called "the dependence,"—that is, on the issuing of a writ demanding payment, before any decree had been pronounced finding that anything was due by the workman. This state of the law had long led to serious complaints on both sides. The workmen, supported by the Radicals and philanthropists, contended for an entire abrogation of the creditor's right of arrestment, so far as wages were concerned, in which they were supported by the master employers, to whom arrestment of their workmen's wages was a source of infinite trouble and annoyance. The shopkeepers and retail dealers urged that if arrestment of wages were taken away, they would be left without any means, practically speaking, of recovering payment of their debts; and they would be driven by absolute necessity to a stern refusal of credit to all workmen, which in periods

of distress or commercial embarrassment would be equivalent to consigning them to beggary.

I felt deeply interested in this question, and was several times examined regarding it; for long experience had rendered me familiar with the evils and dangers on both sides, and convinced me that nothing would mitigate the one or avert the other but a middle course, equally removed from what was contended for by either side. Perfectly aware as I was of the extreme embarrassment which the present system brought on the working classes, and the real foundation which their complaints had, I was yet not the less convinced that, practically, arrestment of wages was the only effectual means by which creditors could receive payment of their debts from a large proportion of the working classes, and that to cut it off would be to deprive the latter of all credit. This appeared a terrible state of things to contemplate in a country where, under the existing monetary laws, a money famine was likely to recur every two or three years, followed by a vast multitude of the working classes being suddenly deprived of employment, and where the decisions of the Court of Session had declared that the able-bodied poor, though unable to find employment, had no claim on their respective parishes for relief during their distress. Holding these views, I stated them strongly before several committees of the House of Commons, and the result was considerable modifications of the right of arrestment of wages, without going the length of its

total repeal. The most important of these modifications were,—a limitation of the right of arrestment of wages to debts established by decree, excluding those on the dependence of an action; and an enactment that the wages were only arrestable so far as they did not exceed a "just aliment" to the workman.

But here a new difficulty arose. The courts were divided as to what should be deemed a "just aliment." What was sufficient for a man in one situation and without a family, was evidently insufficient for one in another situation, and burdened with a wife and children. I myself uniformly went on the principle of holding half the wages to be alimentary, and decerning in favour of the creditor only for the other half; a system which was as near an approximation as might be to the justice of each particular case, and was recommended by its simplicity, a matter of the highest importance where laws are concerned which practically regulate the rights and interests of large bodies of men. But other sheriffs fixed a specific sum to be deemed alimentary, and sacred from seizure in each particular case. This led to uncertainty in the practice of the courts in this particular, and the masters seeing that, made the laying on of an arrestment the ground of retaining the *whole* wages of the workman, on the plea that they did not know how much the court might eventually allow as aliment, and that the only way to be safe was to retain the whole till the matter was settled, which was often not for months after. To

remedy this evil, I suggested to the Lord Advocate that in addition to abrogating arrestment on the dependence of an action, the writ served on the master for execution on a decree should contain a distinct notice that it was a warrant to pay over to the creditor only a half of the arrested wages, and that the other half should in every case be paid over to the workman or his family. But this medium did not please the extreme party on either side—the one contending for total abolition of arrestment of wages, the other for its complete and unlimited restoration; and in this strife nothing was done, and arrestment of wages with its worst evils still remains —a continual source of annoyance to masters, and of distress to the persons in their employment.

This leads me to remark how great an evil all persons practically engaged in the administration of affairs find it to be, that laws are in general passed in the legislature by persons almost entirely unacquainted with their practical operation when put in force. This evil had been long and sorely felt in the British Parliament, and it was one of the main arguments urged in favour of the Reform Bill, that by enlarging the base of the legislature, it would bring in persons really acquainted with the wants of the country, and capable of discerning what measures were calculated to relieve them. This benefit, however, has by no means been experienced. The reformed House of Commons contains, indeed, a great mass of practical talent, forming a large majority of

its members; but it is practical talent divided by separate interests, each of which is actuated by the desire to promote its own advantage, and familiar with the means of doing so, but unacquainted with, or indifferent to, the wants of others. Thus any measure calculated for the general good, and not for the advancement of the interests or satisfaction of the desires of a particular section, meets with little or no support from the majority; while those calculated to give advantage to one interest at the expense of another, excite the most vivid attention, and are supported with the utmost earnestness, and often with great ability. The speculative part of the assembly again, whose feelings prompt them to support measures calculated for the general good, are very often destitute of the practical knowledge necessary to carry their views into effect, and vehemently support measures seemingly beneficial, but which in reality have often in the end a pernicious effect. The most obvious way of rectifying this great evil, which materially neutralises the good effect of free institutions, is to compose the Cabinet for the most part of persons trained to the administration of affairs, like the intendants of provinces in the old French monarchy, a system which produced a Sully, a Colbert, a Torcy, and a Louvois. But how such a system is to be reconciled with the necessities of government in a constitutional monarchy, depending on the majority of a popularly elected assembly, to be swayed mainly by the oratorical talents of its members, constitutes a

difficulty which probably will never be wholly overcome.

To these general remarks on the want of practical acquaintance with affairs in the leading members of administration, or the House of Commons, who have been trained in the debates of Parliament, not in the administration of its laws, an exception must be made in the case of Lord Stanley. I was much thrown with him in the course of this spring, both in parliamentary committees and in private, and I was very much struck with his character and abilities. Nature has by no means been favourable to him in the qualities requisite to form a powerful public speaker. He has an impediment in his speech, which makes him like a person speaking with a ball in his mouth, and compels slow and impeded articulation; and although gifted by nature with a vivid imagination, he seldom ventures to give it free scope. But these obstacles have been overcome by a resolute will, a persevering disposition, and a powerful mind. The very subjugation of a poetical and imaginative turn has given the more vigour to his intellect, and to the practical views which he takes of all projected measures. Whether he discourses on education, on strikes, on church rates, or religious institutions, he shows that he not only looks to the practical results of proposed measures, but is familiar with the probable effects they are likely to produce. He often uses expressions original and striking, which indicate a profound and

reflecting mind. But its general inclination is practical; and to any one really engaged in the concerns of men, it is at once apparent that he has remarkable administrative talents, and is eminently qualified to make a great statesman. It is very singular that these qualities should be found in a young man, the heir of a great fortune and ancient family, who has a hereditary right to eloquence of the highest order, but has never been trained by actual experience to the practical administration of affairs.

The spring of 1860 was marked by a joyous event in our family, which requires special notice in this biography. My youngest son, F——, had been A.D.C. to Lord Clyde during his whole campaign in India since they landed at Calcutta in July 1857, and he had been in every one of the battles under him during that period. He had thus been in the action at Futtehghur, the capture of Lucknow, the taking of Bareilly, the conquest of Oudh, and every action great and small which had since A——'s departure been fought in India. During these operations he took small-pox, caught from attending the lamented Sir William Peel, who was in the same tent when labouring under the same disorder, of which also his brother A.D.C. Forster died. Nothing could exceed Sir Colin's kindness to him during this malady, which was of the most virulent kind: despite all F——'s entreaties to the contrary, he came to his tent every day, and once sat on his bed for twenty minutes, inhaling the infected atmosphere, which had

already proved so fatal. It gives some idea of the terms, almost boyish, that great commander was on with his aides-de-camp, when I mention that at last F—— said to him, as he sat on the bed, "Sir, if you don't go away, I'll shy a boot at your head." He recovered, after being for some days given over, and was soon on horseback again, able to take a part in the most arduous duties of the campaign, till it was finally closed by the brilliant charge of the 7th Hussars, headed by Sir William Russell, on the last body of the Sepoy horse, which drove them into the frontier stream of Nepaul, out of the British territory. The war being over, in the spring of this year Sir Colin kindly gave F—— leave of absence a few weeks before he himself returned, to enable him to arrive in time for the London season. We received at Possil one day, to our great surprise, a letter from India saying he was coming home, and two days after he awoke us at seven in the morning by his animated voice and ringing laugh. He was no longer the joyous youth, but the full-grown man, very handsome, and with high spirits, but with a cast of sternness in his expression, which showed that in the Crimea and India he had suffered and seen much. He immediately went to London, and plunged into society, in which in town or country he has for the last two years been constantly immersed. He is still as affectionate, kind-hearted a creature as ever; and all the flattery of beauty and fashion has never lessened the enduring attachments of home.

After the termination of my second History on January 1, 1859, I rested for nearly three months, engaged only in my professional duties and in the revision of my last work for a new edition. I felt, however, after a short time, that I had something still to do, and that I could now no longer with propriety delay the performance of the promise made five years before to Lady Londonderry that I would write the life of her husband. I at first thought of making the projected biography a life of him alone, and I was sanguine enough to hope it could be accomplished in a volume of four hundred pages, to be finished in six months. But I soon found, in looking into the subject, that these views were entirely erroneous; and both that Sir Charles Stewart's military life did not present sufficient objects of interest, taken alone, to form an interesting biography, and that his political career was so interwoven with that of Lord Castlereagh, that the one could not be given with truth without the other. I determined, accordingly, to make it a joint biography; and I had the satisfaction of learning from Lady Londonderry, when at Wynyard in this spring, that Mr Croker, whose acquaintance with these subjects was well known, had expressed to her the same opinion. I commenced an active search through the mass of letters there, and selected a great number for quotation, which were copied out by her ladyship's secretary, and the copies given to me. I began the work regularly on 27th March

1859, and fixed my average daily at three quarto pages. This implied, however, four pages a-day on the five days in the week when I was not at my early court; and I soon came to my former allowance of five pages, except on Mondays and Thursdays, when, from being early in court, I could never manage more than two pages. I worked at this rate regularly and assiduously during the next two years, never intermitting a day, and taking my papers with me and continuing my labours wherever I went. I soon became deeply interested in the subject, and found as I advanced how much more simple biography is than regular history, and how easy it is to follow out the record of a single life and render it interesting, compared with pursuing the multifarious threads of general history.

In the composition of this biography I adopted a plan inconsistent with the usual practice, and which called forth many strictures from the reviewers. It was to give a full account of the transactions, whether civil or military, in which either brother had borne a part. This plan was adopted from a conviction that the *private* life in particular of Lord Castlereagh—a civilian, and not checkered by many striking personal incidents—could not be made interesting, and that the importance of his *public* actions could not be either explained or appreciated, unless the whole concurring circumstances in which they occurred were fully given. National prejudice, party zeal, and disappointed ambition, had been such as

to give a false view of many of the great events in Europe at the close of the war, and I early perceived that the peculiar importance of Lord Castlereagh's and Sir Charles Stewart's services in the Cabinet and in the field could not be properly brought out but by a full narrative of the contemporary events on which their actions had borne an influence. This was more especially the case in reference to the campaigns of 1813 and 1814 in Germany and France, and the Congress of Vienna in 1815. The most important authorities and documents regarding them, and those most clearly bringing out the effects of Lord Castlereagh's policy, had only come to light within the last few years, and in great part since the publication of even the last editions of my general History. I resolved to style my work 'Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Sir Charles Stewart, with Annals of Contemporary Events in which they bore a part.' But though this title somewhat lessened it did not stop the outcry which was raised against the work on its first appearance, because it was constructed on the principle of Cæsar's 'Commentaries' and Quintus Curtius's 'Life of Alexander,' and did not abound with private anecdotes or scandalous stories.

Hitherto my life had been one of almost unbroken felicity, at least of as great happiness and prosperity as ever attends those in a world of probation and change. I had indeed lost my parents and three of my sisters; but these were no more than the average of bereavements which are common to all; and in my

own family since my marriage I had experienced nothing but happiness. In my wife I had found more than I even anticipated in the first fervour of youth and romance. We had now "summered it and wintered it together," and we had contracted the closest of all intimacies, and mutually gained the firmest of all trusts, that which arises from having suffered together. I had found her the partner of my joys and sorrows: my companion in prosperity, my helpmate in adversity. She had doubled the happiness of the first, and halved the sorrows of the last. My children had proved a source of unmingled pride and satisfaction; my sons had earned distinction in the noble profession they had chosen; my daughter, happily married, with an affectionate and highly gifted husband and three charming sons, had the fairest prospects before her for future life. I myself had been fortunate far beyond the measure of my deserts: in my profession I had attained an important and honourable station, and in literature I had been successful. It was remarkable, this had occurred when I was under all circumstances opposed to the ruling influences; for while the Tories held the reins of power I had inclined to Liberal, and since the Whigs succeeded I had been the uncompromising supporter of Conservative, opinions. But now I was about to experience the usual vicissitude of earthly things, and in successive domestic bereavements and perils to feel the fragility of the tie by which all earthly blessings are held.

The first call of Azrael, the Angel of Death, was for an infant innocent. My daughter's youngest son, a beautiful boy of fourteen months old, was in perfect health at Craigdarroch, when, in the middle of May, the family began to move to Ninewells, in Berwickshire, which they taken from Baron Hume's daughter, Mrs Macdonald Hume, for three years, to gain time for the projected construction of a new house at their own place. Mrs Fergusson was left last at home with her little boys, her husband having gone forward with the effects, which were in course of being removed from one house to the other; and she wrote to me on 26th May that she was uneasy about the youngest, for he had been twenty-four hours without sleep. We anticipated no danger, however, when next day at noon a telegram arrived, announcing that he was dead. The family surgeon at Thornhill had thought so lightly of the case, that he said he might safely travel to Glasgow on the way to Ninewells; and he set out accordingly, but grew weaker as he went on, and died at the hotel in George Square shortly after arriving. We set out from London by the night-train the day we received the news, and on arriving in Glasgow, found the family in the utmost distress. The little body was taken to Craigdarroch a few days after, and interred in presence of his father and nearest relations in the burying-ground in Glencairn churchyard, where his ancestors for many centuries had been laid.

Lady Alison's spirits were much affected by this sudden shock; and to lessen its impression I accepted an invitation from Lady Londonderry in the beginning of August following, to meet the Bishop of Durham at Seaham Hall. On this occasion we were several days in the house with him, and were every hour more struck with his unaffected simplicity of manners, benevolence of disposition, and solidity of judgment. He afterwards paid us a visit of some days at Possil, on his way through Scotland, and expressed himself much delighted with the scenery of the Clyde, and the beautiful architecture of Glasgow Cathedral.

Before this time, A——, with his wife, had returned from Italy, and my daughter having in some degree recovered her spirits after her recent bereavement, a family party was arranged at Ninewells, where we were all assembled. F—— alone was absent. We were a fortnight together, and there is no period of my life to which I look back with more pleasure. Ninewells is a beautiful place, situated on an eminence above the river Whitadder, in Berwickshire, called after *nine fountains*, which issue from steep slopes, at the summit of which the house stands, and whose accumulated flow would turn a mill-wheel. It was the birthplace of David Hume the historian; but the old house in which he first beheld the light had been pulled down, and its place supplied by a new mansion. Nothing could be more charming than that party. My son-in-law's

taste in painting, music, and sculpture was exquisite; his conversation was in the highest degree refined and superior. It was delightful to see how the young people brought together by marriage took to each other. Mrs Alison fully appreciated Mr Fergusson, and was appreciated by him; and Ella did the honours of her establishment to all with her wonted kindness and elegance. The memory of that visit will never be effaced from my recollection, and it will never be renewed in this world.

The next call of the Angel of Death was for one who had done his work in this world, and was about to receive his reward. My brother, Dr Alison, like myself, had been eminently fortunate in life. He had risen to the Chair of the Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, the highest medical appointment in the country; he had received the honour of being made chief physician to her Majesty in Scotland; he had long been in great practice; and he had won the respect and affection of all who knew him, by the unaffected benevolence of his disposition, and the unwearied efforts of his philanthropy. To him Scotland mainly owed the great improvement in the administration of the Scottish poor-laws, which was effected by the late Poor-Law Act. Excessive and long-continued work, however, at length produced its wonted results. He used, after coming in at ten at night worn out by visiting patients, to sit down and write treatises on the poor till four in the morning, and would rise again

at seven to go to his lecture in the University. Though naturally strong and robust, he sank at length under incessant and long-continued work. After a severe illness in 1846, he was unable to resume his academical labours; and eventually having found that his strength was unequal to its duties, he resigned his chair in the University, and retired into private life. His time down to the period of his death, which did not occur till thirteen years after, was divided between his house, 44 Heriot Row, where he lived in winter, and Woodville, where he resided all summer, and spent his leisure in study and works of beneficence, amidst flowers, and woods, and nature. Never was a spotless life closed in a more complete earthly paradise; and here he breathed his last on 27th September 1859. The magistrates of Edinburgh requested that his funeral might be a public one, to testify the universal respect in which his memory was held, and his remains were accordingly carried to their last resting-place attended by the magistrates, the professors, and an immense body of students at the University, and private citizens. He was laid in the family burying-place in St John's churchyard, beside the graves of his father and mother, amidst the tears of nearly all present. By the rich he was lamented as an instructor and a friend, by the poor mourned as a father.

Our anxiety during my brother's last illness was fearfully augmented by another impending calamity,

which was threatened at the same time, more harrowing than the fall into the grave of worth, full of years and of honours. My son, Colonel Alison, had taken a villa, called Craigpark, near Ratho, in Mid-Lothian, where his wife was seized with fever, and was soon most alarmingly ill. We came from Possil on the first alarm, and for two days I walked between Woodville and Craigpark, uncertain which would depart first. But our prayers were heard, the mercy of Heaven prevailed, and the younger and more valuable life was spared.

But though this precious life was left to us, the Angel of Death was not entirely balked of his prey. I had observed that Robert Fergusson, who had been in perfect health and spirits the day before, looked extremely pale at my brother's funeral, and was obliged to leave the churchyard before the service was concluded. Next morning we heard he was worse, and before night his able medical attendant, Dr Gillespie, pronounced his ailment typhoid fever. Every possible attention was bestowed on him, but the virulence of the disease baffled all their efforts, and on the sixth day he expired. Mrs Fergusson showed the utmost fortitude on the melancholy occasion; and her mother and I instantly came in from Craigpark to be with her in her distress, and remained in Edinburgh till the funeral was over, at which, of course, I was the chief mourner. The scene going from the mansion-house of Craigdarroch to the place of interment in Glencairn churchyard, five miles distant, was in-

expressibly striking. The interest of all in Dumfriesshire was strongly excited by this event. The youth and early death of the deceased; the long line of his ancestors, who for centuries had dwelt at the seat of his forefathers; the fact of his being an only son, with scarcely any relations; and the youth of the widow and children who were left to lament his loss, as well as his own many interesting and endearing qualities,—had strongly awakened the sympathy of all the neighbourhood. All his tenantry attended the procession on horseback or foot; the road the whole way, though leading through a sequestered valley, was lined by the peasantry, who evinced the warmest sympathy on the occasion. Mrs Fergusson, attended by her kind friend Mrs Dunbar, witnessed the ceremony in the churchyard, which was performed according to the ritual of the Church of England, to which her husband had belonged. He was laid in the same grave with his little son: earth does not contain a warmer heart than beat in his bosom.

After this melancholy event Mrs Fergusson and her two little boys came to Possil, and remained with us in deep seclusion for the next two months. The time, notwithstanding the chasm made in our domestic circle, passed in perfect quiet, but very delightfully. My daughter, who is a person possessed of uncommon decision and strength of character, made up her mind to the inevitable, and set herself sedulously to discharge her duties to her little boys, and

in doing so she met with the appropriate reward in regaining her peace and serenity of mind. The children were delightful, and came to me every day to be told a story, as I had done to their mother and her brothers twenty years before. We read aloud in the evening, after they had gone to bed, and the time, though we saw no one, passed very pleasantly. A new and endearing bond was now formed between my daughter and myself: we had not only rejoiced but suffered together.

The 24th December this year was the twenty-fifth anniversary of my taking possession of the sheriffdom of Lanarkshire in 1834. On this occasion the Faculty of Procurators did me the honour of presenting to me a testimonial in commemoration of the event, and to testify the respect and attachment which had grown up between us during that long period. It consisted of a marble bust, one copy of which was presented to myself, and one was placed in the library of the Faculty of Procurators in their rooms in St George's Place. The presentation was made by the Dean of Faculty, my esteemed friend Mr Morrison, in presence of nearly the whole body of procurators, who are 300 in number. I was deeply gratified by this proof of regard, coming from such a body, the most of whom had long had the best opportunities of becoming acquainted with me, both as an individual and as the chief judge of the local courts of Lanarkshire. Lady Alison, and Colonel and Mrs Alison were present on the occa-

sion, and shared my satisfaction. The bust was a correct likeness as I then was; but on comparing it with the one presented to me fifteen years before by the merchants of Glasgow, done by Mr Park, it was evident that time and hard work had produced their usual effects.

In the course of this winter the volunteer movement arose, in consequence of the well-founded alarm awakened in the country by the victories of the Emperor Napoleon at Magenta and Solferino, and the extension of the influence and power of France over the Italian peninsula. Glasgow was in the front rank in this patriotic effort, and to add to the impulse, a great public meeting of volunteers in their uniform was held in the City Hall on 25th January 1860. The body of the hall was filled by the volunteers, 1200 in number, already clothed and embodied, and 2000 more, not yet fully equipped, occupied the galleries. The scene was inexpressibly animating and impressive, and conveyed a vivid and striking proof of the extent and depth of the patriotic feeling, which had thus caused a whole nation to rise up as one man and equip themselves at their own expense to join with the regulars in the defence of the country. No other nation in Europe could have exhibited a similar spectacle. I was asked to move the first resolution, and made a speech of nearly an hour, which was received with the utmost enthusiasm. Little was required to awaken applause. I enjoyed the greatest of all

advantages, a willing and sympathetic audience. The progress of the movement in Lanarkshire was truly astonishing; and in less than six months after it commenced, there were 9000 men in arms, equipped and clothed at their own expense, and in a very respectable state of military discipline.

The extreme distress in which Glasgow generally, and its working classes in particular, had been involved from the effects of the monetary crisis of November 1847, and the knowledge which they had that I entertained decided views on the subject, and was inclined to the labour side of the question, in opposition to the interests of capital, led to my being requested by the united trades of Glasgow to deliver a lecture this winter on the subject. I did so accordingly, and took for my theme, "The Monetary Laws, and their Effect on the Wages of Labour." The lecture was delivered extempore, with the statistics only on a sheet of paper before me. It was attended by above 3000 persons, almost entirely composed of the superior ranks of the working classes. Sir John Maxwell occupied the chair, with my valued friend Mr Montgomery Martin on his right hand. The lecture lasted two hours, and though the subject was dry and abstruse, it was listened to with deep attention throughout. Although it appeared fully, and very well reported, in the Glasgow papers next day, and was *verbatim* transferred to the 'Sun' the day after in London, and generally given in all the Scotch papers, the demand for it was so great that a

separate impression of it, in the form of a pamphlet, was sold to the extent of 5000 copies in three days.

The marriage of our friend and neighbour, Sir Archibald Campbell of Garscube, with a daughter of the Marquis of Westminster, a very amiable and accomplished young lady, had made us acquainted with that noble family; and when we went to London this year we were frequently at Grosvenor House, both at dinner and evening parties. I was extremely struck with the pictures in the gallery of that noble mansion. The painting of Mrs Siddons, seated in a Gothic arm-chair, in the character of the Muse of Tragedy, in particular struck me as one of the finest efforts of art I had ever seen, worthy to take its place beside any of the greatest works of the Italian masters. It appeared to peculiar advantage in the evening parties, being dark in colour, and directly in front of the great gas chandelier, which brought it fully out. The two Salvators opposite, in the same large room, are noble specimens of art; and the Blue Boy by Gainsborough in the room beyond, which excited so much admiration at the Manchester Exhibition two years before, is a perfect gem in its way. On comparing these masterpieces of the English school with the works of the Italian masters with which they are surrounded, we could not avoid the conclusion that it is not genius, but a public capable of appreciating it, which is the real desideratum for British art. The vast majority of spectators, including the purchasers of paintings,

do not know a good picture from a bad one: they look only for a staring likeness, or for bright colours. The painters seeing this, and finding by experience that bestowing extraordinary pains on a picture is little appreciated, accommodate themselves to the circumstances in which they are placed. They need not work hard to make a good picture, for they can get a high price for an indifferent one, and they never in consequence require to go beyond mediocrity. What prevents the rise of high art in England is not the want of encouragement, but it is the excess of encouragement coming from persons who cannot appreciate excellence.

We were guests this season of our kind friend Lady Macdonald Lockhart of Lee Castle, in Lanarkshire; and again at her hospitable mansion in Eaton Square, surrounded by her five handsome daughters, we spent a most agreeable time. In the course of it we formed the acquaintance of, and dined with, Sir John Pakington, the able and indefatigable First Lord of the Admiralty under Lord Derby's administration. I was very anxious to become acquainted with him, as well from what I knew of his capacity as from my desire to ascertain his opinion on the naval defences of the country. Sir John Pakington is a man of powerful natural abilities, and what is of still more importance in a statesman, of great good sense. To these valuable qualities he adds the important one of an extensive practical acquaintance with mankind, ac-

quired during his long and able discharge of the duties of chairman of the quarter sessions of Warwickshire, where his estate is situated. He is not an orator in the popular sense of the word—that is, he does not aim in his parliamentary speeches at moving the feelings or exciting the imagination. But his speeches, like his conversation, are distinguished by sterling good sense, thorough acquaintance with the subject, and vigorous condensed expression. I have never heard a more effective speaker, even to an audience generally adverse, than he is. In private life he is courteous, simple, and affable, without a particle of pride or vanity in his composition, and animated always by a sincere desire to make all around him comfortable and happy.

I found from his conversation that his private opinion as to the defenceless condition of the country, when he took office two years before, was even stronger than might have been gathered from his parliamentary or public speeches. He stated that in May 1858 the navy of Great Britain was decidedly inferior to that of France, and that an invasion at that period was not only practicable, but would in all probability have been attended with success. The country owes a debt of gratitude to this energetic statesman for having been the first who appreciated the immensity of this danger, and had the courage to state it in presence of a Free-trade majority in Parliament, with whom every consideration was subordinate to the reduction of taxation and in-

terests of commerce. But for the knowledge and resolution with which he grappled with this enormous peril, the independence of Great Britain would ere long have been an empty name. France was superior in her ships of war alone, and also in men from her maritime conscription. Combined with Russia or America her naval power would have been irresistible, and Great Britain would speedily have found herself blockaded in her own harbours, when the immensity of her commerce would have been the measure of her distress, and of the necessity of yielding to the demands of her enemies. Of the feelings of those enemies there could not be a doubt: France had never forgiven Waterloo and the fall of the Empire; Russia in secret desired to return at Chatham or Portsmouth the visit paid to her at Sebastopol; and of the temper of America, and her undisguised designs on Canada, subsequent times have afforded ample demonstration.

I saw a great deal during the season of Mr Walpole, formerly Secretary of State for the Home Department under Lord Derby; and the more I saw the more was I inclined to respect him. He was usually in the chair of the Literary Club, which met in the Thatched House, St James's Street, of which I was a member, and I generally was fortunate enough to obtain a seat next him at dinner. He is in every respect a superior man, and is possessed of great industry, strong good sense, sterling patriotic feeling, and the charm of a high-bred

and courteous manner. In conversation he shines even more than in public oratory. He has the rare faculty of combining talent with tact, and great information with colloquial powers which enable him to bring it out in the most agreeable way. This is a much more uncommon combination than is generally supposed, owing to the inherent and all but universal selfishness of human nature. Ability and established fame love to display themselves on every occasion, to the certain mortification of the self-love of others. Hence genius is frequently in heart felt as a bore, and often openly stigmatised as bad. There is much truth in the sarcastic saying of Bulwer: "If a man has acquired any reputation he will do well never to speak but to his next neighbour; if he speaks indifferently he will be set down as a fool, if well as a bore."

At the same club I met and became acquainted with another man, who has left an enduring and immortal name in British annals. This was Sir John Lawrence.[1] His physiognomy was most striking, and eminently characteristic of the resolution which his conduct exhibited. You would know him among a thousand after only a casual sight. The eyebrows dark and meeting in the centre, the large and marked jaw-bones so descriptive of firmness, the steady gaze of the eye, bespoke the man whose moral courage nothing could daunt, and who was qualified by nature to arrest the descent of a falling em-

[1] Afterwards Lord Lawrence.

pire: you felt he was the man who could, if necessary, blow a hundred mutineers at once from the cannon's mouth. His conversation was pleasing and animated, but hardly equal to the impression which his personal appearance made on every beholder. He was evidently a man of action, not of words. He had been engaged actively in administrative works and improvements in his great province of the Punjab when the rebellion broke out, and he was called suddenly to arrest the mutiny in his own dominions, and equip troops to wrest Delhi with its great arsenal from the enemy. He did both, and with signal success. Beyond all doubt, but for his moral courage and administrative talents, Delhi would have remained in the hands of the insurgents, and India would have been lost before Sir Colin Campbell and the reinforcements from China and this country could have arrived.

Dr Croly was another eminent man whom I met frequently, and was twice seated next at dinner, at this club. An Irishman by birth, and still retaining in old age a strong Hibernian accent, he was a living type of the Protestant and Orange party in the north of Ireland. He had considerable abilities, and great ardour of imagination, as well as decision of character. He was quick with a ready flow of oratory, as well in society as on the platform or in the pulpit, and was entirely without fear in delivering his opinions either in public or private. He was deeply imbued with the feelings and prejudices of

the Irish Protestants, and on that account was by no means a safe guide to follow in political opinion; but he never failed to say something very striking when roused; and even when differing from him on many points, you could not help admiring the energy of his expressions and the independence of his thought. His figure was large and heavy, but the fire of genius was in his eye, which shone forth with uncommon lustre beneath the shadow of shaggy eyebrows. Had he been on the Liberal side he would have been lauded to the skies, but being a steady and conscientious Tory, he was put under the ban by the opposite side, and by no means attained the general celebrity to which his writings entitled him.

The most striking spectacle this summer in London was the great Volunteer Review in Hyde Park, when 19,500 men, equipped at their own expense, defiled before the Queen. The day, though a little windy, was favourable. The crowd was immense, and the excitement both of the troops and the spectators had reached the highest point. The sight of so large a body of men, volunteers serving without pay, and in their own uniform, was extremely imposing. They marched past in very creditable order, considering that most of them had been only a few months embodied, and of that time only two or three days in the week actually drilled: the prudence of their commander did not expose them to the risk of movements in line, or of a complicated

kind. The advance in three massive close columns, and the cheers which followed them at the end of the day, were extremely grand, and affected the Queen and all around her visibly. Such was the concourse of carriages on the occasion, that all the streets and roads leading to Hyde Park were blocked up, and in returning from the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Gate, where we had been stationed during the review, we were obliged to make a detour by Piccadilly, St James's Street, and the Park to get home by Buckingham Gate to Eaton Square. In passing through the Park we stopped to see the regiments which went home to the eastward, about 6000 strong, march past. They looked exceedingly well; the men seemed in the highest spirits, and delighted with their day's exhibition; and with some few exceptions they had the air and step of soldiers, and appeared to have acquired, considering their recent formation, a surprising degree of efficiency.

During this summer we were very frequently at small dinner and evening parties at Lady Jersey's, where as usual we met the *élite* of London society. Among others we frequently met Mr Disraeli, and I had repeated opportunities of observing his manner and attending to his conversation, which is always striking. He is in general, as I have already observed, taciturn and cynical, and on that account you are somewhat awed by him, and are a little afraid that he is secretly turning you into ridicule. This feeling however is, I am persuaded, unjust, and

is founded on his well-known sarcastic powers in the House of Commons, for I have seldom heard of his doing unkind or saying spiteful things in private society. He is, however, sufficiently trenchant in his estimate of others, and makes little allowance for the absence of the abilities with which he himself is so largely gifted. He is full of thought and observation, but makes no attempt to obtrude them on others, or carry away the palm in transient and ephemeral repartee. He is too ambitious for temporary display, and too reflecting for the mere warfare of words. I never could help respecting, but felt no disposition to love him.

On one occasion at this time, when seated next the Marchioness of Ailesbury at a large dinner-party at Lady Londonderry's, I was told by the former a very singular anecdote of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, whose recent exploits in Italy were then the subject of general attention. The story was this—that shortly after Orsini's execution for an attempt to assassinate the Emperor, the latter was waited upon by two of the highest dignitaries of the fraternity of *Carbonari*, of which he was a member, who reminded him of his oath, under pain of death, to do everything in his power for the independence of Italy, and gave him fair warning that though he had escaped almost by a miracle on this occasion he would not do so on another; that one after another of their fraternity would seek his life till it was taken, and that unless within six months he commenced war against Austria on behalf

of Italy, he would infallibly be destroyed. "That," added the Marchioness, "was the real reason of the late war in Lombardy; and now there will be no more assassination, unless he proves unfaithful to the cause." I give this anecdote without of my own knowledge vouching for its authenticity; but Lady Ailesbury assured me she had it from the best authority; and her well-known friendship with the first persons in Paris, as well as her remarkable intelligence and talent, induce me to attach credit to the statement.

I frequently met the Princess Mary of Cambridge during this summer, and on more than one occasion she honoured me so far as to engage me in a long and serious conversation. I formed from these opportunities of observation a very high opinion of her talents. I am aware of the prestige of royalty; but allowing for this, it does appear to me on a distant retrospect that the conversation of the Princess Mary was very remarkable. With high spirits, a decided turn for fun and amusement, and a great flow of conversation, she unites strong good sense, uncommon quickness of apprehension, and a truly patriotic and British heart. In personal appearance she is very handsome, with a tall and commanding figure, and most expressive countenance.

At the State ball this year we saw for the last time the faithful partner of the joys and sorrows of the Queen. Prince Albert, as he occupied his usual place on the dais beside her Majesty, looked remark-

ably well; his countenance, always handsome and commanding, was mellowed by the first traces of age, and his expression, ever mild and benevolent, had acquired additional sweetness by the first grey hairs which encircled his lofty and intellectual forehead. He was nearly the tallest in the royal circle, and looked the picture of health and strength; no one would have supposed when he stood in that august circle, the observed of all observers, that it was for the last time. In the following season the death of the Duchess of Kent precluded all Court festivities, and before another season came round he was no more. The nation never sustained a greater loss than by his early and unexpected death. In addition to great natural talents, and a highly cultivated education, he possessed eminent prudence and good sense, and a warm and patriotic heart. The wisdom of the counsels which he gave to the Queen during the twenty years they were united appeared in the prosperity of her reign, and the successful way in which the nation was brought through the most formidable dangers during that period. He was eminently the man of the age, abreast of its requirements, aware of its wants, sympathising with its desires. His disposition, warm and philanthropic, led him to support every institution which tended to encourage industry, extend commerce, or alleviate suffering, especially among the humblest classes of society. But it was in support of them alone that he came prominently forward. His sound judgment and perfect

tact taught him that in this difficult position, holding neither any political nor military office in this country, his influence in national affairs should make itself felt through others, not in his own person. He was of a reserved disposition, but this wore off on further acquaintance, and no one was more affable and charming in intimate intercourse.

Though his philanthropic disposition inclined him after his marriage with the Queen to pacific ameliorations, and the alleviation of human suffering, he was not unmindful of the importance of the profession of arms; he took a warm interest in all the proceedings of the War Office, and was fully abreast of all the most recent improvements in naval and military gunnery, which his extensive scientific acquirements enabled him to appreciate. The nation owes him a lasting debt of gratitude for the cordial support which he gave to the successive Governments of Lord Derby and Lord Palmerston, in their endeavours to restore the national defences, so imprudently relaxed during the long previous peace purchased by the efforts of former times. His refined taste and anxious desire for social improvement and the elevation of all classes of society, led him to become an unwearied patron of the fine arts, and the nation owes to his enlightened and persevering exertions the great Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, which gave so marked an impulse to the national industry, as well in the ornamental as the useful arts, and have gone so far to compensate the disadvantages of our

remote and singular situation. A faithful and affectionate husband, a kind and judicious father, he possessed, amidst the cares of royalty, the simplicity of private life, and was a model to all his consort's subjects in every domestic virtue. He impressed all who approached him on matters of business or science with the highest opinion of his talents and acquirements. Like many other estimable and ununobtrusive characters, his value was not rightly appreciated till he was lost, and then the unanimous burst of the national heart fully sympathised with the anguish of the Sovereign.

If the review of the volunteers in Hyde Park this summer was a striking scene, still more remarkable and interesting was that of the corresponding Scottish force on the 7th August. The inherent martial spirit of the Scottish nation then appeared in its full lustre; though their numbers were not more than a sixth of those of England, the volunteers who marched past were more numerous than in London, and amounted to 21,500. They came from all quarters, from the Solway Firth to Caithness, and presented when assembled a magnificent appearance. Not the least interesting part of the spectacle was the Marquis of Breadalbane, with his grey hairs, riding at the head of his stalwart Highlanders from the mountains of Perthshire. With some few exceptions the efficiency of the troops was very remarkable, and it was evident that they had all applied with hearty goodwill to the essential duties of drill.

Nothing could be more favourable than the ground for such an exhibition. The review was held in the Queen's Park, a level surface, varied by a small lake, lying immediately to the north of Arthur's Seat, and at the foot of its overhanging cliffs. The mountain, 800 feet high, was covered with spectators, who enjoyed in a natural amphitheatre, on a grander scale than Roman magnificence ever formed, as glorious a prospect as the eyes of the ancient conquerors of the world ever opened upon. At least 200,000 persons were there assembled to witness the spectacle, and, like the armed men, they too had come in great part from the most distant parts of the country. The day was fine, and from the summit of Arthur's Seat waved a huge flag bearing the device of the old Scottish lion, which for centuries had not been seen in that neighbourhood. The only drawback to the perfection of the scene was, what is rare in Scotland, volumes of dust, which blackened the faces and almost blinded the eyes of some of the corps as they marched past. The Queen said with truth it was one of the finest spectacles she had ever witnessed, and when the whole force advanced at its close and gave three cheers she burst into tears. It deserves to be recorded that so perfect were the railway arrangements that the immense multitude, armed and unarmed, arrived in Edinburgh and returned home without any accident or catastrophe whatever.

After our return from London this season, we paid a visit to Buchanan House, where I formed an ac-

quaintance with a person whom I was very anxious to know, as well from her own attractions and ability as from the great eminence of her father. This was young Lady Jersey, daughter of Sir R. Peel, who had married Lord Villiers, eldest son of the Earl of Jersey, before he had succeeded to the latter title on the death of his father. She was still in deep widow's mourning; but as she was aware of the friendship which had subsisted between her sister-in-law, Lady Clementina Villiers, and myself, we soon became intimate, and I found her conversation highly interesting. It turned at first on that lamented and admirable person, for whose memory we entertained the same regard. I took advantage of several long conversations we had while walking together in the islands of Loch Lomond, while the rest of the party were shooting, to ask her a great deal about her father's habits of life. I inquired in particular whether it was true, as Lord John Hay had assured me, on the authority of his sister Lady Emily Peel, who had married her brother Sir Robert, that he was by nature extremely choleric, and to such a degree when at college, that he used to shut himself up in a dark room till the fit of passion was over. She said it might have been so when he was a young man, but that he had early acquired such command of his temper, that from her first recollection of him she perceived no trace of infirmity in that particular. She gave a very interesting, and to me unexpected, account of his habits and life when at home. She

said she could scarcely recollect the time when he came into the room for breakfast or dinner without a book under his arm; that when they were alone he had the book open before him the whole time on the table, and read by snatches; and that even when there was company, and he was obliged to attend to his guests, he had the book at hand, generally on the sideboard, and took it up and ensconced himself behind a curtain, or in an oriel in the drawing-room, to pursue his study. When alone he often read aloud such passages in the works he was going through as particularly struck him; and she flattered me by adding that she had often heard him read parts of my History of Europe aloud in that way. She spoke of him with tears in her eyes, and in the most affectionate terms; and it was easy to see that his domestic kindness had thoroughly endeared him to the members of his family. She was greatly dissatisfied with all the biographies of him which had hitherto come out, as giving no sort of idea of his real character, and characterised Lord Stanhope's Life, in two volumes, in particular as a failure. Returning to Buchanan House, after this interesting stroll in exquisite scenery, we had the gratification of seeing the last flaming rays of the sun rest upon Ben Lomond's head: it recalled to my mind a similar effect I had witnessed, forty years before, on the snowy mountains of Switzerland from the valley of Kandersteg.

The Social Science Association met at Glasgow in

the end of September in this year, and many of the most eminent men of England honoured it with their presence. Among these were Lord Brougham, the famed and venerable president of the society, who at the age of eighty-two retained all the vigour and vivacity of youth, though blended with the garrulity of age; Sir John Pakington, the able and energetic First Lord of the Admiralty under Lord Derby; the Lord Advocate, whose eloquence and ability had won such respect since his accession to office; Sir John Lawrence; the Hon. Mr Kinnaird, whose liberal and patriotic spirit had so much endeared him to the mining and working population of the country; and Sir John Kay-Shuttleworth, the eloquent and enlightened apostle of education, known throughout the whole empire. I asked all these gentlemen to make Possil their home during their stay in Glasgow; and Sir John Pakington, Sir John Lawrence, and the Lord Advocate accepted, and were our guests during the week. Lord Brougham had already accepted Sir James Campbell's invitation; but he dined with us, as well as Sir J. K. Shuttleworth and Mr Kinnaird.

This was the first time I had seen Lord Brougham under my own roof; and as his years were so advanced, I was extremely glad at this opportunity of meeting him under such favourable circumstances. I had once been counsel with him in a great case in the House of Lords, and heard him speak there; but although that occasion gave room for a full display

of his legal acuteness, force of argument, and powers of sarcasm, it afforded no measure of his eloquence on popular subjects. It is unfair to judge of a man's powers who has long been before the public eye by what he appears at eighty-two: at such advanced years the wonder perhaps is that he is able to appear in public at all, rather than that he appears at a disadvantage. Yet in Lord Brougham's case it must be confessed there was no appearance of decay of the mental powers. He had still the same fluency of language and command of argument and sarcasm, and with them the same tendency to exaggeration and repetition which distinguished him in his best days. If the influences of time appeared in anything, it was in an undue propensity to speak of himself and his own achievements; the form which the *garrula senectus* generally assumes. He committed a mistake in bringing into his introductory lecture, which should have been confined to social or statistical subjects, repeated disquisitions on the party politics of the day—a deviation from the proper subject which every one present felt to be undesirable. He was loudly applauded, however, but rather for what he had been than for what he was.

In private society no one could be more delightful than Lord Brougham. His kindliness of manner and simplicity of demeanour won every heart. Conversation with him flowed naturally, as it was suggested by topics started often by others, without

either effort or anxiety for effect. It was very delightful to see this in a man past eighty, who for more than half a century had occupied an important position in the public eye, and had in many ways acquired such extensive fame. He spoke, like Mrs Norton, much about himself; but that was readily forgiven in him, as in her, from the interesting matter which that subject contained. He looked minutely at the portraits in our dining-room of my ancestors, particularly those of my father and Dr Gregory, and James Gregory the inventor of the telescope which bears his name, and said to me, after he had concluded his examination, "These pictures carry me back sixty years, before I left Edinburgh or mixed with life in London: you must come and see me at Brougham, and bring Lady Alison and Mrs Fergusson with you." He spoke in the highest terms of my father, saying his sermon on Autumn was one of the finest pieces of composition in the English language, and that he could say half of it by heart. He was struck in a great degree with the picture of James Gregory, and said: "That man was the rival of Newton in mathematics; he discovered fluxions: you may well be proud of your descent from such men."

While the Association was sitting, I accompanied Sir John Pakington one forenoon to see the iron-plated frigate, the Black Prince, which was building in one of the yards of Mr Napier, the great shipbuilder on the Clyde. That able gentleman

accompanied us over the whole vessel, of which we made the most minute inspection. He explained the principles on which it was constructed, the dangers its various parts and contrivances were intended to avert, and the probable influence of such stupendous armed floating fortresses on naval warfare. He seemed not to have a doubt of the capability of his iron plates to resist even the heaviest of Armstrong guns, at least in forty-nine cases out of fifty, which is almost equivalent to entire protection in actual warfare. He pointed out, however, the weak part in the neck of the vessel, between the poop and the forecastle, where the plating was only two inches thick, instead of four and a half, as it was in the body of the ship, and said he feared a shot or two there might disable her. Sir John Pakington, who thoroughly understood the subject, entirely participated in these views; and the conversation, to which I attentively listened the whole time without joining in it, was in the highest degree interesting. Coming home, we sent away the carriage, and walked back, a distance of five miles. The conversation fell, as might naturally have been expected, on the vast changes going on in the engines of naval warfare, and the effect they would in all probability have on the future security and independence of Britain. I found that his views on that subject were very gloomy, more especially since, by the recent commercial treaty, we had agreed to give the French *coal and iron*, the staple of our defence, to any

extent, in exchange for their wines; and he added that these vast floating castles would equalise the naval forces of different countries, diminish seriously the advantages of superior seamanship, and reduce naval combats to a trial of gunnery and mechanical skill. I entirely agreed with these observations, and observed that, supposing the strength of the iron plates and the weight of the guns to be equal on opposite sides, it was difficult to see how either could be taken, except by running down with the beak against the side, or by boarding; and that then, in the last stages of civilisation and nautical skill, naval warfare would be brought back to the same method of fighting which was practised in the battles of Salamis and Actium. He acquiesced in the observation, and said he thought it more than probable such would ultimately be the case.

The Lord Advocate, with whom I became for the first time intimately acquainted on this occasion, proved himself a most agreeable inmate of a house. His abilities in public no one could doubt. His speech, or rather lecture, on the improvement of the Law, was the best I ever heard on that subject; and though necessarily professional and uninviting in some of its details, it had the rare merit of keeping alive the attention and awakening the admiration of a large and miscellaneous audience. I could easily see, from the respect with which he was treated by Sir John Pakington and Mr Kinnaird, that all I had heard of his popularity in the House of Commons

was well founded. His position in a large party at Possil, where they were all Conservative except himself, might have been unpleasant, had it not been for the gentlemanlike liberality which he exhibited on every occasion, and the cordial terms on which the rival leaders of parties in the House of Commons can meet in private society. Widely different is that cordiality and mutual respect from the rancour and animosity which characterises their subordinates, especially in provincial towns. In nothing does the superiority of society in the metropolis, to any that is usually to be met with in the provinces, more distinctly appear than in this particular.

At the close of the meeting there was a great dinner in the City Hall, with Lord Brougham in the chair, which was attended by 800 persons. The committee placed me in the croupier's chair, and intrusted me with the toast, "The Cause of General Education." On such an occasion and in such presence a sanguine view of the subject was anticipated; and I coincided with this expectation so far as to represent Great Britain as the chief *normal school* of the world, and the education of its children therefore as instructing the teachers of mankind. I ventured, however, at the same time to give expression to the opinion I had long entertained, that education, taken by itself, was only a means to an end; that it altered the description, but had no tendency to diminish the frequency, of crime; and that it depended on the direction given to it whether it

would prove a blessing or a curse. These views, new to most of the members of the Association, and certainly a novelty at its meetings, were listened to with attention and respect, but by many with evident surprise. Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, however, told me afterwards that what I said was perfectly true, and he was very glad to hear it at length beginning to be delivered from the platform. I learned that Mr Kinnaird had the day before expounded the same sentiments in a very able lecture delivered to the Association. A—— was present on the occasion, and returned thanks for the army; and he spoke with ease, ability, and good taste, although he did not know till a few minutes before that he would be called on to do so.

An American gentleman of position and talent, a judge at New York, who was present on this occasion, dined next day with us and a small party at Possil. His conversation was very interesting, the more so from the important events in that country of which it was the precursor, and the verification of his views which subsequent events afforded. He made me aware for the first time that though a contest at no distant period would arise between the North and the South of America, slavery was not the subject on which the difference would turn. Nature, he observed, had drawn the line between the free soil and slave States; and that line was the division between the countries in which the European could labour in the fields and live, and those where

he could not. Slavery has been disused and abolished in the North, because it is unnecessary and unprofitable, freemen being able to work there in the open air, and their labour being more productive than that of negroes. In the South it is adhered to, because it is a condition of existence. The black man is able to bear the heat of the sun in the fields, and thrive under it; the white man perishes there in six weeks. The line is well known by experience, but it is not the line of latitude. It resembles rather the isothermal lines on the globe, which are as serrated as the *aiguilles* of the Alps. He deprecated on this account in the strongest manner the interference of England in the matter, as irritating to the feelings of the Americans, and as turning a social distinction established by nature into a source of national hatred and sectarian jealousy. He thought war was inevitable at no distant period between the North and the South, but it would be for conquest and dominion, not for the abolition of slavery, which, if carried out, would lead to the destruction of the Southern States.

I have thought much on this great question of slavery, since it has led to such serious consequences of late years in the New World, and I have arrived at the conclusion, however repugnant it may be to European ideas, that in certain climates and with certain races of mankind, it is part of the system of nature—is unavoidable; and that the wisdom of Europeans is to endeavour to mitigate its severity

and remove its harshest features, but not to attempt to abolish it altogether. The two facts,—that the European will work voluntarily, but cannot work without perishing in tropical climates; and that the negro can work with safety in tropical climates, but will not work unless forced to do so,—seem decisive of the question. Compulsory labour in the tropics is, then, the condition of national existence and of social progress. The experiment of emancipation in the British West India Islands, which has terminated after the experience of a quarter of a century in their ruin, has dispelled the pleasing illusion, so dear to republicans of every age, that all men are equal by nature. So far from being so, they are enormously unequal. "Inequality," as Bulwer remarks, "is the universal law of nature, from the archangel who basks in the splendours of the Godhead to the worm that crawls upon the earth." We cannot account for this; but neither can we account for the fact that some species of horses are fit only for the plough or draught labour, and others are the companions and fellow-soldiers of man. Our duty is to take things as experience has shown us they are, and not to attempt to explain away the economy of nature. The negro, patient, affectionate, and submissive, is the best of all servants; but invested with the powers of self-government, he is either indolent, inactive, and sensual, or fierce, relentless, and cruel. A perception of this does not preclude the most sedulous attention to his material interests, and every effort

to ameliorate his condition; on the contrary, it furnishes an additional reason for such philanthropic efforts. It is the obvious duty and true wisdom of the Europeans to do everything in their power, without abolishing, to modify and soften an institution which has existed from the beginning of the world.

Lady Alison was during this autumn very seriously ill of an alarming internal complaint, and she was unable, in consequence, to take a part in the large parties we had during the Social Science meetings. Being partially recovered, however, we accepted an invitation to Hamilton Palace in the beginning of November, where a very large and brilliant party were assembled. The Duke and Duchess did the honours with their wonted courtesy, and the party went off with great *éclat.* Among the rest the Marchioness of Ailesbury, Lady Camden, and Mrs Norton were there. The first of these renewed her statement, formerly made to me, as to the threats held out to Louis Napoleon by the Carbonari being the real cause of the Italian war; and she added—"You see he has done it, and done it effectually; there is no longer any danger, unless he draws back, of his assassination." Among others, I met here and renewed my former acquaintance with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, formerly Sir Stratford Canning, to whom I had the happiness of introducing my two sons, both of whom, as well as ourselves, were guests at the Palace.

Before winter set in, I became involved in a dis-

pute of a religious character, which threatened at one time very serious consequences, and required the greatest prudence and consideration in its management. It arose in this way. During the fervour of the Free Kirk movement in Glasgow, a church of that persuasion had been erected by an enterprising body of citizens in a vacant space in the Bridgegate, one of the oldest streets in Glasgow, leading to one of the chief bridges over the river, and inhabited at this time by the very lowest classes, chiefly Irish Roman Catholics. The church was built there by its founders on the principle of planting a station among the heathen, in the hope of converting many of them to what they sincerely believed to be a purer system of Christian belief; and to give additional facilities for the attainment of this object, they constructed a stone pulpit on the outside, from which every Sunday evening the Free Kirk minister addressed the assembled multitude in the street. This practice began early in the preceding summer, but at first attracted little attention. The preacher, however, was a zealous and able man, and possessed in a high degree that sincere fervour which is the most powerful element in speeches intended to move the working classes. The consequence was that the number of his hearers gradually increased, and at last swelled to such a degree as entirely to block up the street for a distance of at least two hundred yards. This was complained of by the Roman Catholics, upon the ground that these crowds entirely shut up one

of the principal thoroughfares in the city, and the chief line of passage for the Roman Catholics to evening service in their great chapel on the banks of the Clyde; and that the whole vicinity of the stone pulpit was inhabited by Roman Catholics, who deemed it a sin to hear, what they could not avoid, divine service in a strange form, and inculcating what they deemed heretical doctrines. To prevent this, and restore the passage through the Bridgegate when service was going on, the Catholics fell on the device of hiring a number of cabs, which drove through the crowd during service, so as to prevent the minister being heard. The Free Kirk people seeing this, and being scandalised by so unseemly an interruption of a religious service, closed their ranks to prevent the cabs getting through; and this led to squabbles and strife, disgraceful in a civilised society, and eminently hazardous in a community containing multitudes so much at variance with each other and yet so zealous as in Glasgow.

The first intimation I received of these proceedings was from the Roman Catholic Bishop of Glasgow, the Rev. Dr Murdoch, a most respectable man, who had often and zealously endeavoured to appease any discord which threatened between his flock and the other religious sections of the community. He warned me that danger was approaching, and that all his efforts would be unable to prevent a violent collision, if the street-preaching in the Bridge-

gate, which was felt as so serious a grievance by the Roman Catholics, were persisted in. I soon after received a memorial on the subject, signed by some hundred householders in the neighbourhood, complaining of the crowds on the occasion, and of the streets being blocked every Sunday evening. In consequence I addressed a letter, in conjunction with Lord Provost Galbraith, who gave me the most cordial support on the occasion, to the Rev. Mr M'Coll, the minister in question, pointing out the risk with which street-preaching in that particular locality was attended, and requesting him to desist there, although he might preach in the Green wherever he chose, or in at least fifty other places within the city, which the captain of the police would select as suitable. He returned a respectful answer, saying that he had no wish to disturb the peace of the city, and would begin no disturbance, but that his mission was in the Bridgegate, and he must do his duty there.

This answer arrived late on Saturday evening, too late to obtain an interdict; and therefore I directed the captain of police to have two hundred constables ready concealed in the neighbourhood, and went myself at the time when the service was to begin, prepared for any emergency. An immense crowd, evidently animated by angry passions, was already assembled. All the streets in the vicinity were choked with ardent multitudes, whose menacing looks bespoke their anxiety for strife. The Catho-

lics from all parts of the city were assembled in great strength; the Orangemen had come in from Paisley and all the neighbouring towns, to support the cause of the Protestant faith against the assaults of the Popish idolaters, as they deemed them. Upwards of 40,000 men were crowded together in the narrow space of a few streets, ready for strife, and panting for the moment it was to begin. Any trifling incident would have lighted up a conflagration, but happily it did not occur. The police, in dense masses, were brought out from where they had been concealed, and looked much more numerous from their imposing military array than they really were; the carriages which used to be driven through the crowd to interrupt the service were stopped, and it proceeded to an end without any actual violence being committed. Appearances, however, had been so serious, that the Provost and I sent notice to Mr M'Coll next day, that unless he would engage not to attempt a public service in that place, we would apply for an interdict. He replied that he could not engage not to do so till he had consulted his ecclesiastical superiors, as the right contended for was regarded as vital to the Free Church; but that, as the season was so far advanced, no more street-preaching would be attempted this winter, and that it would not be resumed again without giving us notice. And so the matter terminated for the time.

During the sitting of the Social Science Associa-

tion at Glasgow, a discussion, regarded with the greatest interest by the working classes, took place in one of the sections, on trades-unions and strikes. I made a short speech on the occasion; and the sentiments I then delivered, which were in the abstract in favour of such movements, when judiciously exercised and clear of violence or intimidation, created a desire on the part of the trades-unionists in the west of Scotland to have my views more fully explained to them. In the month of December, accordingly, I was requested by the united trades-unionists of Glasgow to deliver them a lecture, which was to be attended by delegates from all the trades-unions in Scotland. It took place in the City Hall, and was attended by three thousand workmen, almost all of the most respectable appearance and of perfectly respectful demeanour. I could not help thinking it a markworthy circumstance, and not a little gratifying to myself, that after all that had passed between me and the trades-unions of Glasgow, and after the decided line I had been obliged to take against them, they should have come to me to instruct them in the principles on which these important public movements should be regulated.

I began by observing,—partly from a conviction of its truth, partly in order to conciliate my hearers and induce them to listen to observations which, taken by themselves, would be unpalatable, — that with whatever suffering and evils the general cessation from labour on the part of large bodies of

men might be attended, such movements were at times unavoidable, to avoid the still greater evils arising from the subversion of the balance between capital and labour. That such was the accumulation of realised wealth, and its power in creating machinery in the later stages of society, that unless a corresponding addition were made to the influence of labour and the means of asserting its rights, it would be crushed and overpowered by the superior weight of its formidable competitor, and the wages of workmen would be beat down to the lowest point consistent with the creation of wealth for their employers; and that the only way in which this could be done was by the workmen combining together, and compensating the united action of wealth on the one side by the united action of numbers on the other. I held that trades-unions and strikes, therefore, were unavoidable in every manufacturing community in the later stages of its progress; and they were, in fact, the way in which the principle of competition operated and made itself felt in the advanced and highly civilised stages of society.

But from this very circumstance it was equally evident that combinations could only be serviceable in maintaining the rights and interests of the workmen, and strikes in enforcing them, when both were regulated on right principles and conducted only by legal means. That what these means were was plain — namely, to do to others as they would be done by, and leave to all competitors the same

freedom in regard to their wages which they asserted for themselves, and never to attempt to coerce them by force or violence, which necessarily defeated their own objects, by turning the moral feelings of mankind against them. That in addition to this, it was indispensable never to use the last and desperate remedy of a strike, except in circumstances when it was likely to prove successful, which could only be expected when it took place with a *rising* market; that it was as inevitable that wages should follow the variation of prices as that the temperature of the air should follow the changes of the seasons; and that as they all saw the justice of a rise of wages following an advance of prices, it was reasonable that they should admit the justice of a decline of wages following a fall of prices. That of all attempts the most futile and disastrous was to endeavour by a strike to prevent wages from falling on a decline of prices, because to stop labour at such a time was a step in the interest of the masters, not of themselves, as it relieved the former of the burden of maintaining the latter by wages when they could not make a profit by their labour. All serious and disastrous strikes had arisen from the vain attempt to do this; and it was the repeated failures of great strikes intended to effect this which had given rise to the common opinion, which in many cases was unfounded, that *all strikes* were unfortunate. I concluded by pointing out the close connection which existed between monetary changes and variation of prices, strongly

recommending them never to strike when the bullion in the Bank of England was under £15,000,000; and if possible to select for such a step a time when prices were rising, and bullion was accumulating in the coffers of the bank, and when, in consequence, it would be as much for the interest of the masters to give them the desired advance, as it was when prices were falling to refuse it, and thereby induce a cessation of the payment of wages from which no profit could be made.

This speech, which was extempore, and spoken from only a few statistics written out, lasted two hours, and was listened to throughout with marked attention. Many parts of it were loudly applauded; and even those which jarred on preconceived opinions were heard without the slightest attempt at interruption. It made a considerable impression in the way which I was most desirous to effect, by making the men sensible of the absurdity, with reference to their own interests, of attempting in periods of disaster to avert a fall of wages by strikes. I had afterwards the satisfaction of learning that a great strike in the whole coal and mining districts of Scotland, which had been strongly recommended from the corresponding unions in England, during the serious monetary and commercial depression of 1861, had been mainly prevented by that speech. The leaders came down to me from the Middle Ward, and we discussed the matter for two hours. They went away saying that

they themselves saw I was right, and that a strike would be hopeless at that time, but that they feared their constituents would force them into it. In a week, however, they sent me word that the men had been thinking over what I had said at the great meeting, and that they acquiesced in the abandonment of the design.

The approach of the monetary crisis and commercial depression of 1861 revealed in the clearest colours, by the light of the experience presented in the Sheriff Court of Glasgow, the ruinous effects of the repeal of the usury laws, combined with the dependence by the monetary laws of general credit on the affluence and retention of gold. Great numbers of cases were brought before the bankruptcy or ordinary court, in which it appeared that persons had been allured from employment by wages into trade, by the offer from banks or money-lenders of advances at $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 per cent, which in less than twelve months being run up to 30, 40, and even 60 per cent, the borrowers were in consequence reduced to total ruin. It was hard to say in these cases whether the low rate of interest at first, which tempted the adventure on hazardous undertakings, or the extravagant usurious rate at last, which caused them to stop, were the greater evil. The old usury laws, which prohibited, by the effectual means of declaring the contract null, the taking of interest at over 5 per cent, operated not less beneficially by preventing the commencement of absurd or hazardous undertak-

ings; or at least by saving the honest and cautious trader, when he had once entered into them, from being crushed by a usurious rate of interest, occasioned by no imprudence of his own, but by the mere drain of the precious metals abroad. On the other hand, the repeal of these laws, by allowing anything to be charged for the use of money on which the parties were agreed, operated no less fatally, by holding out in the first instance on all sides snares to tempt the unwary into perilous enterprises, and enabling the capitalists on the first approach of danger to reduce them, when so engaged, to beggary by the price they were compelled to pay for money when the evil day came. Still more ruinous was this system when, under the new monetary laws, the recurrence of the dark day after the bright one was as certain and inevitable as the return of night after day. On no other principle does it seem possible to explain the extraordinary fact, that during ten years of advancing prices and consequent prosperity induced by the gold discoveries, and in the face of an annual emigration in these years, which in one year (1852) was 368,000, and never less than 100,000, the paupers in England alone were never less than 800,000—often 900,000—out of a population below 19,000,000.

The truth is, that the protection of industry against the tyranny of capital is part of the general protection, which it is the main object of Government and civilisation to effect, of the weak against the strong.

Armed with the power of giving or withholding employment, and capable of subsisting on realised funds while labour is starving, capital has greater means of oppressing industry than either the robber of rude, or the feudal lord of more advanced times. It is the first duty of Government to interfere to prevent this oppression, which is effected not less by the undue facilities given to borrowing money at one time than by the extravagant price charged for it at another. This can only be done by a compulsory law against the taking of usurious interest, which, by depriving capital of the prospect of extravagant interest in the end, will render it chary of lavish advances in the beginning. It no doubt sounds well to say, "Leave everything to find its own level, and money among the rest." That is a very agreeable doctrine to the money-lender, but a most destructive one to the money-borrower. The protection of the borrower against the oppression of the lender in money transactions is a branch of the same principle which prohibits the use of women in mines, which limits the hours of labour in factories, and prohibits the employment of infant children in some of those establishments. It is the necessity of protecting the weak against the strong, not less stringent with the free than with slaves, which is the foundation of all these enactments. Whoever has witnessed, as I have so long done, the arts by which the money-lenders in Glasgow tempt their unwary victims, and then the unrelent-

ing way in which they exact the last farthing of extravagant usury from them when a storm approaches, will not wonder at the constant complaints in antiquity of the oppression of money-lenders, and the general inefficacy of all legislative measures intended for relief from them.

The great difficulty now experienced in all measures connected with this subject is that realised wealth gets the command of the press. This is a serious evil, the magnitude of which can only be rightly appreciated by those who, like myself, have for a long course of years been the daily spectators of the evils attendant on the system introduced for the benefit of capitalists on the one hand, and the strenuous and generally successful efforts made by its holders to crush any investigation into it on the other. The influence of numbers, the great counterpoise in the general case to that of wealth, is in this matter unable to combat it. This arises from two causes. In the first place, the whole affair of money, so vital in its effects on the best interests of society, and especially of the working classes, is one on which it is impossible to rouse the masses, simply because it is to a certain degree abstruse, and does not present any object which strikes the senses. Every one can understand and appreciate the difference of the big and the little loaf, of cheap or dear bread; but very few can be brought to understand or take any lasting interest in the far more important influence of a plentiful or contracted currency

on prices, or the connection between free-trade in the lending of money, and the dangers to the borrowers from its establishment. In the next place, on this very account, the whole monetary system is one which is never selected as a *cheval de bataille* by the democratic leaders. As it does not afford the means of rousing the masses, it is not one to tempt individual ambition. "The people," says Harrington, "can feel, but they cannot *see*." They shrug their shoulders, complain of the bad times, or rush into the 'Gazette,' in order to get a personal protection from imprisonment, but they never think of inquiring as to what cause their ruin has been owing. If any attempt is made to explain it, they say it is too difficult a subject for them, and they don't understand it. Meanwhile, realised wealth, with the glittering prospect of 8 or 10 per cent before its eyes, and thoroughly understanding the subject, quickly buys up the shares of the leading journals, gets the command of their columns, and then employs the ablest writers to support its interests, and run down any one who attempts to oppose them. This despotism is the more formidable, because it is one of the most irremovable which in the changes of society has come to be imposed by man upon man.

If the want of protective legislation is severely felt in the later stages of society in this particular, its presence was felt in a pernicious way in another matter of general interest and importance. The

vast evils of intemperance, existing to so fearful an extent in Scotland, had long attracted the anxious attention of all the wellwishers to their country in that state, and a great public meeting, as already mentioned, had been held in Edinburgh on the subject, in which I took a part. I soon saw, however, that the leaders of that movement, who were chiefly the clergy, with no practical knowledge of mankind, were inclined to go much too far, and I in consequence withdrew from the association. Many urged the immediate adoption of a *Maine Law*, or one absolutely prohibiting the sale of spirits except on a medical certificate of its necessity, and declaring the punishment of transportation against any infringement of the Act. A bill was brought forward in 1852 by Mr Forbes Mackenzie, during Lord Derby's administration, which, without going that extravagant length, was sufficiently stringent in the restrictions it imposed on spirit-dealers. By that Act, so well known in Scotland by its author's name, it was provided that no spirit-shop, under severe penalties, should be kept open after 11 o'clock at night, and no spirits be sold on Sunday at all "except to *bonâ fide* travellers." The execution of this Act was committed to the police authorities; and as the evil it was intended to abate was universally felt, it received every facility in being carried into effect.

The result, however, was very different from what was anticipated, and afforded a striking example of

the extreme danger of attempting to put a barrier against any of the general wants or cravings of mankind. Nature has spoken out as to the use of ardent spirits in cold and wet climates, by the profusion in which she has put alcohol in barley, which grows so well in the most inhospitable climates; and that an attempt was being made to thwart her intentions on a great scale was soon apparent. No sooner were these severe restrictions imposed on *licensed* spirit-dealers than a host of unlicensed ones sprang up, who, being for the most part unknown to the police, and having no signs up, were enabled with comparative impunity to set the law at defiance, and permit every species of debauchery to go on in their houses. Their number swelled in two years in Glasgow alone from forty or fifty to eight hundred. Meanwhile the police were involved in frequent contests with the inebriated and their abettors, in the attempt to enforce the law, particularly in regard to closing at eleven; and in the efforts to discover who infringed it, recourse was of necessity had to spies and informers, generally the very worst class of society, and whose co-operation brought obloquy on the administration of the law. Matters were brought to a crisis by the trial before one of my substitutes of three officers of the criminal department for an assault committed in the attempt to carry into execution the Forbes Mackenzie Act, who were convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. The result was

that, by the common consent of all concerned, sheriff, magistrates, police, and the public generally, the Act was allowed quietly to lapse into desuetude in Glasgow; and scarcely any attempt is made to enforce its provisions, except in very flagrant cases of contravention, in any of the adjoining towns or villages.

This illustrates the important truth that it is not only in vain, but positively injurious, to attempt to bar altogether or impose vexatious restraints on any of the great instinctive desires of human nature; and that the true wisdom is, without attempting altogether to thwart these, to modify their direction, and render them as little hurtful as possible. Much may be done in this way, without incurring the risks with which a more stringent course is attended. The way of doing it in the case of ardent spirits is, in the first place, to raise the price of spirits to *all* consumers, whether in licensed or unlicensed houses, till it reaches the point when, from smuggling becoming profitable and general, a further increase would be not only nugatory, but pernicious — indeed it should always be kept well below this point. Apparently this line has been reached by the duty of 7s. now levied on a gallon of spirits. In the next place, it is expedient to raise if possible the *class of houses* in which spirits are sold, just as it is to keep up the class of persons in whom the political franchise is vested. This is to be done by licensing only houses of a certain class, as those

rented at and above £20; making the licence duty high; and, as far as possible, enforcing the law against unlicensed and inferior dealers. This seems the only practical way of dealing with the dreadful evil of inordinate drinking. Temperance leagues, associations, and meetings, the eloquence of the pulpit and the platform, are nearly unavailing against it. They may please large audiences, and convert a few waverers on the frontiers of dissipation; but those who attend such meetings are for the most part *already sober*, and need no conversion. The immense mass of those inclined to evil habits never go to such meetings, nor read anything regarding them. The tens fill them, are delighted, and loudly applaud the speakers; the hundreds go by to the spirit-shops on the other side unheeding. For this immense mass the only effectual restraint is high price—reason, eloquence, philanthropy are thrown away upon them. But high price, and if possible respectability of houses, are the only securities which should be aimed at: farther restriction or absolute prohibition are worse than useless, and only aggravate the evils they are intended to remedy.

In the beginning of summer, when the long days had returned, and open-air preaching had again become common, an attempt was made to renew the evening services from the stone pulpit in the Bridgegate. The Rev. Mr M'Coll, with whom, as already mentioned, the Lord Provost and I had

had a correspondence on the subject in the preceding autumn, sent notice to Captain Smart, the chief of the police, that he proposed to renew his open-air preaching the next Sunday, and that he requested he might receive the necessary protection. Captain Smart immediately forwarded the letter to the Lord Provost and to myself, accompanied by a report to the effect that the design, if persisted in, would be highly dangerous, and that the peace of the city would infallibly be broken by the fury of the contending parties. Since our former correspondence on the subject had taken place, Mr Galbraith, the former Lord Provost, had retired from office, and been succeeded by Mr Clouston. The latter gentleman, a man of remarkable intelligence and spirit, entered into the subject as warmly as his predecessor had done, and we addressed a joint letter to Mr M'Coll, representing the dangers of rousing the religious passions of large bodies of men in such a town as Glasgow, and requesting him to relinquish his intention of preaching in that locality; mentioning again that he might preach anywhere he pleased in the Green, or in fifty other places which Captain Smart would point out, where it would be attended with no danger, and where he would, if necessary, be protected by the police. He replied that he could not conscientiously abstain from what he regarded as a sacred duty, and that he would preach next Sunday at 7 o'clock from the stone pulpit in Bridgegate. I immediately granted,

on the application of the procurator-fiscal of the city, an interdict against the proceeding, which was served on Mr M'Coll on Saturday afternoon.

On the evening for which the open-air preaching in the Bridgegate had been advertised, and at the appointed hour, I directed two hundred policemen to be assembled in a small court in the vicinity of the place threatened with the disturbance, and a reserve of a hundred more to be in readiness at the police office, and I myself repaired to the spot, to satisfy my own eyes as to the temper of the people, and be ready to take the direction if necessary. I found a great crowd assembled, through whom I walked alone, conversing occasionally with the people. I was well known to them as the chief opponent of Mr M'Coll's street-preaching, but they received me with respect and courtesy, and seemed impressed with the conviction that, now that it had come to that issue, the law would prevail. Mr M'Coll, however, had the benefit of good legal advice: he made no attempt to break the interdict, and the evening passed without any collision. I remained at the police office till it was dark, and the crowd had dispersed, and then returned home, well pleased to have got without bloodshed through so serious a collision with the Free Kirk and Dissenting congregations of Glasgow.

The interdict granted by me was only till the parties could be heard on the Monday following; when they were accordingly heard at great length, in

a Court composed of myself and my four substitutes. These all concurred with me in opinion that the proceeding attempted was unlawful, as obstructing a common thoroughfare, and endangering the public peace, and that it should be stopped. The interdict was accordingly continued till the future orders of Court, which was in effect declaring it perpetual, as the Free Kirk party were too well advised to attempt by pushing on the process to get it recalled. As this was declaring open war on this point against the puritanical party of Scotland, I was careful in the speech I delivered on the occasion to distinguish between street-preaching in the locality where it was now attempted, and in *other situations* where it might be done without impediment or danger to the public. In such I declared there was no objection to it, and the ministers in exercising their sacred functions there would not only be noways disquieted, but protected by the police. In confirmation of this, I observed that as the County Buildings, where the sheriff's office was situated, was in an open space, not a thoroughfare, where no irritation could be caused to any party, I had no objection to Mr M'Coll taking his stand to preach on the steps of that building.

The good effects of separating in this manner the question of preaching in the Bridgegate from that of open-air or street preaching in general, were soon apparent. Immense was the excitement which the decision at first produced. The Free Kirk journals,

joined by nearly all the Dissenting and many of the Established churches, opened upon us with the utmost violence. We were a disgrace to the age,—were striving to renew the persecutions of the dark ages, and to stifle the word of God. Some went so far as to insinuate that the hand of the Romish Church and Hamilton Palace might be discerned in this scandalous attempt. But I was careful not to reply, and to avoid a newspaper controversy; and by degrees reason came to prevail over furious passions, and the excitement on the subject gradually declined.

For several years past a desire had been felt in Scotland for a monument to Sir William Wallace, whose heroic arm had laid the foundation of the national independence in a remote age, and under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty. A considerable diversity of opinion, however, existed on the subject, and it was regarded with undisguised aversion in England, and the 'Times' newspaper in particular lost no opportunity of representing it in an unfavourable light. The zeal and energy, however, of the promoters of the movement, at length overcame all obstacles; and a sufficient sum having been subscribed, and the design of the monument selected, preparations were made for laying the foundation-stone on the 24th June—the anniversary of the battle of Bannockburn. The site selected was appropriate. It was on the summit of the Abbey Craig, a rocky eminence 200 feet in height, sur-

mounting the level plain in which, between the Ochil and Campsie hills, the Forth meanders, and in which Stirling Castle is situated. It overlooks the spot, about a mile distant, where, at a bend of the river, there formerly stood a wooden bridge, by which the English army crossed over to attack the Scotch, drawn up on the southern slopes of the Ochils. It is a remarkable fact, indicating how identical the real principles of war are in all ages and under all circumstances, that the tactics by which Wallace, in the thirteenth century, effected the destruction of the English army at Stirling—viz., allowing half their army to cross and suddenly attacking them before the rest could get over—were the same by which, five hundred years after, the Archduke Charles defeated Napoleon on the field of Aspern.

I hesitated at first to accept the chairmanship of the meeting, and even declined it, on the ground that some nobleman of high rank would be more suitable to discharge its duties; but finding that they all held back, with the exception of the Duke of Athole, who, as Grand Master of the Freemasons, was to lay the foundation-stone—and being desirous to prevent the thing falling into hands in which it might excite obloquy and sustain damage—I accepted the proffered honour. Few of the neighbouring gentry attended, but my friend Sir Maxwell Wallace, the lineal descendant of the great hero, was present, and officiated as field-marshal of the pro-

cession on the occasion. The management had got into Radical hands, so far as the local committee was concerned, and the Tory landed proprietors in consequence stood aloof. Many also were afraid of the thunders of the 'Times,' which it was expected would fulminate on those concerned in the undertaking.

But if the aristocracy and higher orders hung back, the middle and lower orders exhibited such a gathering at Stirling on that day as had not been seen in this country since the wasted bands of the Scots went forth to combat for its independence on the field of Bannockburn. From the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, they came forth, animated with one enthusiastic feeling. They came from the Solway Firth and the extremity of Caithness, from the Mull of Cantire and the rocks of Aberdeen. Fourteen thousand Freemasons attended, in their respective lodges, with their distinctive scarfs and insignia; the whole of the volunteer regiments in the adjoining counties turned out; the magistrates of nearly all the Scotch burghs were present; and the total number of strangers assembled at Stirling on the occasion was not short of 200,000. The procession, six deep, was arranged on the Links of Stirling, the scene of the exploits of the knights in days of yore; the Ladies' Rock was clustered with fair forms, as enthusiastic, but less anxious than those who had watched, five hundred years before, their sons and husbands confronting the English host on the field of Bannock-

burn. So numerous were the public bodies which walked in uniform, that when the leading corps were ascending the Abbey Craig, where the foundation-stone was to be laid, the last had not left the Links of Stirling, three miles distant! The day was eminently propitious. The sun broke forth in unclouded brilliancy as the procession began to ascend the Abbey Craig; the glens of the Ochils, shrouded in shade, brought out their beautiful slopes; and in the lovely plain at their foot, the waters of the Forth glittered amidst verdant meadows. In the extreme distance the lofty chain of the "Grampians, the native guardians of the land," shut in the prospect to the west; while to the east, the Firth of Forth was seen expanding amidst the rich and smiling plains of the Lothians. The crowd clustered like bees round the wooded sides of the cliff, and crowned in one dense mass its broad summit, when the Duke of Athole, with all the Masonic ceremonies, laid the foundation-stone of the monument. I then addressed the multitude in a few sentences, which were loudly applauded. An incident added greatly to the effect of the proceeding. As I began, the guns commenced to fire from Stirling Castle, and I instantly alluded to it as indicating the sympathy of the Queen with the movement — a coincidence which made the rock resound with the shouts of a hundred thousand voices.

In the evening a dinner took place in the Corn Exchange of Stirling, which was attended by above

800 persons. As chairman of the meeting it fell to me to propose the toast of the evening—"The immortal memory of Sir William Wallace;" and it required no small tact and consideration to do so. It would have been easy to have wound the audience up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by praise of the Scotch and abuse of the English, for they were to a man intensely national, and highly excited, and would have received any amount of either with applause. But it is a grating thing in one part of a united kingdom to see a victory celebrated which was won over another part; and considering how much the security and influence of the British empire depends on the cordial union of all its members, it was a difficult task to glorify these old and undeniable events which shed lustre on the one without bringing discredit on the other. Influenced by these considerations, I endeavoured to present a view of the achievements of Wallace which, while it should do justice to the memory of that illustrious patriot, should at the same time exhibit clearly the immense advantages which Scotland, in common with every other part of the empire, derived from union with England. I had reason to congratulate myself; for although the meeting attracted great attention, and the speeches were quoted at length in the chief English as well as all the Scotch papers, no unpleasant feelings were expressed, and in many of the southern journals the subject was mentioned in terms of generous enthusiasm.

During the month which preceded this interesting pageant, I was actively engaged with my lives of Lord Castlereagh and Sir Charles Stewart. It had been intended to have published them before the season came to an end in London in this year, and I had for some time nearly doubled my daily average of writing to effect this object. I wrote five or six instead of three pages a-day. But the general depression of commerce, in consequence of the American Civil War, which had recently broken out, and the absorption of public interest on that most important event, induced Mr Blackwood to postpone the period of publication, and it did not appear till the 1st December following. In the meantime, however, I was indefatigable in my efforts to drive the work to a conclusion. I felt the same nervous anxiety which I had experienced when approaching the termination of my History and Continuation, lest anything should occur to prevent its completion. Indeed I felt more anxious; for the long period which had elapsed since the first of these works was concluded, on 7th June 1842, and the great amount of intellectual labour since undergone, had of course increased the chances and uncertainty of life. At length my labours were brought to a termination. On the 27th July 1861, sitting in the library at Possil with Lady Alison, the faithful partner of my labours, my joys, and anxieties, I wrote "the last line of the last page," and finally laid aside my historic pen. At the age of sixty-eight it is too

late to begin any new work; and the intervals, always brief, of severe and daily increasing professional duty will be amply occupied in revising my numerous writings for successive editions, and adding such additional documents in the form of notes as have come out since the text was written. I am happy to say I have not been under the necessity of correcting or withdrawing any statement, beyond an error in the press or the rectifying of a figure.

The coming of age this summer of our young friend and neighbour, Mr Spiers of Elderslie, a promising young man recently gazetted to the Grenadier Guards, led to a series of brilliant *fêtes* at Elderslie, presided over by his mother, Mrs Spiers, with her usual taste and elegance, at which a very numerous and brilliant party from far and near was assembled. Like her other neighbours, we threw open our house to her guests on the occasion, and we had F—— and his friend Lord Loughborough under our roof while it lasted, which was for three days. Both Lady Alison and I were much struck with this highly gifted young man. To brilliant talents and high breeding and manners he adds a vein of romance, very rare in this utilitarian age in any rank, but most of all in the fashionable society and gay circles in London in which he had for several years moved. He possesses considerable powers of public speaking, and has often tried to get into Parliament; but owing to his Conservative politics he has hitherto been unsuc-

cessful. This is to be regretted, for he is in every way qualified to make a good figure in the House of Commons. If his exclusion, through the prejudices of party, from the public arena continues much longer, it is much to be feared his present desultory habits will become confirmed, and that he will add another to the long list of highly gifted persons, of whom, as of the Duke of Orleans, it may be said, that the fairies, having been invited to his christening, all came, and each endowed him with some admirable quality; but one old fairy, who had been forgotten, came of her own accord, and added this fatal one—that he should never make any use of them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

COUNTRY VISITS—GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

AUGUST 1861—JANUARY 1862.

THERE being no State balls or Court festivities this year, in consequence of the death of the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, we did not go to town. Lady Alison's health had been so much shattered by the serious illness she had had in the preceding autumn, that we wished to go to a considerable distance in the long vacation for change of scene and air. At first we thought of Homburg or of one of the German watering-places, and had actually made preparations for such an expedition; but the accounts we received of the excessive gaiety of these establishments, and the solitary situation of such as did not incline to join in them, induced us to change our plans, and go instead for a month to Inverness-shire, where we had many kind friends and near connections. We set out accordingly on the 13th August, and slept that night in Aberdeen, where I had not been since I delivered my rectorial speech

in Marischal College in 1845. Since that time the railway system had been extended through Aberdeen to Inverness, and great additions had been made to that prosperous and handsome city. We went on by the foot of Bennachie in Aberdeenshire, through well-known scenes in Strathbogie, to Belladrum, the hospitable seat of Mr James Merry, the leading partner of the great firm of Merry & Cunningham, ironmasters in Lanarkshire and Ayrshire, and for many years M.P. for the Falkirk Burghs. Mr Merry was well known, in the sporting circles of England, as the winner of the Derby and many other of the highest stakes. He was an old friend of both Lady Alison and myself, and had married the eldest daughter of James M^c^Hardy, an intimate legal friend of mine, and a coadjutor in the legal duties of Lanarkshire. Miss M^c^Hardy was a young lady of uncommon beauty and most pleasing manners, for whom Lady Alison entertained almost the affection of a mother, and we had seen a great deal of her at Possil before her marriage. They were established at Belladrum, an old Highland place beautifully situated in the Aird, a small circular plain surrounding the *embouchure* of the Beauly where it joins the firth of the same name. The house, a spacious antique mansion, largely added to by the present proprietor, was fitted up in the most luxurious style of modern elegance; and the adjoining flower-garden and ornamental ground, laid out in beds of uniform colour and long striped

borders, rivalled those of Drumlanrig and Drummond Castle in taste and beauty.

We enjoyed ourselves extremely during the three weeks we dwelt in this hospitable residence. Released for a season from all labour, either judicial or literary, in a Highland county presenting the most beautiful scenery within walking and driving distance, surrounded by every comfort which wealth could purchase or kindness supply, enjoying the elasticity of mountain air and the romance of Highland scenery, the time passed in the most agreeable way, which I felt the more keenly from the contrast it presented to the laborious life that in smoky Lanarkshire I had so long led. The celebrated Falls of Kilmorack, and defile of the Druim, four miles long, overhung by splendid woods, situated about five miles from the house, presented a long series of Trossach scenes, perhaps unequalled in Scotland in extent and beauty. I frequently visited them, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with others, and found with satisfaction that at the age of sixty-eight I could walk sixteen miles in four hours, and come in as fresh as the youngest of the party. The walking path to these falls lay across the extensive and varied park of Beaufort Castle, the seat of Lord Lovat, then filled with a large party of friends; and it looked not a little strange to see elegant female figures, dressed in the last Parisian costume, emerging from the wooded glades, or crossing on slender bridges the mountain torrents which amidst heath

and pine-clad rocks found their way to the Beauly in that romantic region.

We soon became acquainted with the Lovat party, who dined *en masse* at Belladrum and we at Beaufort Castle. We were extremely struck with the persons who composed it, both male and female. Lord Lovat's two sons—the elder styled in Highland phrase the "Master of Lovat," the second, Colonel Fraser of the Guards—were models of Highland chieftains, both in person and manner. The daughters of the family, Lady Mostyn and the Honourable Miss Fraser, possessed commanding and splendid figures and the most pleasing and affable manners; and a young friend of theirs, Mrs Fitzherbert, who was very beautiful, exhibited that union of talent and coquetry which is so charming in the French and Polish women. Beaufort Castle was formerly a place of strength, boldly situated on the banks of the Beauly; but it was burnt down in 1745, when the family, true to their principles, espoused the falling side; and the present house is an old one, which was the factor's residence in the days of its feudal grandeur. The present family have long intended to rebuild the ancient seat on a scale suited to the augmented size of the property; but they have hitherto been diverted from the design by the purchase of successive additions to the hereditary estate, which now forms a noble property forty miles in length.

While at Belladrum we paid a visit to Mr and the

Honourable Mrs Vernon, step-daughter of Lord Eglinton, who both received us with the utmost kindness. We had been very intimate in former days, and the regard had been so strong that we had almost felt to her as parents. She was married to the Honourable Mr Vernon, fourth son of Lord Lyveden, and they had taken the beautiful place of Coul, belonging to Sir George Mackenzie, for the sake of the fishing and shooting which it commanded. We were charmed by the unaffected kindness and affection of her manner, which went back at once to the feelings of former days. She is a most superior person, uniting to excellent natural abilities all the advantages of high breeding and refined education. Mr Vernon is evidently a superior man, who has made himself very agreeable to the country gentlemen in his vicinity. We met there his parents, Lord and Lady Lyveden, better known as Mr and Mrs Vernon Smith. I had not been prepossessed in his favour, from his parliamentary appearances as Secretary for India; but I was agreeably surprised by finding him not only polished and agreeable, but quick and intelligent in conversation. I did not see him long enough to be able to determine whether this was the result of native talent, or, as is often the case, of the advantage of having lived in superior and intellectual society.

Sitting one day in the library at Belladrum, we were surprised by F——'s walking in, and by his announcement that he was on his way to see the

great Prussian reviews to be held on the Rhine this autumn, in the capacity of Lord Clyde's aide-de-camp. That kind commander, who never loses sight of those for whom he has felt a real regard, no sooner was requested by the Queen to go in her name to these splendid military spectacles than he sent for F—— to accompany him; and he left Belladrum accordingly by the night-train the same evening on his way to London. He was received in the kindest manner by the King and Queen of Prussia and the Princess Royal of England, whom he had previously known in London, and with whom he had the honour of riding every day when not attending his general at the reviews, and who, as might have been expected, was insatiable in her questions about all her old friends left behind her in London. The Queen said to him when he was first introduced: "Major Alison, your name is well known to me. I rejoice to see you at my Court, and I see from the decorations you bear that you are fit to be an ornament to it."

After a residence of three weeks at Belladrum, we took leave of our kind host and hostess, Mr and Mrs Merry, and went to Aldourie, the seat of Lady Alison's cousin, William Fraser Tytler, a gallant officer, late of the East India Company's service. I had been there when on a walking tour in the Highlands with my brother in 1815, but not since. Time had in the interval made its usual changes in the family circle. The head of it had some years

ago gone to his long home; three elder sons had perished abroad in the service of their country; the estate had devolved to the fourth, the present proprietor—at the time of my former visit an infant in arms—now returned from India, where he had been on the staff of Lord Gough, covered with decorations; and the mother of a smiling family, then in the fulness of prosperity and beauty, was now a feeble old woman, shrunk to half her former size, and so broken with family afflictions that she never left her room! Comparing our own lot with that of others, we felt additional reason for thankfulness to the Author of all good for the unusual flow of blessings which we had received. We remained for ten days at Aldourie, during which time our host had a numerous circle of visitors. Aldourie is a lovely place, situated on Loch Ness, and enjoys the advantage of beautiful drives by the water's edge through the extensive woods fringing the lake and forming part of the property. The party was enlivened by four elegant young women, nieces of the present proprietor, sent home to his kind care by their parents in India. They possessed all the grace and beauty of their family; and the impression produced by them in that romantic residence may be judged of by an expression used by the clergyman of the parish to me when they were dancing, "Sir, it is like the poetry of Longfellow."

At Aldourie we renewed our acquaintance with Sir Patrick Grant, a distinguished officer of the

Indian army, distantly connected with us by marriage. He had married first Miss Jane Ann Tytler, a daughter of the Aldourie family, who had in her early days lived two years with us in St Colme Street. After her death, which happened in India, he espoused, *en secondes noces,* the third daughter of Lord Gough. Sir Patrick was now a veteran of sixty years of age, but retained the vigour and elasticity of youth. He remained three days, and we had several long walks by the lake-side together. It was impossible to meet a more agreeable companion. Having been thirty years in harness, during which he had been successively Adjutant-General of India, Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Presidency, as well as, between General Anson's death and Sir Colin Campbell's arrival, Commander-in-Chief of all India during a most trying and critical period, he had been personally engaged in all the wars of India during the last quarter of a century, and had himself borne important parts in them. Bland, modest, and unassuming in his manners, he added unaffected simplicity to the charm of conversation on these interesting subjects. He had returned home, after having seen and done so much, and seemed desirous only of passing his latter years as a Highland gentleman, to which position he had been originally born. He had a strong vein of humour in his character, and had stored his memory with a great number of ludicrous and characteristic

stories, which he brought out without assumption, but with the happiest effect.[1]

Returning from Inverness-shire, we slept at Aberdeen; and as the hotel in Union Street where we put up was very crowded, from the number of tourists and sportsmen returning to the South, and we had not thought of writing before, we had some difficulty in getting rooms. The landlady, however, soon came and told us that a gentleman from the South, upon hearing our names, had given up his room to us, which was the best in the hotel. In the evening I sent in my card, and requested leave to call upon him to thank him for his courtesy; and having obtained his consent, I went in and found it was the Rev. Dr Cumming, the celebrated preacher in London, well known for his frequent and earnest dissertations on the accomplishment of prophecy. I had often heard him preach, with great admiration, and we had been introduced, but I had never been in company with him before. We sat two hours conversing *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis,* and parted with mutual regret. I found his conversation most agreeable, varied, enthusiastic, and bearing marks of

[1] Among a host of other stories, he told us how, on his return from India, he had gone to see a woman, now old and infirm, who had tended him in infancy. "Well, Mary," said Sir Patrick, "how many children have you had?" "Troth, sir, I hae borne my gudeman *thirteen.*" "Thirteen! How in the world did you contrive to bring up so many?" "Oh, sir, ye see the Lord was rael merciful, for aye as *He sent ane, He took awa' the tither;* so we just hirpilt through."

genius intermingled with strange fancies. He told me that there was no work he had ever read which contained so many illustrations of the accomplishment of prophecy, or which he had studied so much with that view, as my History. He added that he thought I had done quite right in the dispute with the Free Kirk about preaching in the Bridgegate of Glasgow. He said he had been applied to by the affiliated churches of that persuasion in London to get up an agitation on the subject in the metropolis, and had read my judgment on the case accordingly; but he had refused to do so, on the ground that the cause of religion could never be served by attracting a crowd which obstructed a public thoroughfare, or endangered the public peace by exciting the angry passions of opposing sects against each other.

After our return home we paid a visit at the hospitable mansion of Lord Belhaven at Wishaw, where we met Dean and Mrs Milman. He had come down, as many other dignitaries of the Church of England had done this autumn, to see the stained-glass windows in the Cathedral of Glasgow, which were in course of being put up at the expense of the merchant princes of that great commercial emporium, and of the noblemen and gentlemen of the west of Scotland. They were, for the most part, executed by Munich artists; and though they appeared to me somewhat flimsy in colour, and wanting in the deep tones of the old masters, they were generally admired. The cost of the whole was above £14,000

—a striking and honourable proof of the taste and public spirit of the aristocratic and commercial classes of the west of Scotland.

Dean Milman, as might have been expected from a gentleman of his scholarship and literary celebrity, was a very agreeable man in society, and we passed two days very pleasantly in his company at Wishaw. One thing, however, struck me in his conversation, and the more so that it strongly recalled the Whig circle at the Bar in Edinburgh, with whom I had lived so much forty years before, and which was so different from anything I had seen during the intervening period. This was the extraordinary *identity of thought* which prevailed in that celebrated party, and the subjection in it of the many to the judgment and opinions of the few. Not only were Dean Milman's opinions the same as those which half a century before I had heard so often from Jeffrey, Cockburn, Cranstoun, and Rutherfurd in Edinburgh, but his whole conversation was about the men who formed its leaders. It was Sydney Smith and Macaulay, Lord Holland and Lord Lansdowne, Tommy Moore and Rogers, at every word. You would have supposed from his discourse not only that the Whig leaders had been and were the greatest men of the age, but that they were the *only ones* who were worth thinking of or speaking about. This is a singular circumstance, which I have also observed in the old Whig set in London; and the more remarkable from the opposite party during the same period

having contained such men as Mr Pitt and Lord Castlereagh, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Derby, Chateaubriand and Sir Walter Scott, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and Mr Disraeli. No such strange circumscribing of thought to their own circle was ever seen among the Tories. I have lived among them as much as most people, and I can vouch for it that the Liberal leaders and orators were always fully as much the object of conversation and interest as those of their own party. The peculiarity of the Whigs in this particular has apparently been owing to their long exclusion from office prior to 1830, and the necessity of sticking together to withstand the weight of their political opponents; and it has continued since from the mere force of habit, when it was no longer required, after they had gained the ascendancy in the State. There can be no doubt that this custom has a strong tendency to enhance a contemporary reputation, and it has bolstered up many a one; but it necessarily leads to many serious collapses when the capacity of the Whig pets are put to the test of the real business of life. This system of exclusive living and thinking also has been one chief cause of the delusions under which the Whig leaders have long laboured in regard to the probable effects of their legislative measures. One of the most remarkable of these was the opinion, entertained in good faith by Earl Grey, that the Reform Bill would prove "the most aristocratic measure ever brought into the House of Commons;" another, that free-

trade would not prove prejudicial to British agriculture—an opinion which has been answered by the importation of grain having risen since its introduction from an average of 1,500,000 to 16,000,000 quarters in a year![1]

The success which had attended the Volunteer Review in Edinburgh in the preceding year led to a desire in the west of Scotland to have something similar. The improved discipline and increased efficiency of the corps induced them to venture upon the somewhat hazardous experiment of a sham fight, which took place with great *éclat* in the park of Pollok, near Glasgow, on the 7th October. Sir John Maxwell, its generous and public-spirited proprietor, in the handsomest manner threw open his demesne for the purpose; and the public interest was wound up to a high pitch on the occasion, as it was the first spectacle of the kind on such a scale which had ever been seen in the west of Scotland. The day was uncommonly fine; 8000 volunteers were assembled for the sham fight, and at least 200,000 people streamed out of Glasgow to witness it. The movements of the troops were executed with a remarkable degree of precision, far greater than could have been exhibited in the preceding year; and the throwing of a bridge across the river Cart in the park by the

[1] "In the two last weeks of July 1861, the total importation of foreign grain was 492,000 quarters and 489,000 quarters respectively, being at the rate of 24,000,000 quarters in a year, or the food of fully two-thirds of our people."—'Times.'

engineers, and transporting a battery of artillery and two battalions of infantry across, was executed amidst the applause of an immense body of spectators. The presence of Sir Hope Grant on the field, covered with decorations, earned on the fields of India and China, as well as of the reviewing officer, Sir John Douglas, added to the interest of the spectacle. We were truly glad to shake hands with Sir Hope: times were altered since he was so often at Possil, a captain in the 9th Lancers, chiefly known for his love of and proficiency in music, and his gentleman-like unassuming manners. He was in every respect unchanged, save in the glory he had won, and looked fully as young and well as when we had last seen him, fifteen years before. He told us that his health had suffered much in India when he first went there; but that he had entirely recovered it since he had been engaged on active service, and been eight hours a-day in the saddle. His violoncello was still, he said, as of yore, his inseparable companion. The effect of the review was much marred by the "ignorant impatience" of the crowd, which, in their anxiety to get nearer, broke down all barriers, and overspread the ground intended for the evolutions; but this led to a pretty message conveyed to Sir John Maxwell by Lady Augusta Bruce from the Queen: "Tell Sir John not to mind his fences being broken down; *he will find the grey jackets his best security.*"[1]

[1] Alluding to the uniform of the volunteers, which for the most part was made of grey cloth.

The autumn of this year was marked by an event important in our family, though not of a kind to call for any minute description for the public at large. Since the death of her husband, Mrs Cutlar Fergusson had lived at Ninewells with her two sons, entirely occupied with their care and education. She was too young, however, and attractive, to render it probable that she would remain long unmarried; and, according to the Scotch phrase, "she met her fate" this summer, in her own house at Ninewells. The Honourable James Charlemagne Dormer, second son of Lord Dormer, had been during the last year of Sir Colin Campbell's campaign in India aide-de-camp along with F—— in India, and a great intimacy had in consequence grown up between them. He bore the highest character as a soldier, and was remarkably gentleman-like and pleasing in his manners. He had been deputy-adjutant-general to the army in China, and discharged the duties of his post so successfully that he was on his return promoted to the rank of substantive major. He came down with F—— on a visit to Mrs Fergusson, and an attachment soon sprang up between them, which ended shortly in an agreement of marriage. The event was solemnised according to the Catholic form, to which he belonged, in the Romish chapel in Edinburgh, and immediately after in the Episcopal chapel in York Place in the same city, according to the form of the Church of England, the Church of my daughter. I was deeply impressed with that locality: it

was my father's chapel, where I had so often listened to his eloquent voice, and at its altar I had stood six-and-thirty years before, when he sealed my happiness by uniting me to Lady Alison. Lady Dormer, mother of my new son-in-law, and her daughter and another son, who paid us a visit of a week at Possil, received Ella into their family circle in the kindest manner, and gave us every reason to congratulate ourselves that she had formed a connection with so estimable as well as distinguished a family.

That the house of mourning is nigh to the house of mirth, has been observed by the moralists, and confirmed by the experience, of every age. Never was it illustrated in a more striking manner than on this occasion among our immediate friends. Hardly were the marriage-parties at Possil and Craigpark concluded, and the Dormers had taken their departure for London, than intelligence was received from St Andrews that Lord Eglinton, who was living there for the sake of golf, of which sport he was extremely fond, had been seized with a stroke of apoplexy, and this was soon after followed by the tidings of his death. He had been remarkably well for some time before this, walking eight or ten miles every day, playing golf on the Links of St Andrews; and on the day when he was attacked he had been dining with his friend Mr Whyte-Melville, and was in the lobby of his house putting on his great-coat previous to going home, when he was struck down. He survived the shock for three days; but was

for the most part of the time insensible, and could only articulate a few words. Nine years before he had had a threatening of the same disorder, but had entirely recovered, and been able to resume his usual active life and athletic exercises. He had for long seen, however, a "little man in the air," as he expressed it, which optical delusion is a well-known symptom of an undue flow of blood to the head; but what is remarkable, this vision had nearly gone for some weeks before his death, and in one of his last letters to his daughter, the Hon. Mrs North, he said, "You will be glad to hear I have quite got quit of my little friend in the air."

There is no public man in this age who has been more warmly and generally lamented than Lord Eglinton. The sorrow for his loss was not confined to one section of the community or one political party in the State: it was divested of either the partiality or the rancour of religious partisanship. It pervaded alike the high and the low, the noble and the peasant, the Protestants and the Catholics, the Whigs and the Tories. A Protectionist and a Conservative, who manfully on every occasion asserted his opinions, he yet won the hearts of the Catholics of Ireland by his equitable and patriotic administration as viceroy of that distracted country. In his own country his ardent and oft-expressed patriotism, his simplicity and kindliness of manner, his generous conduct as a landlord and to the poor in every quarter, and the *bonhomie* with which he

joined in the arrangements and shared the joys of the humblest classes,—had won for him every heart. He was beyond all doubt the most popular nobleman in Scotland, or perhaps in the British empire; and he was so, although no one was more opposed to the encroachments of democratic power, or descended less to flatter its passions in order to win the suffrages of the popular party. He had remarkable powers of oratory, and many of his speeches, especially in Ireland when viceroy, are models of dignified eloquence, although his education had been neglected, and he had never had the advantages of a university tuiton.

The funeral took place at Eglinton Castle, and was one of the most melancholy scenes I ever witnessed. It was intended to have been confined to the private friends of the deceased and to the gentlemen of his county, and they alone received letters of invitation. So extensive, however, was the acquaintance which Lord Eglinton enjoyed, that even they formed a great assemblage, and came from distant quarters. I myself came from Craigpark, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh; and in the carriage with me going down from Glasgow were the Earl of Essex, father-in-law to the deceased, and Col. Taylor, M.P. for Dublin county, who both came from London. But public anxiety to testify respect to the deceased broke through all barriers, and converted the funeral into a public one. From daybreak in the morning vehicles of all kinds poured

into Kilwinning, where the interment was to take place, conveying the hardy children of the soil to the house of mourning. Every roof was covered, every window filled, with spectators in mourning; and when the sad cavalcade set out from Eglinton Castle for the place of interment, two miles distant, a triple row of mourners, all uncovered, awaited the hearse on either side of the road. The old church of Kilwinning, in the inside of which the family vault was situated, was crowded with the persons invited, and the whole country gentlemen of Ayrshire also spontaneously attended, and filled the galleries. He was laid in the family vault, where his ancestors of Norman descent for many hundred years were laid before him; but that was not intended to be his last resting-place. Being placed close behind his four daughters, who were stationed at the entrance of the vault and were deeply agitated, I could see into the gloomy place of sepulture, which was partially lighted with lamps when the coffin was lowered into it, and I was surprised to see that it was deposited between two other coffins. I afterwards learnt that this was done by the express injunctions of the deceased, and that these coffins were those of his two wives.

Public meetings were held shortly after his death, to devise means of testifying the respect felt for the memory of the deceased. They were held in Ayr, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and London; and large sums were collected at all these places. The

Scotch subscriptions were all agreed to be massed together, to form a handsome monument in the park of Eglinton over his remains. The Duke of Hamilton presided at the meeting held in Glasgow, and I was requested to move the first resolution. I afterwards had the satisfaction of learning that the picture I then drew of his virtues and character was deemed by his relatives and friends the best and most faithful which had been attempted. I had no merit in the success of the picture. It was impossible to be as intimate with Lord Eglinton as I had been without becoming impressed with the salient points of his character. The appeal was promptly responded to in every quarter. £2500 was subscribed at Ayr, and £2000 at Glasgow the first day. A striking testimony was borne to the public character of the deceased by the meeting at Dublin, which was attended by men of the most opposite parties. Father Daly vied with Mr Whiteside in eulogising the merits of the deceased, and enlarging on the justice and impartiality of his administration; a memorable instance of patriotic spirit and upright conduct overcoming the strongest and longest established national and religious animosities.

But though these feelings sufficiently explain the alacrity with which the subscriptions were volunteered, yet it deserves to be considered whether this system of erecting monuments to every public man

of eminence who dies has not been carried too far, and whether the honour, by being made too common, may not ere long cease to be an honour. It was a salutary rule in one of the republics of antiquity, that no public monument should be voted to any citizen till *ten years* after his death. In the first moments of grief and excitement on the decease of an eminent and beloved person, it is impossible to distinguish the wail of temporary sorrow from the voice of ages. Yet they should ever be considered apart, and the last only made the object of public and lasting monuments. When it is otherwise, the object of the monument is lost; for no one knows, after the lapse of centuries, who the person was for whom it was erected. How often has it been asked in the Roman Forum, "Who was Phocas?" whose solitary pillar still stands erect and unshaken amidst the ruin of all around it; and in the Campagna, "Who was Cecilia Metella?" she whose beautiful tomb seems to defy the hand of time — the unknown spouse, it can only be said, of an unknown man;— but no one asked in the Campagna, "Who were the Scipios?" or, on the shore of Egypt, "Who was Pompey or Cleopatra?" There are few men who, according to this test, deserve an enduring monument in Great Britain during the last half-century, and you can hardly name, besides the Prince Consort, more than Mr Pitt, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Castlereagh, and Lord Clyde. *Their* names will

never be forgotten; for the three first saved the British, the last the Indian empire.[1]

My Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Sir Charles Stewart were published on December 1st, and on the 15th of the same month Lady Alison and I set out on a visit to Lady Londonderry at Seaham Hall. We found her surrounded by a very agreeable family party, consisting of Lord Adolphus and Lady Susan Vane, Mr Vandeleur Stewart, an intimate friend and near relation of the family, and Lord Ravensworth, who joined it for some days from his neighbouring seat of Ravensworth Castle. I was much gratified at finding from the whole party that my Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Sir Charles Stewart had given them satisfaction; and while at Seaham I received letters to the same effect from Earl Vane, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Lady Portarlington, its absent members. I received also complimentary letters from many persons of eminence, and not liable to be led into undue favour by family partiality—in particular Mr Disraeli, Mr Ex-Secretary Walpole, Lord Stanley, Sir Edward B. Lytton, and Mr Whiteside. Mr R. H. Patterson also, the able editor of the 'Press,' wrote to me: "You have re-established the reputation of Lord Castlereagh by

[1] If authors were to be included in the category, Sir Walter Scott should unquestionably be added; but they require no monuments either of brass or stone when they have risen to the highest eminence. Would any monument add to the celebrity or perpetuate the memory of Homer? With truth did Horace say, "Exegi monumentum perennius ære."

a *coup* which has never been equalled in my recollection."

Lord Adolphus Vane had just returned from a tour in the United States, in the course of which he had been some weeks at the headquarters of both the contending parties, and the information he had to give was in the highest degree interesting; and its accuracy was eventually proved by its being afterwards confirmed by the event. His partiality, as might naturally have been expected with a British nobleman, was all with the South, and he was strongly impressed with the patriotic and heroic spirit with which its inhabitants were animated. He thought also that their generals and officers were superior to those of the North; which indeed was no more than might have been expected, as two-thirds of the officers in the United States army were from the Southern provinces, and joined their own standards when the civil war broke out. But all this notwithstanding, and despite the rout of Bull's Run, he had great fears of the Federal forces proving in the end victorious in the contest. The balance, not only of population, but of wealth and warlike resources of all kinds, was decidedly in favour of the North. The thirst for conquest and dominion was fully as strong among them as the desire for independence was in the South, and they had the command of far greater material power to carry it into effect. The guns, tumbrils, harness, horses, baggage-waggons, and *matériel* of all sorts in the Federal

army, were not only superior to that of the Southern States, but finer than those of any European army. "If," said he, "you could unite the guns, horses, and equipments of the Northern Americans to the British soldiers in the Crimea, you would form the finest army that ever appeared upon the earth."

The secession of the Southern provinces, and the disastrous civil war which followed upon it, were due, he thought, to different causes from those to which they were generally ascribed in Europe. The slave question had very little to do with it; or rather that question was merely the *direction* which the real causes of the schism took. More real causes were the arrogance and domineering dispositions of the dominant democracy in the Northern States; their impatience of control, and determination to make everything yield to their own will; and the entire and daily increasing divergence of the material interests of the two sections of the American continent. These causes had so long been in operation, and produced so great a divergence, both of feeling and interest, between the Southern and Northern States of the Union, that not only was the rupture and civil war noways to be wondered at, but it was rather to be regarded as inevitable. It was the same thing as to expect the Andalusians or Neapolitans to submit to the domination and yield to the interests of the manufacturers of Britain, or to the serfs of Russia. Free-trade was the natural cry of the South, because they had no manufactures, and

desired to get those of Britain as cheap as possible; Protection was the principle of the North, because they *had* manufactures, both of cotton and iron, and were desirous of excluding the dangerous competition of the British fabrics. Both parties, true to the principle of self-government, were determined to get their own way, and neither would submit to the dictation of the other. The North, excited by a powerful party both in the Old and New Worlds, were set upon the immediate abolition of slavery, without the least regard to the means of conducting labour in the fields without it: the South, conscious that if carried into effect it would destroy or render valueless their property, were resolute to resist it. In these circumstances a desire for separation was inevitable; and if anything were wanting to set the angry passions in motion, it was supplied by the imprudent zeal of the English abolitionists, who gave their unqualified support to the American liberating party, and offended the national pride of the opposite party by appearing to dictate to them, in a domestic matter of which they knew little, and in which they had still less title to interfere.

The social condition of the negroes was represented to me, both by Lord Adolphus and Sir James Fergusson, M.P. for Ayrshire, who had also just returned from Beauregard's headquarters, as very different from what was generally supposed in this country. "One day," said Sir James, "as I was riding through his fields with a Southern planter, he

asked one of his negroes what o'clock it was, and he pulled out a *gold watch*, and said 'Half-past eleven, sir.' 'Have your negroes,' said I, 'all gold watches?' 'Many have,' replied he, 'and it is no wonder, for there is hardly one of the 200 whom you see before you who is worth less than £50 or £60—many £200 or £300.'" Both Lord Adolphus and Sir James represented the condition of the slaves, generally speaking, in the Southern provinces, as greatly superior to that of any peasantry in Europe. Without doubt there were exceptions, and a cruel or hard-hearted master was occasionally found who made his household and establishment as wretched as a cruel and hard-hearted father does in Europe; but you are not entitled to argue from the abuse of an institution against its use—you might as well proscribe marriages, because there are many selfish husbands and some faithless wives in the world. In the general case negroes are well looked after by their masters, for the same reason and by the influence of the same causes that their horses or their cattle are; it is for their interest to do so, and thereby prevent their property from deteriorating. Hitherto all attempts to make the negro work as a freeman for wages, so as to yield a profit, have failed; and the climate is so hot that the European race die in the fields when set to cultivate them. Emancipation will be advisable when this is changed, and the negro is as willing to work as the European. In the meantime all that should

be attempted is to ameliorate their condition, by preventing the separation of parent and child, husband and wife, and permitting them to acquire careful habits, through feeling the advantages of property earned by themselves.

From Seaham the Marchioness drove us to Durham to see the equestrian statue of her husband, which had recently been inaugurated there. It is in many respects a fine specimen of art; but it is placed in too small a square, and situated so that you can only see it in front from above—the worst possible position for any architectural edifice or piece of sculpture to be seen in. The feather in the cap is too heavy, also a glaring defect, especially in a group in which it forms so prominent a part. We lunched, before returning, at the villa of Mr Johnston, a great friend of the family's, and most agreeable man, who is proprietor of a country-house surrounded by old trees, through which is a fine view of Durham Cathedral. At Seaham the Marchioness again drove me over her estate, to point out the vast improvements and public works in which she was engaged, and the beneficent projects she had in view. Among the rest was a huge coal-pit 1800 feet deep, with 800 colliers' houses, which she had recently acquired, and for which she had built and endowed a handsome school; and two complete blast-furnaces for the establishment of a great iron-work, in addition to her other gigantic industrial establishments. She has also formed an excellent road from

the mouth of the dell of Seaham to the town, an equal advantage, as a terrace-walk on the cliffs overhanging the ocean, to her own place and the inhabitants of the adjoining country. She was kind enough also to call out the Volunteer Artillery of Seaham to show us—two companies of which are equipped and maintained entirely at her own expense. They are a fine body of men, and have attained a surprising degree of efficiency. The Marchioness brought them up at her own expense to London, for the great volunteer review in 1860. I addressed a few words to them, which, as usual on such occasions with any one who speaks from the heart, elicited warm applause.

One remark of Lady Londonderry's on this occasion struck me very much. Speaking of the creditable appearance which the men equipped by her, most of whom were colliers from her own estates, made in their uniforms, I took notice of the kindly relations which evidently subsisted between her and her tenantry, and asked her how she acted with regard to claims against her for alleged negligence of those in her employment which had led to colliery disasters. She replied that the mode of proceeding was quite simple, and she had never known a deviation from it; the master in every instance gave indemnification to those suffering by the accident, and without inquiry as to who had been in fault. This appeared very extraordinary and not a little praiseworthy to one like myself, who had been

engaged once or twice every week in hearing and deciding cases arising from coal-pit accidents, two-thirds of which terminated in judgment against the coalmasters. Nay, so determined were they in Scotland to resist all claims for indemnification on such occasions, that the whole ironmasters of the country, it is well known, had some years before entered into a combination to resist *all* actions at the instance of their workmen, and pay all damages awarded at the joint expense. This strange difference is characteristic of the diversity between the relations which subsist between landlords and their tenantry or workmen in England and Scotland. In the former country strict performance of the bond is not required, but a kindly feeling subsists between the landlord and tenant, which generally leads to the latter being unchanged for generations and even centuries: in the latter, the pound of flesh is in every case required. It may be true, as Adam Smith observes, that the Act of 1449, which gives the tenant an absolute right during the subsistence of his lease against heirs and purchasers, has been the main cause of the subsequent agricultural prosperity of Scotland; but there can be no doubt that, by rendering the parties independent of each other, and leading each to stand upon his bond, it has led to a business-like relation between them, widely different from the kindly mutual feelings between the landlords and tenantry in the southern part of the island.

During our stay at Seaham a catastrophe occurred

which had at first an alarming aspect, and drew forth the characteristic qualities of all the members of the family. We had just finished breakfast, and I was walking in the ornamental grounds in front of the house, when a cry got up that Wynyard Park was on fire. I instantly ran into the house, and found Lady Londonderry in her boudoir in the utmost agitation. Messengers were instantly despatched for Lord Adolphus and Mr Vandeleur Stewart, who were out at a little distance; the horses were quickly harnessed to the *calèche*, and they set off at a gallop for the scene of danger. I wished to go with them, but both represented with truth that I would be of more service in remaining with the Marchioness during a period of such anxiety. I sat with her in her boudoir along with Lady Alison, and I must say she exhibited the utmost fortitude as well as disinterestedness on the occasion. She said repeatedly, "It is a matter of little moment to me—I have only a few years to live; but it is hard upon poor Henry" (Lord Vane). For three hours we sat in the boudoir anxiously awaiting a message by the telegraph, which, from her immense transactions, was brought into the room. At length a message arrived round by Sunderland, not the direct way from Wynyard by Stockton, to the effect that the line by Wynyard was interrupted by the fire. Lady Londonderry immediately exclaimed, "The house must be burnt down, for the telegraph was at the other end from where

the fire broke out." Another hour of anxious suspense ensued, during which every ear was anxiously bent to the telegraph to catch any sound; at length the bell of the instrument rang violently. The message came soon, but very slowly, as if to prolong the agony of those watching it: "The chapel is burnt down and seven bedrooms above it; now the flames are"—a long pause—"EXTINCT." Lady Londonderry instantly fell back in her chair and burst into a flood of tears, from which she was roused by the embraces of Lady Susan and Lady Alison. The fire, which arose, as almost all fires in country-houses now do, from over-heated stoves, at one time wore the most alarming aspect. The cloud of smoke was seen for twenty miles around, and the report was widespread that the house was burnt to the ground. It would have been so without a doubt, but for the courage and energy of Mr Murray, the house-steward at Wynyard, and the prompt assistance rendered by the fire-brigade and engines at Stockton, who at the first alarm repaired with the utmost expedition to the spot. As it was, the damage done was above £10,000. It is remarkable that Lady Londonderry has been all her life in a manner pursued by fire: she made a narrow escape from perishing in the flames at Vienna during the sitting of the Congress of Troppau in 1820; Wynyard was burnt to the ground in 1841, and has been twice on fire since, on both of which occasions, by a singular chance, we were on a visit to her.

We remained at Seaham over Christmas, on which day we heard a very striking sermon from the clergyman at Seaham Harbour, on the death of Prince Albert, from the text of Death seated on the pale horse. With much regret we were obliged to forego an invitation by Lord Ravensworth to his splendid and hospitable mansion of Ravensworth Castle, owing to my being obliged to return to Glasgow to attend officially the winter circuit. We paid, however, in passing, a short visit to my daughter, the Hon. Mrs Dormer, and found her the picture of happiness, at Ninewells, where Major Dormer discharged the duties of host with perfect taste, judgment, and good feeling. He told us some very curious anecdotes illustrative of the singular vivaciousness and elasticity of mind of Lord Palmerston, amidst all the cares of his exalted office. He had recently met him at a country-house in England, where a large party, chiefly of gay young men, was assembled. After the ladies had retired from the drawing-room, where he was the gayest of the gay, he went to the billiard-room with the youths, where he played till one, when he retired to his own room to read his despatches, and write letters, till three in the morning, when he went to bed, and was up again at seven to resume his labours, which lasted till breakfast time.

In returning by Edinburgh to Glasgow, we plunged, near Tranent, into a thick fog, which overspread the earth the whole remainder of the way, and was not

dispelled for ten days. It was the densest and darkest fog ever known even in the proverbially foggy west of Scotland. In the beginning of the year we went for a week to Lee Castle, to visit our kind friends the Lockharts, and were indemnified for the darkness we had left behind by the happy faces of that charming family, and the light which beams from beauty's eyes.

Shortly after our return, a public meeting was held in Glasgow, in imitation of those which had recently before taken place in London and elsewhere, for the purpose of entering into a subscription to raise a monument to Prince Albert, whose early death had spread such a gloom over the whole empire. I was requested to move the first resolution, which the Lord Provost seconded; and the meeting was eminently successful — no less than £2000 being subscribed in the room, and £4000 more in a few weeks. This was a very large sum to be collected in a commercial city then labouring under a long-continued and severe commercial distress, and which had only a few months before made a similar effort for Lord Eglinton's monument. It was generally felt that Glasgow, as the chief manufacturing city of the kingdom, was in a peculiar manner called upon to make an effort to testify the gratitude felt for the pacific virtues of the illustrious deceased, and the warm interest he had always taken in everything which tended to promote the manufacturing interests of the empire; and sympathy was

warm in the first months of her bereavement for the widowed Queen, who had been so early deprived of him who had been her never-failing solace and support during all her arduous duties.

On my return to Glasgow, I was again solicited, as I had often been before, to give an opening lecture to the "Juridical Society" of that place—an association which embraced the chief legal practitioners before the Court, and not a few of the young aspirants, and which numbered now 150 members. I did so accordingly, and the subject selected was "The instances in which the English law has been borrowed from that of Scotland." It is a very curious topic, and one with which I had long been familiar; for the greater part of my address was taken from an article entitled "The Old Scottish Parliament," published in 'Blackwood's Magazine' by me thirty years before. Much, however, was added, drawn from the numerous instances in which the convenient process of borrowing without acknowledgment had gone on in British legislation during the intervening period. The lecture was well received by a numerous and sympathising audience, and was largely and favourably commented on, not only in the journals of Scotland, but also in some of those of the sister kingdom.[1]

In truth the subject is a very curious and instructive one. It distinctly appears, and is demonstrated

[1] A corrected report of my speech on this occasion is given in the 'Scottish Law Journal,' February 1862.

in my speech by reference to all the statutes, that, strange as it may seem, Scotland has for the last four centuries been about a century and a half in advance of England in useful and beneficent legislation; that nearly all the improvements and changes which the progress of society has rendered necessary in the neighbouring kingdom during that long period have been adopted from the statute-book of this country; and that in many important particulars the law of Scotland is still confessedly ahead of that of England; and the patriots of South Britain are in vain striving to obtain advantages which those of the North have enjoyed for two centuries.[1] How such extraordinary strides in practical and useful legislation, which in many instances preceded the calls of time, have been made by a poor distracted and remote country, without either commerce or realised wealth, and often while maintaining an unequal struggle with its powerful and ambitious neighbour, is a prodigy which, after all the consideration I have been able to give to the subject, I cannot satisfactorily explain. At one time I thought that poverty and straitened circumstances were the cause of this phenomenon, because, being destitute of any practice or precedents of their own, the Scotch were compelled to have recourse to that great fountain of legislative wisdom—the Roman law. But more

[1] Particularly in the important particulars of the commutation of tithes, the repair of churches, general education, a public prosecutor for crimes, a cheap system for the realisation of bankrupt estates, and the conveyance of land and registration of deeds.

mature consideration has convinced me that this will not entirely explain the phenomenon; for although the education of the youth of the country at Leyden and other places on the Continent where the Roman law was taught, will account for the large importation of that system of jurisprudence into the decision of the questions arising from the ordinary transactions between man and man, it will not explain the numerous wise and far-seeing statutes which have since been found to be so beneficial, and have been imported with such happy effect into the legislation of the sister kingdom. In despair, therefore, at being able to give any explanation on ordinary principles of this extraordinary fact, I can only say "quia Deus sic voluit," and put it down, like the early excellence of Grecian sculpture, Italian painting, or Gothic architecture, as another instance of the superhuman direction of the affairs of men.

About this time (January 1862) I began to perceive the turn which the monthly and daily press of England would take in regard to my Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Sir Charles Stewart. The severity and evident ill-nature of the criticisms confirmed me in a resolution I had already formed, to make this the LAST work on which I was to engage. I was now in my seventieth year, and for thirty-five years of that time I had, in one form or another,—in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' in my 'Criminal Law,' or in my 'History of Europe,'—been before the public. It is rare, indeed, for an author to be endued

with strength adequate to so long-continued an effort, still more when, during the whole time, he had been oppressed with heavy professional or judicial labours. The patience of the reviewers was evidently worn out by seeing an author enjoying a certain amount of reputation continuing to poison, as the Liberals thought, the minds of the rising generation by Tory heresies. They were still more chagrined at seeing an author persevering for so many years in his own opinions, in spite of their utmost efforts to run him down, and resolutely refusing to worship the Dagon of Liberalism, to which so many of his countrymen, once as determined as himself, had of late years made obeisance. I could appreciate the intensity of this feeling, and I saw it was expedient no longer to provoke it. Ample employment in the intervals of judicial labour remained for me in the few years yet allotted to my span of existence in revising, correcting, and adding fresh authorities, from works newly published, to my Histories already before the public. This is particularly required in my Continuation, which being almost a contemporary History, and finished before many of the most important works regarding it had seen the light, necessarily stood much in need of such additional confirmation. I may say "confirmation" without vanity; for I have the satisfaction of knowing that all the vast additions which subsequent publications have made to the authorities bearing on my 'History of Europe,' have scarce

necessitated any alteration being made in the text previously written. There was often much to be added of matter not previously known, and many fresh authorities for statements previously made. But with the exception of a few corrections in names of places or in their spelling, or in corrections of printers' errors, or in the repetition of the same words in a sentence, there was scarce anything to be taken away.

In one respect I am happy to say I have been different from many, I may say most, of the authors of my day. The *genus irritabile vatum* is well known, but I take no credit to myself for having been always destitute of this weakness, for in truth I could not be otherwise. I had received from nature the gift — one of the most valuable in her store—of a temper singularly placid and unruffled, in which a turn of mind essentially practical was mingled with a large vein of romance. I was thoroughly convinced of the justice of my political principles, because they were founded on the safest basis of political thought—observation and experience. I knew that mankind were at bottom everywhere much the same, though endowed with infinite varieties of disposition and mental capacity. Thus I was never disappointed, and was saved that acutest of all pangs arising from generous anticipations cruelly blasted. I never felt the anguish springing from this cause, which in my own time brought Arnold in England and De Tocqueville in France

to premature graves. Practical experience, wide observation in real life of men in all grades, had made me thoroughly acquainted with the average mental capacity and ruling active dispositions of the middle class, in whom the Reform Bill had vested the government of the State. Expecting nothing from their possession of power, I experienced no disappointment from witnessing its results. But the military despotism of Louis Napoleon, succeeding the dreams of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, in 1848, and the frightful civil war, blasting the Utopian dreams of the great model republic on the other side of the Atlantic, afforded evidence to me that the tide was turning; that the rapid descent down the perilous incline was in course of being arrested, and that nature had thrown down the breaks, which, although producing rude shocks at the time, could alone prevent a frightful collision at the end.

Fully convinced as I was that experience would ultimately demonstrate my ideas to be well founded, even to the most enthusiastic believers in human perfectibility and indefinite progress, I never at any time experienced vexation at the numerous attacks made on me in the press, especially during the last ten years. I never felt the least disposition to make any reply, or vindicate myself from the numerous charges brought against me. I knew that in maintaining my principles amidst general defection, I was exposing myself to obloquy and lessening the

popularity of my work, but to these considerations I was indifferent when put in competition with what I felt to be truth. Once, and once only, when the most eminent and respectable of my assailants had made an unfounded attack on some of my statistics in my Continuation, I put the necessary materials into A——'s hands to make a reply; and his article in 'Blackwood's Magazine' to the strictures in the 'Edinburgh Review' decisively showed that when the reviewers left words and came to things, they got beyond their depth, and proved nothing but their own want of knowledge on the subject.

One of the most common complaints made against me by all classes of reviewers was that I had no faith in human progress, and wished to bring everything back to the institutions and ideas of the olden time. If by "progress" they mean a continual, irresistible, and uninterrupted advance towards democracy, what they accuse me of is undoubtedly true. I am fully convinced that there is a continual progress in human affairs one way or other, either forwards to democracy or round again to Conservatism; but I am by no means equally clear that the progress in the first direction is destined to be permanent, or that it can ever be of long duration. On the contrary, I am convinced that after a short and feverish advance the direction of the movement is inevitably turned, and that thus the social body is brought back to much the same position from which it originally started. This revolution of the social

system is as necessarily produced by the social situation of mankind and the laws of political order, as the revolution of the planetary system is by the opposing action of the centrifugal and centripetal forces.

No one can doubt, says De Tocqueville, who observes the present aspect of affairs in all the civilised countries of the world, that the tendency everywhere is more or less to democracy, and that that tendency is so strong that to all practical ends it may be considered as irresistible. Most true, the tendency *at present* in all countries is to popular institutions and the irresistible sway of the many; but WHAT NEXT? The progress will not stop when it has reached even the most absolute form of republicanism; it will go on to something else; and what is that something else? That is what it most behoves men to know; that is what De Tocqueville and Arnold, with all their penetration, never discovered, or from which, rather, they turned aside their gaze. Yet is it the result of all others the most generally established by experience; the result which occurred in Rome after the fervour of the Gracchi in the despotism of the Dictator; in England, in the military government of Cromwell after the transports of the Great Rebellion; in France, in the monarchy of Napoleon I. after the visions of 1789, and in the empire of Napoleon III. after the Revolution of 1848; and in America, in the civil war of 1862, after the dream of a united and all-conquering republic. It is the opposite impetus communicated

to human affairs in different stages of their progress which occasions these results. Democratic fervour, like the centrifugal force first communicated to the planetary orbs by the Creator, would, if unchecked, doubtless impel men for ever in one direction; but is it unchecked? can it ever be so? The centripetal force is for ever there to impede its motion and at length change its direction; and by the combined action of these two forces the planets are for ever preserved in their orbits, ever advancing, but never breaking loose. What the centripetal force, the impulse of gravitation, is to the heavenly bodies, the instincts of property, that is the forces of Conservatism, are to the moral world; and nations, albeit ever in motion, are by the opposite action of these two forces for ever retained in their orbits, as certainly as the planets are in their path through the heavens. Nay, notwithstanding this circular or elliptical movement in human affairs, there is an evident progress upon the whole; and perhaps the nearest approach to it is to be found in the beautiful simile of Goethe, who compares it to the spiral, which, although ever revolving, on the whole ever advances in its course.

In another sense, I am a devout believer in human progress, and in the ultimate amelioration and improvement of the species. It is by experience and suffering that wisdom is taught, and the foundation of real social happiness laid. An attentive observation of human affairs, both in the individual

and in nations, has long convinced me that a continual war is going on between the impulses of men, produced by their desires and passions, and the wisdom of nature, which teaches her lessons by the silent admonition of suffering. "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone." That is the system of nature. The greatest strifes which have occurred in the annals of mankind have arisen from the collision of these opposite principles, and the efforts of human pride and ambition to break through the laws of nature or avert the suffering which is everywhere consequent on their violation. The parable of the Prodigal Son is emblematic of the misery which attends the disregard of the laws of nature by the many as well as by the few; there is a riotous living for nations as for individuals, and "the masses," as as well as the younger son of the family, will often find themselves doomed to feed swine as the consequence of their transgressions. The order intended by nature is that the richer and more educated classes, guided by the instincts of property and enlightened by the lessons of history, should direct and rule the greater numbers of the working classes, who are impelled only by the wants of poverty; although their numbers and energy are always required to watch and control the governing powers. The people may occasionally establish for a brief season the dogma of democratic government, but it will only be to furnish an additional proof of its dangers, and terminate the more speedily its destructive sway.

Among other changes I observe a very great one, which threatens, if not arrested, to be attended with disastrous results. Independence of thought is, with the diffusion of information, rapidly disappearing amongst us. We are approaching every day nearer to the situation of America, where, whatever diversity of opinion may exist on any subject, none adverse to that of the multitude is ever expressed. The difference, in this respect, between these times and those when I first began life is prodigious, and forms one of the most important and formidable features of the present. Liberalism, sedulously addressing itself to the prejudices and passions of the great body of the people, has succeeded on all questions of general interest in not only preventing the voice of truth from having any influence in legislation, but even from being heard at all in the State. There are certain subjects which have come, like those between discordant husband and wife, to be regarded as "forbidden," as touching on the deep foundations, *non tangenda non movenda,* of popular ascendancy. No one now would venture to write a series of essays, such as I did for 'Blackwood' in 1831 and 1832 on "Parliamentary Reform and the French Revolution," or in 1845 and 1846 on "Free Trade." If he did, he would find no bookseller who would publish them. Should any luckless wight hazard such a thing, he would immediately lose half his subscribers; whereas formerly, when I took up my pen in 'Blackwood,' the circula-

tion was increased. It is not that the public has come to be of one opinion on these subjects—far from it; opinions were never so divided or so clearly marked on either side. It is that no one ventures to express unpopular opinions, except in the confidence of friendship or the freedom of private conversation, for whoever does otherwise is sure to be impaled by the Liberal press.

We must not deceive ourselves in this particular from the frequency of "Conservative triumphs," as they are called, in isolated elections, the narrow majority in the House of Commons which keeps a Liberal Ministry in power, or the evident disinclination of all parties there to go farther in the career of democratic reform. These are indications how parties stand in the country, and they may prognosticate whether Lord Palmerston or Lord Derby is to hold the reins of power in the next few years; but they afford no test how the opinion of the majority in point of numbers has become settled, or how far truth by the power of that majority has become banished from the literary or political atmosphere. To ascertain this we must attend to the conversation of the leaders, whether Liberal or Conservative, in private; and it everywhere affords material for the most serious reflections. There is, in reality, scarce any difference between them when conversing in private; you would hardly know whether you are speaking to a Liberal or a Conservative—to Lord Stanley or

the Duke of Argyll. Everywhere one hears on both sides the same distrust of the majority, the same instances given of its unfitness for the exercise of power, the same lamentations on the declining influence of talent and knowledge in the State, the want of rising young men on either side in Parliament, and the same regret for the ephemeral and inflammatory tendency of popular literature. But unfortunately in public, on the platform, the hustings, the House of Commons, there is equal unanimity, but it is all on the other side. Nothing is heard on either side but sonorous sentences on the blessings of popular institutions, the spread of general education, and the elevation of the vast majority of the people. If you did not see the name at the beginning of the speech, you would not know whether these declamations proceeded from the "people's Ministry" or the "people's Opposition." I do not blame the Conservative leaders for adopting these tactics; on the contrary, I think they showed their wisdom in doing so, and in directing, so far as it was possible, the dangerous tendency of a current which it was impossible openly to withstand. But that does not alter the nature of things, or make less evident the direction of that stream or the formidable line of breakers which lie at no great distance athwart its course.

What has tended more than any other circumstance of late years to increase this social revolution has been the vast spread of education (not know-

ledge), in consequence of the prodigious efforts everywhere made to extend it, and the general establishment of the cheap or penny press. The first gave to all the means of reading; the last furnished them with the cheap literature which they were able to buy, and liked to read. If the penny press could be brought to convey to the masses of the community works of a pure tendency or sensible character, it is impossible to conceive a more unmixed blessing than it would prove to mankind. But is this universally or even generally the case? Is it not notorious, on the contrary, that the fact is the reverse? Are not in the penny press "sensation articles" and "exciting stories" the staple of what may be called their social literature, and unsparing abuse of every person suspected of anti-democratic principles of their political? How many of these stimulating and highly seasoned productions survive the week or the day of their appearance? Hardly one; certainly none is to be found in any well-furnished library, or contributes to form the mind of any well-informed man. But they answer their purpose; they fill up the vacant hours of a multitude ever desirous, like the Athenian, of something new; above all, they sell, and contribute to keep afloat an able, energetic class of writers, who, setting aside any attempt to convey information or steady judgment, devote themselves to the easier task of stimulating the imagination and warping the reason.

This result of general reading, cheap literature, and the penny press, is so universal, that no one attempts to deny that, at present, this effect has taken place. But the well-informed among the Liberal leaders (of whom there are many), while admitting and lamenting this at the moment, maintain that the evil will only be temporary, and that the people will ere long tire of the exciting literature which contains no solid information.

If the perilous and degrading character of the cheap literature now possessing so immense a circulation could be arrested by any change in, or improvement of, education—any extension of political rights, or any improvement in their social or domestic circumstances—there might be some ground for this pleasing hope. But unfortunately this is far from being the case; on the contrary, the causes which induce it arise from the first laws of social existence; they were announced to man on leaving Paradise in the words, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." It is the necessity of daily labour, and of its *commencement early in life*, which is the real cause of those shortcomings in the general mind, and which renders exciting or exaggerated works chiefly popular. It is not the mere *power of reading* which will lead men to read sensible or valuable books. A few, perhaps one in twenty, will be found in every rank and under every disadvantage who will do so. But the immense majority never can be brought to do so, except by a long-continued and

costly education, such as is altogether beyond the reach of the working classes. With them the manufactory, the workshop, and the mine stand forth in ceaseless and formidable competition with the school by offering wages to the children, and the result is general and inevitable. After having got enough education to enable them to read they are set to work; and unhappily the changes of society have fixed the period when their labour can be rendered profitable much earlier in manufacturing or mining than in pastoral or purely agricultural districts. The necessity of strength for farming operations forms a natural protection to infants in the country; but none such exists in the workshop or the mine. No one could make anything by setting a child of ten or twelve years old to plough or to dig, and in attending flocks there is ample time for reading; but something can be made of children even of eight years in coal-mines or factories. Thus the millions must ever be composed mainly of imperfectly educated persons, and a "little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

The price of cheap popular literature is so low that it can be made to pay only when a very large circulation is attained; and even then, if not accompanied by a great number of advertisements, it is a hazardous speculation. Thus its proprietors and writers are driven by necessity as well as the desire of gain to do their utmost to extend their circulation; and experience soon teaches them that this is to be done only by the adoption of advanced

Liberal principles in politics, and by the selection of the most taking "sensation articles" in literature. Proofs of this are to be seen on all sides: look at the 'Cornhill' or 'Macmillan's Magazine;' see how much even of 'Blackwood' is taken up with exciting stories. There is now only one daily paper in Scotland—the 'Courant' of Edinburgh—of Conservative politics; the 'Herald' of Glasgow, since it became penny, has turned Liberal. In London there is only one daily paper, the 'Standard,' which adheres to the ancient faith in politics; and despite the talents of my able friend Mr Patterson, the 'Press,' the only weekly one, is understood not to be a paying concern. If matters ever come to the point of the whole periodical press being stamped with one character, that of pure and absolute democracy, there will result two literatures in this country, as there has long been in America—one calm, rational, and Conservative, addressed to the hundreds living in retirement and destitute of power in the State; and another violent, able, and unscrupulous, addressed to the millions in whom the government of the empire is vested. It need hardly be said that such a state of things could not be of long endurance; the feet and the hands could not for any length of time carry on life while governing the head. But it might subsist long enough to make the very name of popular rule odious, as it has done in France and the Southern States of America, from experience of the evils it has brought in its train; and lead men, in hopes of

spurning the despotism of a majority, to shield themselves under the government of the sword.

The unanimity of opinion, so far at least as expressed in public in favour of democratic institutions, which is the subject of such self-gratulation among the Liberals of late years, prognosticates in fact, beyond anything else, the approach of absolute government. When every voice against the will of the majority is hushed, when *seeming* unanimity in favour of democratic institutions pervades the State, and the press of all grades is continually singing praises of the wisdom, justice, and patriotism of the ruling majority of the people, it may be prophesied that the days of its empire are numbered, and that the nation is about to sink into the slumber of absolute government. It will be a government indeed in the interest of the majority — that is, yielding to all their wishes, and bestowing on them its whole patronage; but it will not be the less absolute, or the less rule the minority with despotic sway. What can resist it when it has got possession by numbers of the powers of government, and wields by a subservient press the whole influence of thought? The unanimity of expressed opinion, contrasted with the vast variety of concealed, which we every day see around us, is the clearest proof that the power of mind has become disciplined and enslaved by a numerical majority; that, like the Catholic clergy or the imperial press, it has no "inspiration" but what it receives from its leaders. Pure democracy

is the transition state from freedom to tyranny, and so it has ever proved from the beginning of the world.

Another evil of serious and pressing consequences is the increasing decline in the number of the young men of capacity and statesmanlike qualities who now go into Parliament, compared to that which used to do so before the Reform Bill was passed. Here again the Americanising of our institutions has become conspicuous, and it is evident that a deterioration in the composition of our Legislature has arisen, through a change from which so much of an opposite tendency was anticipated. This is not the case peculiarly with any party; I have heard it as strongly stated and as feelingly deplored by Mr Ellice on the part of the Whigs, as by Mr Walpole on that of the Tories. It cannot be otherwise under the present constitution of the House of Commons, which has two-thirds of its number members for boroughs. How is a young man of talent, but without either aristocratic influence or popular subservience, to find an entrance into the Lower House? He need not go near any of the large towns, unless he is prepared to pledge himself to do and say everything which the democratic majority choose to prescribe: in the counties he has not a chance unless he is supported by a large territorial influence. The small boroughs by which all our statesmen in former days got in—by which Burke and Chatham, Pitt and Fox, Wilberforce and

Romilly, Canning and Perceval, Palmerston and Stanley, found an entrance,—have either been swept away in Schedules A. and B., or retained only as the snug appanages of some great Whig families. The really independent members—the men who bought their seats, and were, literally speaking,

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,"

have become so rare that the race may be considered almost extinct. There is abundance of corruption —indeed far more than ever was heard of before our institutions were popularised; and it is corruption of the worst kind—that of undue influence in large constituencies. Fifty-two seats, almost all of this kind, were challenged at the last general election on this ground—by far the greatest number ever known in our history. In such a scramble of democratic fervour, Government influence, territorial sway, and commercial wealth, how is it possible for mere statesmanlike ability or independent worth to find an entrance? It has become so difficult, that for all practical purposes it may be considered as impossible; to render it literally so we have only to establish universal suffrage, which has brought forth the fruit of universal corruption in America.

An important change little attended to on the south of the Tweed, has taken place in Scotland of late years. The bill which some years ago became law in regard to borough elections, directing every person who is rated in the Government books as

occupant of a £10 subject to be enrolled as a voter without his knowledge or consent, has rendered it impossible for any one to sit for a Scotch burgh, who is not prepared to forswear his independence, and become the mere delegate of a democratic majority. Nothing was wanting but to extend the same system, without any change, to the suffrage in the counties (which was done with general approbation in the present session of Parliament, 1861), to render the same majority paramount in the manufacturing and commercial districts, and cause Scotland to return permanently 45 out of its 53 members bound neck and heels to commercial interests and the chariot-wheels of a democratic majority. The change at one blow raised the constituency of Glasgow from 7000 to 20,000, and those of every other burgh in a similar proportion. Investigation or inquiry into the validity of votes is impossible in such enormous multitudes. It becomes so expensive that it is never attempted. Practically speaking, any person who is willing to be rated and pay taxes as for a £10 house is secure of a vote. This may seem an inconsiderable matter to the English, as everything is connected with Scotland; but they will feel the importance of it when it is recollected that it is the Scotch majority which has kept the Liberal Ministry in power for the last twenty years, and may probably do so for twenty years to come.

I have been insensibly led into these observations

from my attention having been forcibly turned to the principles of government and the tendency of democratic institutions, by closely watching their practical working on this the first occasion in which they were really put to trial. The American disruption and civil war was now in full vigour, and the attention of all classes in Europe, and especially in Great Britain, was anxiously fixed on the New World, in expectation of witnessing how there the strain would be borne which had so often proved fatal to democratic institutions in the Old. The true *experimentum crucis* had now arrived for them. More than even in the first French Revolution they were on trial in the presence of mankind. In 1789 it was rather the aged monarchies of Europe than the young democracy of America which were put to the test: the old French despotic Government was weighed in the balance and found wanting. It was alleged plausibly, and to a certain extent truly, that the sanguinary excesses which followed the first triumph of liberty in that great country were in reality owing, not to its natural tendency, but to the unnatural turn which it had received from the oppression of former times; that the bow bent too far one way, was let loose too far in another; and that it was not the efforts of freedom, but the league of despots, which had induced the atrocities that awakened the horror and detestation of the world. In America, however, the case was different. Liberty there began without any former

misgovernment or arbitrary traditions to blast its course; without any league of despots to obstruct its progress; with unheard-of advantages to facilitate its advance, and unlimited material resources to reward its efforts. The alleged bars to social progress and general felicity in the Old World, did not exist there. They began their career without a king, a House of Lords, a bench of bishops, or a territorial aristocracy; with no national debt to weigh down their energies, or direct taxes to damp their industry; without a standing army to fetter their exertions, or military neighbours to render it necessary; with the boundless far west as a field for their increase, the wide ocean as a medium for their commerce, and the wealth of Europe as a market for their produce. They began with English blood in their veins, English traditions in their hearts, English literature to ennoble their feelings, and the Christian religion to humanise their spirits. Never did a race of mankind commence their career with more advantages, or more free from the trammels which elsewhere impede progress. How has America stood the test? how has democratic government played its part, when first permitted unlimited freedom of action, relieved of all impediments to progress or impulses to misdirection?

The fact is that she has broken down on the first trial. The inherent arrogance and self-sufficiency of a numerical Northern majority has driven the South

into open revolt, and induced a frightful contest, a *bellum plusquam civile*, over the whole breadth of the American continent. Threatened by the fanatical theorists of the North, aided by their zealous allies in this country, with the instant abolition of slavery — in other words, the destruction of their property, the ruin of their wives and children, and the loss of their own lives—curbed in their industry by a ruinous protective tariff, introduced for the benefit of the Northern manufacturers, and which doubled the price of the manufactures they stood in need of,—the Southern States were driven to take up arms, and assert for themselves that right of secession which the whole united provinces, on far less provocation, had asserted eighty years before against Great Britain, and in which they had been cordially supported by the whole friends of freedom in the Old World. A contest on a scale of great magnitude soon began between the Northern and Southern States of America, which is still raging, and which, attended hitherto with various and balanced success, will evidently not be concluded without one party or another being trampled under the feet of rude military power. In the course of this sanguinary and embittered struggle the most stupendous efforts have been made on both sides. A million of men, supported at a fabulous cost, are maintained for mutual destruction,—a force as great as had been on foot in Europe in the last stages of the war with Napoleon; and in the first year of the

contest, the Northern States alone incurred a debt of £100,000,000, an expenditure greater than that of Great Britain during the darkest period of the Peninsular war. In the very outset of this tremendous struggle the safeguards of freedom were, with the cordial approbation of the extreme democrats, set aside in the Northern States; the press was muzzled, and eighty editors of newspapers were sent to Fort Lafayette; even the telegraph was stopped, and taken into the hands of Government; and domiciliary visits and arrests became almost as frequent in Washington during the first year of the contest, as they had been in France in the last days of the Convention. Liberation was proclaimed to all the slaves who would join the invaders — a measure from which even Napoleon shrank in the invasion of Russia; while the beneficence of Providence itself was attempted to be frustrated, and the highway of nations stopped by sinking ships loaded with stones at the mouth of navigable rivers. At length, as in France during the fervour of the Revolution, a conscription has been established in both of the contending States, and military despotism is as completely in force at Washington as ever it was at Rome or Paris. The expenditure of the aggressive Republic has kept pace with its passions: in two years of warfare it has spent £400,000,000; and the New York journals boast that "poor little England" took a century to contract £200,000,000 of debt, but their Government has contracted as much in less than a couple of years.

Nothing surprised me so much when these events were in progress as the way in which they were regarded in this country. On every side, in the Conservative equally with the Liberal press, was to be heard nothing but lamentations over this unnatural and fratricidal contest, and astonishment that any cause of discord could have arisen in a pacific democracy, amidst the boundless material capabilities of the New World. Some recommended the seceding States again to shelter themselves under the wing of the Union; a greater number earnestly counselled the Northerners to acquiesce in the secession without farther resistance, and restore harmony and peace to the vast fields of transatlantic plenty. The war was universally deplored as the most causeless, the most inconceivable, the most aimless that ever was waged; and astonishment was universally expressed as to what was the cause to which so senseless a contest could be ascribed. Nothing could demonstrate more clearly how completely the vast majority in this country had been deluded as to the real tendencies of democracy,—how little impression the lessons of history on this subject had made,—and how rude a shock was required to awaken men to the real truth on the subject.

To myself it had long appeared not only that it was not surprising that this result had taken place, but that the only wonderful thing was that it had not come about much earlier. Secession was the basis of government in America. The United States

seceded from the English Government because they had been threatened with a trifling tax on tea, imposed by the British Parliament without their consent in Parliament: it was difficult to see on what principle the right of the Southern States to secede could be disputed, when they were threatened with a duty of 25 per cent on all imports, imposed by the manufacturing majority in the Northern States without their consent, and in opposition to their most strenuous efforts. The frame of society was essentially different in the North and the South, from the difference of latitude and consequent habits of the people. In the former, the cold of the climate permitted and invited the labour of white men in the fields, a circumstance which rendered universal suffrage possible as the basis of government: in the South, the heat of the climate, which precluded all labour but that of the negroes in rural districts, shut out universal suffrage, and rendered government comparatively aristocratic, because the great bulk of country labourers were blacks, to whom all thought it was impossible the electoral suffrage could be extended. The interests of the two parts of America were not less at variance. The South, essentially agricultural, with vast fields of cotton to dispose of, and no manufactures to be ruined by European competition, was naturally disposed to favour free trade: the North, with vast fields of coal and iron, inviting manufactures, and affording every facility for

their establishment, saw ruin before it if English goods and minerals were not practically excluded by heavy protective duties, and consequently sought refuge in hostile tariffs. Nothing save the wisdom of a patriotic but absolute Government, like that of Antoninus, could have held long together in peace an empire so vast, so differently circumstanced, and actuated by such discordant interests. But this mediating power was wanting, for both sections of the Union were governed by a fierce democracy, impatient of control, covetous of gain, and animated by the strongest feelings of animosity towards each other.

Twenty years before, I had predicted the approaching dislocation of the union in America, of which the hostile attitude of North Carolina in 1834 had been the premonitory symptom.[1] Great was the

[1] "Each separate state in America is a democracy in itself, and in it the power of the people is exerted without any control. Every one has its governor, senate, and house of representatives; the whole number of which, in both houses, are elected by the universal suffrage of the people. These legislative bodies are vested with what practically amounts to absolute powers in their separate states. They exclusively manage their debts, finances, improvements, judicial establishment, militia, harbours, roads, railways, canals, and other local concerns. So extensive and undefined are their powers, that it may be doubted whether they do not amount to those of declaring peace and war, and acting in all respects as independent states. Certain it is, that on more than one occasion,—particularly the dispute with the Southern States in 1834, on the question of nullifying the tariff of duties established by Congress; and the open hostilities which the Northern States carried on with the British inhabitants on the Canada frontier in 1837 and 1839,—the separate states, the Carolinas in the first instance, and New York and Maine in the second, took upon themselves to set the authority of the central government at defiance; and Congress and the executive were glad to veil their weakness under

indignation which the publication of the passage quoted in the note excited in the United States. Such was the clamour raised that an edition of the work was printed in America, and advertised without the American chapters. This, however, is only a proof of the truth of the maxim of the English law, "the greater the truth the greater the libel, *because it is more difficult to bear.*" Probably there is no impartial observer who will now dispute that these views were well founded, and that the disruption of the Union, so far from being an inexplicable event, was what might have been expected in a country of vast extent impelled by opposite interests, and in every part ruled by an arrogant and intolerant democracy.

A very interesting discussion on the war in America took place at Hamilton Palace in the beginning of this winter, which deserves to be recorded, from the abilities and information of the speakers. It was in the Duke's smoking-room after supper, and was conducted by the Honourable Charles Murray, son of Lord Dunmore, on the one side, and Lord Elgin, who was on his way to take the government of India, on the other. Mr Murray, who had

the guise of moderation, while in reality they succumbed to the whole demands of the insurgent commonwealths. It does not require the gift of prophecy to foretell that a vast confederacy of separate states, each with its own legislature and armed force, and actuated, from difference of climate and situation, by opposite and conflicting interests, and held together by so slender a tie, is not destined to hang long together."—History of Europe, chap. xc. p. 54 (published in 1841).

travelled through the whole of the United States, strongly urged the danger which was approaching this country from the growing military spirit and vast strength of the United States. "You must not," said he, "measure the military capabilities of the Americans from the rout of Bull's Run; they were beaten then because their army was composed of volunteers who were almost undisciplined—and the bravest men, if not accustomed to act together, are liable to sudden panics: but the spirit of the nation is now roused; a vast force has been enrolled as regular soldiers; the artillery and horses and *matériel* of every kind are magnificent; and the men, who are well disciplined, will fight, and fight bravely. Their animosity against England for recognising the Southern States as belligerents is unbounded: they will conquer the Southern States, and the moment this is done they will turn an army of 300,000 men upon Canada, which that country, even with all the aid that we can give it, will never be able to resist. Six railroads in the United States terminate in Canada; Montreal is only a short distance from the frontier; and the Americans could easily send 40,000 men by each line into the long and straggling British provinces which lie on their northern flank. Rely upon it, we had better send our regiments to Canada than to Calcutta: the Yankees will prove more formidable enemies than the sepoys."

To these arguments, which were delivered with

uncommon energy and distinctness, Lord Elgin replied: "You are quite mistaken in supposing that Canada is the quarter where danger first threatens the British empire: India is in a much more critical situation, and it is there that our principal military efforts should be directed. The American standing army is contemptible; and as to their volunteers, the exhibition at Bull's Run sufficiently shows of what stuff they are composed. It is impossible they can ever maintain an army capable of holding its own against that of Great Britain; for such an army requires a great expenditure, such as can only be raised by taxes, which will never be submitted to in the United States. Their system of finance will soon break down, cash payments must ere long be suspended at the banks and the Treasury, and then the national credit is gone, and no means will remain of defraying the expense of their armaments by sea or land. They will never venture to declare war against England, for the first effect of such a measure would be to have their harbours blockaded, and their custom-house dues, their main source of revenue, destroyed. We have only to remain neutral and the North will speedily waste its resources in a fruitless contest with the South, and America will be divided without our expending a sovereign or firing a gun in the cause." These and many similar arguments were urged with much plausibility and diplomatic tact by the noble lord; and the discussion went on till two in the morning, with the

usual result in such cases, of each party being confirmed in his own preconceived opinion. I have often reflected since, how the event, so far as it has yet gone, has disproved Lord Elgin's arguments, and confirmed the first part at least of his opponent's.

Lord Elgin always reminds me of an expression I have often heard from Dugald Stewart in reference to a relation of his own,—"Peter's talents are not of the highest order, but they are all of the most *marketable description.*" Never was an individual endowed with talents of a more "marketable kind" than Lord Elgin, or better adapted for that peculiar market to which he brought them. Born of an ancient and distinguished house in Scotland, which, reversing the usual order of nobility, numbered kings among its descendants,[1] he found himself at his entrance into life the heir to an ancient peerage, but with an impoverished family and a shattered fortune. So embarrassed were its circumstances, that Lord Elgin for long delayed serving himself heir to his father, the ambassador at Constantinople, whom Lord Byron immortalised as the despoiler of the Parthenon. He was naturally, from his father's connections, bred to the civil service; and he seems to have entered into it with the resolution, which he perseveringly carried out,—as Warren Hastings did his resolve to regain his ancestral

[1] "Kings frae us," is the motto of the Bruce family, of which Lord Elgin is the head, alluding to the descent of Robert Bruce from its ancestors.

estate of Daylesford,—to restore his family to its ancient fortune and grandeur. In the diplomatic line, and in an age when Liberalism was rapidly encroaching in every department, this could only be effected by "diplomatic conduct" in every sense of the word; and no man was ever better qualified for it than Lord Elgin.

I have often met him at small parties at Sir John Maxwell's at Pollok, at Keir, and at Hamilton Palace. Although not a man of very remarkable talents or of an original mind, he clothes in fluent diplomatic language the ideas of others with considerable success. Such a turn of mind and intellectual training is incomparably more valuable to a diplomatic or official servant than an original, forcible one. The latter is the character requisite to form the leaders of men—to make a Pitt, a Wellington, a Castlereagh; but what is chiefly required in their followers is aptitude to follow out the instructions and elaborate the views of others. That Lord Elgin possesses these secondary and valuable qualities in a very high degree is sufficiently proved by his successful career, and the various steps to which he has been promoted in the service of the State. As Governor of Jamaica and of Canada, and when intrusted with the direction of the negotiations with China, he has conducted himself with such satisfaction to his superiors that he has now attained the grand object of his ambition, in being made the Governor-General

of India. There it is to be hoped he will succeed in realising the object of his life, which is the restoration of the fortunes of his family. Nor is he unworthy of such success; for his decision in returning to Calcutta with the 90th Regiment and troops forming the Chinese expedition, when he heard of the commencement of the Indian Mutiny, proved of the most essential service, and was the first circumstance which turned the scales of fortune in our favour on the plains of Hindostan. He has no natural eloquence; and diplomatic training, as appeared in Lord Castlereagh's case, is the worst school for oratory: but he has an easy flow of well-constructed agreeable sentences.

CHAPTER XIX.

QUIET WINTER AT POSSIL—CONVERSATIONS WITH MY SON—GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

WINTER 1862.

A—— and his family paid us a visit of two months this winter and spring at Possil, which we enjoyed in the highest degree. It took place at a most interesting time, when public anxiety was wound up to a very high pitch by the American civil war, the affair of the Trent, and the apparently approaching hostilities with that country. We talked on the subject for several hours each day, and we agreed in thinking that the Confederates missed their opportunity when they did not advance on Washington the day after the battle of Bull's Run, and the English theirs in not recognising the Southern Confederacy, and breaking the blockade when that aggression took place. We never had any sure confidence in the ability of the Southern States to resist the Northern, when the strength of the latter was fairly roused, unless

foreign intervention equalised the contest by opening the Southern harbours.

It is the more extraordinary that Lord Palmerston felt himself precluded from recognising the South American Republic and breaking the blockade, when not only strong material interests in the country, but the principles which for half a century had regulated our foreign policy, concurred in recommending such a course. Essentially agricultural, possessing a boundless expanse of territory producing cotton, sugar, and so many products of the sort of which Great Britain stood in need, the Southern States were at the same time without manufactures or desire to establish them, and anxious only to secure at a moderate rate the fabrics of this country in exchange for the rude produce of their own. The Confederates offered us free trade and nominal import duties; the Federals met our advances with the Moira tariff, imposing duties on imports varying from 25 to 250 per cent,—in most cases amounting to total prohibition. Our interests, therefore, recommended alliance with the former, and their release from the domination of the latter. Besides, our invariable policy in every instance during the last forty years had been to support what we call "oppressed nationalities" everywhere, except in our own dominions. On this principle we had sent, as Lord Castlereagh said, "not regiments, but armies," to support the insurgents of South America against the Government of Old Spain; established the revolu-

tionary party in Spain and Portugal by the aid of the British marines and the sword of Sir Charles Napier; sent warlike stores in 1848 to the assistance of the insurgents in Sicily; and given efficient diplomatic aid and moral support to the Sardinian Government in the war with Austria; and to the Roman and Neapolitan revolutionists in the subsequent convulsions in the Italian peninsula in 1861.

How then did it happen that Lord Palmerston, despite his known inclination to act otherwise, felt himself constrained, after Mason and Slidell were given up, to proclaim, for the first time since the battle of Waterloo, a real and *bonâ fide* neutrality between the contending parties in a neighbouring Power? How did he feel himself forced to muzzle the French, who were willing to have intervened, and to permit a ruinous and wasteful war to be prolonged beyond the Atlantic, in order to confirm a protective commonwealth in the New World which should extend over half a continent the prohibitory duties on our manufactures now in force in its Northern States? Because this had been done, not by a monarchy, but by a republic, and because in resisting it we would have been entering the lists, not with a king, but with the great democracy of the world! The idea of resisting a democracy so appalled our Liberal rulers, that it has rendered them insensible alike to the material interests and acute suffering of their own country, and to one of the most flagrant changes in national policy

recorded in the annals of mankind. From being always the ardent well-wishers and often powerful allies of insurgents, we have suddenly become the virtual supporters of a tyrannical majority, which is striving to force an unwelcome and unsuitable government on a resisting people struggling for their lives and property; from being the apostles of free trade we have discovered that our interests are wound up with those of the greatest protective Power in existence; from being the advocates of universal peace, and the promoters of concord among nations as the main source of general prosperity, we have turned into the passive spectators of a vast aggressive warlike community, openly aspiring to subjugate a confederation struggling for its liberties and its independence. And all this has happened (1862) within two years of the time when Lord John Russell declared in an official despatch that "when the people of any country rise against their oppressors, it is the duty of the Government of Great Britain to render them any assistance in its power."

In justification of the acquiescence of Great Britain in the conquest of the free-trading Southern States of America by the protective Northern, Earl Russell in the House of Lords, and Lord Palmerston in the Commons, spoke on the great international duty of non-interference, and the illegality of one nation interposing in the domestic broils of another. These doctrines are most true, but they do not come with the best grace from a Government which had

so recently in an official despatch stated it to be the duty of Great Britain to succour all people insurgent against domestic oppression.

The publication of the results of the census of 1861, which took place in the spring of the following year, forcibly attracted my attention, and led to frequent and most interesting conversations between A—— and myself. As already mentioned, from my earliest years the subject of population had been the object of frequent and anxious thought. I never had the slightest doubt about the truth of the main principle of my work on that subject—viz., that the population, if unchecked, has a tendency in the later stages of society to increase faster than subsistence can be provided for it; but it never can then advance in that accelerated ratio, because there are certain checks provided by nature which are successively developed as the state of society requires their operation, and which in these later stages first retard, and at last entirely stop, its progress. This truth was now demonstrated in a way and on a scale more decisive than I could then have anticipated. From the results of the census taken periodically in Great Britain and France during this century, it appears that in both countries the retarding causes to the increase of mankind have come to act so strongly of late years that the rate of increase is rapidly decreasing, and in several years in the latter country has disappeared altogether, and population become stationary. The quinquennial increase of France,

which between 1830 and 1840 was 1,700,000 souls in round numbers, has sunk now to 354,000; and in the years of the Crimean war, from 1854 to 1856, was turned into an annual *decrease* of from 40,000 to 50,000 inhabitants. In Great Britain the same phenomenon has been exhibited in a still more remarkable, because in a longer and a more regular, manner. The decennial increase, which from 1831 to 1841 was 2,700,000 in the two islands, has since that time progressively declined, and from 1851 to 1861 was only 1,400,000, being about half of what it had been in the preceding period. The *rate* of increase has declined every ten years since 1801, when the census began to be taken, although the actual number of inhabitants has increased, and the nation, on the whole, though with great vicissitudes, has been in a prosperous condition, and its commerce and manufactures have immensely increased.

A subject of great interest, which strongly arrested our attention this winter, was the state of Italy. That beautiful peninsula, with the exception of those portions of it occupied by the Austrians in Venetia and the French in Rome, was in the hands of the Piedmontese forces, who, supported by a large portion of the urban population, kept the far greater number of the rural inhabitants down. To overawe the royalist party in the fields and their friends in the Quadrilateral, imposts of a crushing amount were levied over the whole penin-

sula; and those in Piedmont, in particular, were thrice as heavy as they had been before the contest with Austria commenced. It was impossible that such a state of things could long continue, and we both watched with eager anxiety the issue of events, the thread of which as yet lay hid in the mind of Louis Napoleon. A—— and I in some degree differed on the subject; and without deciding at present which was in the right, which the course of things will probably have resolved before these pages see the light, it will be more interesting to give a brief summary of the considerations which were adduced while the event was as yet uncertain on either side.

"No one can for a moment doubt," said I, "that if you could establish a really united state, embracing all Italy, it would be alike advantageous to the ultimate balance of power in Europe and conducive to the present happiness of the people in the peninsula. All that may at once be conceded; but the present question is, whether such a union is practicable; and if it were, whether in the present state of the European Powers it would be desirable for this country? If we are to judge from experience, nature has, by its geographical conformation, its varied products, and by the different races of men settled in Italy, opposed an insurmountable barrier to a union of its different states by any other bond than the rude one of military force. The earliest light of history exhibits the entire peninsula divided into separate principalities, peopled by different races, and actu-

ated by continual hostility to each other. The Etruscans, Sabines, Latins, and Samnites in Central Italy were not only constantly at war with each other, but all opposed to the Greeks, settled on the shores of Naples and Sicily, and to the Gauls, who overspread the whole plains watered by the Po. Every schoolboy knows the long and desperate wars immortalised in the pages of Livy, which the Romans maintained for centuries with these various tribes; and it is no rhetorical hyperbole, but the simple truth, to say that it cost them more blood and effort to advance their standard to the Alps, than after crossing them to subjugate the whole world besides.

"The great strength, indeed, and admirable organisation of the legions, forcibly compressed these discordant states into one dominion, and Rome continued for many centuries to be the capital of the greatest empire upon earth. But with the fall of the empire the ancient and indelible causes of division in Italy again rose into activity, and, what is very remarkable, the new divisions of the Neapolitan, the Ecclesiastical, the Tuscan, and the Lombard territories, were nearly identical with the old territories of the Samnites, the Latins, the Etruscans, and the inhabitants of Cisalpine Gaul. During the 1400 years which have since elapsed, till the days of the French Revolution, no attempt was made to unite these rival states, and they themselves were the first to repudiate such an idea. Rome, Florence, Milan, Turin, Genoa, Naples, were each

the capital of a little state, which had its separate histories, monuments, and honours; and such was the genius elicited by the emulation of these rival communities, that it will always render their capitals interesting to the well-informed and the generous-minded. So strongly have these feelings continued, that the greatest complaint made against the English Government by the Liberal party in Italy at the Congress of Vienna and over Europe was, not that they had failed to establish a united Italy, but that they had made a certain step towards it, by uniting Genoa to Piedmont. The Italians themselves are actuated so much by these feelings at this moment, that it is only by military force that Southern Italy is kept united to Northern. Garibaldi was lost on the banks of the Garigliano, if France and England had not let the Sardinian army cross the Roman state and enter Piedmont. It is rather too much to talk of a united Italy being the object of Italian desire, when Naples is only kept in subjection by sixty Sardinian battalions.

"Supposing traditions and memories could be swept away, and that Venice, Milan, Naples, Florence, and Genoa could forget the sweets of separate independence, become willing to bow the neck to Turin, and consent to Rome being the capital of united Italy,—how is such a change to affect the balance of power in Europe generally, or in this country in particular? Situated between France and Austria, ardently coveted by both, and with a population so

little warlike that it has never in modern times been able to withstand the assault of either,—how is it possible for the *regno d'Italia* to preserve its independence, but by leaning upon the support of one or other of these Powers? Then, on which is it most likely to lean? On that point there cannot at present be a doubt. It will lean on the Power which so effectively supported it at Magenta and Solferino, and will enter into alliance with it to resist the Austrian Empire, which will never cease to desire the restoration of its ancient Italian dominions. A revolutionary state will in the last resort always seek the alliance of the great parent military democracy, as a legitimatist one will seek that of the most powerful legitimate dynasty. Thus a close alliance between united Italy and France may always be looked for, just as there was formerly alliance between France and Scotland, in order to coerce the common enemy, England.

"What interest has England in making these great additions to the power of France, and proportionally weakening that of Austria, which has proved itself in the late war unable to withstand the might of France single-handed, and will be able far less to do so with the resources of united Italy to support its armaments? Austria is the only Power on the Continent from whom we have nothing to dread, and everything to hope; for her geographical position and traditionary policy necessarily render her a barrier against Russia on the one side and France on the

other; while she can never injure us, for her united navy could not lay siege to an English frigate. In striving, therefore, to drive the Austrians out of Italy, and form the whole peninsula into one state, we are weakening our natural ally, from whom we have nothing to fear, and strengthening our natural enemy, from whom we have everything to apprehend, and against whom we are raising volunteers, and building iron-plated steamers."

These arguments, which were strongly and repeatedly urged by me while walking up and down the flower-garden at Possil, were too congenial to the mind of A—— not in great part to command his assent. But he had served with the Piedmontese army in the Crimea; he had stood alongside of them for three months at Kamara; and he had witnessed the gallantry with which they had withstood the Muscovite battalions on the Tchernaya. He could not, therefore, abandon his old comrades in their efforts to effect an independent nationality. "I admit at once," said he, "that the ground on which the English Government and people are so anxious for the unity of Italy and the expulsion of all foreigners from it, will be proved by the event to be ill-founded. The dream of a united Italy is very bright at this moment; but when it is realised, and the different capitals accustomed to hold the first place find themselves sunk into provincial towns, the illusion will be dispelled, and disappointment will prevail, just as it did in Scotland and Ireland after the respective

union of those countries with England. But that did not hinder the Union from being a great and now acknowledged benefit to both countries, as well as an incalculable source of strength to the British empire. It is true the rural population of Naples are at this time extremely averse to subjugation by Sardinia; but they cannot be more so than Scotland was to submit to Edward I. in the time of Wallace and Bruce: and yet, at length, out of the union of England and Scotland has sprung the great and united British empire. United Italy, it is true, would now be the subjugation of the south by the north; but is not that the general law of nature in the formation of empires? Everywhere the weaker yields to the stronger, the pacific to the warlike; and it was on this basis that the ancient Roman and the modern Spanish and French empires, as well as the British, which have done such great things, were framed.

"I can see no lasting reason for the apprehension you entertain that the new kingdom of Italy must necessarily fall under the government either of France or Austria, and that the interests as well as inclinations of its rulers will incline it to the former. That this will in the first instance happen when the recollection of the recent domination of the hated *Tedeschi* is still fresh, and the cannon of Magenta and Solferino are yet resounding in their ears, may be admitted. Nay, this state of things will in all probability continue until the evils of tramontane

influence are felt from behind Mont Cenis, as they have been from behind the Brenner. But all history shows that the French cannot maintain a lasting supremacy in Italy, and that not less now than it was four hundred years ago, the words of Ariosto hold good :—

'Chè non lice
Che 'l giglio in quel terreno, abbia radice.' [1]

"If there is any one passion more powerful than another throughout the whole Italian peninsula, it is the desire to be independent—to shake off tramontane government. As long as the country was divided into separate states, this wish was a vain illusion, incapable of realisation; and it was doubtless for that reason that Louis Napoleon proposed at Villa Franca to make Italy a federal Power, with the Pope at the head of the confederacy. He thought that was to lay the whole strength of the peninsula at his own feet. But if Italy is united, and becomes a compact state, with a noble territory, vast extent of sea-coast, and 25,000,000 of people, this state of things will cease: Italy will desire to be independent of France, as she now does of Austria, and for the same reason. The passion for independence will arise with the means of gratifying it. As it is evident from recent experience that Austria single-handed is not a match for France, Italy will necessarily come to seek refuge in the alliance of the weaker against the domination of the greater Power.

[1] Ariosto, 'Orlando Furioso,' x. 33.

United Italy must necessarily come to dread France, and be antagonistic to it; divided Italy is as necessarily its ally, for it can only escape from Austria by taking refuge under its protection."

Without pretending at this time (April 23, 1862) to determine which of these sets of arguments is the better founded, for they will in all probability be decided by the event before these pages see the light, I may pass on to another subject which formed a frequent theme of discussion at this time between A—— and me. This was the strange jumble of parties which had taken place in this country in consequence of the Italian and American wars, and the position, inconsistent with their principles and professed objects, which the Radical party had taken in regard to them. The greatest triumph of Cobden and Bright, had been the establishment of free trade, and the professed object for which they desired it was to encourage human industry, and better the condition of the poor. Yet they now appeared as the strongest supporters of the Federal Government of North America, the most rigidly protective of any in existence, and which had recently loaded all imports from Great Britain with almost prohibitory duties; and they lost no opportunity of maligning and discrediting the Confederate States, who had broken off from the union chiefly because they desired free trade, and whose interests, purely agricultural, rendered it certain they would adhere to this policy for at least half

a century to come. The warm and oft-expressed sympathy with a free people struggling for a separate nationality, so loudly proclaimed in favour of the Hungarians, the Poles, the Spanish insurgents, and the Italians, was entirely suppressed when the question came to be an insurrection against a democratic Government. The pity for our suffering operatives, so often proclaimed by them, was entirely forgotten when hundreds of thousands in Britain were starving in consequence of the war waged by the great transatlantic confederacy; and the leaders of the "peace at any price" party—the loud declaimers against war under any circumstances if waged by a regular Government—lent their cordial support to the great aggressive Western Republic, which aspired to the conquest of the whole American continent; and which had pointed out Canada as the first theatre of their exploits after the Southern States of the Union should have, by the force of five hundred thousand bayonets, been again brought under the rule of the great democracy!

The true cause of the abandonment by the British of the Confederates to the conquest and subjugation of the Federals, is to be found in the combined efforts of three interested classes of capitalists, who were desirous to prolong the war. The first of these were the holders of cotton, chiefly at Liverpool and Manchester, who, having got the price of that article in its raw state run up from 6½d. a lb. to 13d. and 14d., were in no hurry to second any measures which

might alter a state of things so auspicious to themselves. The second were the holders of large stocks of Manchester manufactured goods in all parts of the world, who, having completely glutted every civilised market with their fabrics, deemed a continuance of the war the best means of raising the price of their redundant stock, and of getting it off their hands to advantage by restricting so much the supply. The third were the holders of American railway or States stock, who dreaded confiscation in the event of a rupture. In addition to this, there were the moral and religious fanatics—the Exeter Hall leaders—who persisted in believing that the war was one, not for dominion or independence, but for slavery or freedom, and who threatened to rouse the religious passions of the people if any attempt was made, either by France or England, to interpose by negotiation or arms in behalf of the Southern American States. To these must be added the extreme democrats, headed by Bright and Cobden, who cordially supported the great Northern transatlantic democracy, although it was waging war, exercising despotism, and contracting debt, with a vigour almost unparalleled in history. The united efforts of these parties paralysed Lord Palmerston after the affair of the Trent was over, and compelled him to look on as a passive spectator of the forcible subjugation of the Southern States, and the welding of the whole strength of the united provinces into one State, animated with strong feelings of hostility

towards this country. These reasons proved powerful enough to overcome the natural sympathy of the English mind with the weaker party contending for independence; the obvious expediency of opening American harbours for the export of the raw material of our manufactures, and of supporting a State which had adopted, and from its circumstances would, as a matter of necessity, long adhere to, the principles of free trade; the wisdom of providing a counterpart in the Southern half of America against the avowed hostility of the Northern; and the desire of relieving a desperate amount of suffering in our own manufacturing population. Nothing shows more incontestably that the Reform Bill has vested the government of the State practically in the moneyed classes; and that the capitalists, by buying up the press, can compel Government to neglect alike the strongest considerations for national independence and the most urgent appeals in the interests of labour.

But the inconsistency of the conduct of Cobden and Bright on this occasion went farther than merely convicting them of a change of principle. It demonstrated in a clear manner, and brought to light for the first time in an indisputable way, what throughout had been their real objects and motives of action. In truth, there was no inconsistency in the secret motives by which their public conduct was actuated; and they were pursuing the same object when aiding Sir R. Peel to establish free trade—

when boasting they would "crumple up Russia" during the Crimean war—when supporting household suffrage in the British Parliament—when exerting all their energies to aid the military despotism, protective government, and boundless ambition of the Cabinet of Washington, to crush the inhabitants of the South struggling for free trade—and when opposing a policy which would at once have set in motion again the whole spindles of Lancashire. In all these cases they were in reality consistent; for in all they were engaged in the worship of the same idol, and that idol was moneyed DEMOCRACY. Therefore it was that they supported free trade in Europe, for it tended to weaken the landed aristocracy of Britain—its most formidable enemy in the Old World—and applauded protection in the New, for it was the passion of democracy there. Therefore it was that their hearts were tender at the tales of human suffering when brought on by the wars of monarchs in Europe; and insensible to them when induced by the ambition of democracy in America. Therefore it was that they condemned any military or naval precautions, and advocated peace at any price in the Old World, and yet gave their cordial support to the warlike ambition of a Republic in the New. Therefore it was that they were so loud in their demand for economy in the domestic administration of this country, and strove by their votes to cut down our establishments, civil and military, to the very lowest point; and yet at the same time

gave their strongest moral support to a democratic power, whose expenditure, beyond all precedent profuse, had contracted in two years a debt larger than Great Britain had done in all her wars for an entire century before that of the French Revolution began. In all these seeming contradictions there was in reality nothing contradictory, when the ruling principle and secret motives are considered. And that principle was the worship of democracy: those secret motives to beat down every interest in society or power in the world which resists its domination.

The Liberal party are never weary of declaiming on the evils of a lavish expenditure on the part of Government, and the oppressing weight of a large public debt. It is all true—the evils are real, not imaginary; but they forget that democracy is responsible for them. What gave birth to the English national debt, and originated that burden which now so cramps our energies and paralyses our strength?—the Revolution of 1688 and William of Orange. What added a hundred millions to that debt, and for the first time caused it to assume alarming proportions?—the American revolt, and the secession on account of 3d. a-pound tax laid on tea. What added six hundred millions to that debt? —the French Revolution, and twenty years' war to resist the encroachments of the great Parisian democracy. What induced the costly and corrupt Government of Louis Philippe, and stopped the whole

economical measures of the Restoration?—the three glorious days of 1830. What has, since that, added millions annually to the French debt since 1848, and now causes all Europe to stand to arms, and has arrayed 3,000,000 men at a fabulous cost in the panoply of war for mutual slaughter?—the Revolution of 1848 and the cry of "Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité." Where was £200,000,000 of debt contracted in two years, and the expenditure raised in one to a higher level than that of England in the year of Waterloo?—in the democracy-ruled Federal States of North America. The whole public debt which now oppresses the civilised world, and more than half the expenditure in every country entailed upon it, have been the work of democracy.

These considerations suggested another, by the proof which they afforded of the vast but silent revolution, far more momentous than that produced by the Reform Bill, though mainly flowing from it, which has taken place since it was passed, in general thought and opinion and the balance of power in the State. What a theme could these manifest contradictions of the Liberal party, and anti-popular position of the Radicals—supporting the American blockade and starving Manchester—have afforded to men like the Harry Brougham of the last generation or the Benjamin Disraeli of more recent times! But on this occasion nothing has been said on the subject; the inviting theme, fraught with such obvious and just declamation, has been shunned by the

Conservative leaders as if it were holy ground. Not a word has been said in Parliament or in the press, either on our moral intervention to beat down Neapolitan nationality, or on our abstinence from intervention to permit the extinction of Southern America's independence. A fierce attack was made on Government in 1861 for the repeal of the paper duty as a bribe to the penny press; and in 1862 the education interest, the offspring of the education mania, beat the Government on the "Revised Code," and, like the serpent in the fable, made the first use of its vitality to sting its benefactor. But with these exceptions, no movement of importance has been made in either House of Parliament. The contradictory policy of the Whigs, and the abandonment of their professed principles by the Radicals, passed without observation alike in the senate and the country; and the most favourable opportunity that has yet occurred for unfolding the real objects of Liberalism, and discrediting it in the eyes of the working classes, has been lost.

I do not in the slightest degree blame Lord Derby or Mr Disraeli, or the other Conservative leaders, for their abstinence on this occasion. They knew, doubtless, the temper of the country, which was still too deeply imbued with Liberal principles to permit of a reaction on general grounds being attempted. Doubtless the cry of Italian unity and independence, and American democracy, would have been too strong for them: they would have lost rather than gained

ground by an attempt to give battle on such fundamental questions which lay at the deep foundations, *non tangenda non movenda*, of the awful powers of the multitude. I myself experienced the same thing, for though boiling over on the subject I made no attempt to publish regarding it. A—— had sent a paper embracing some of these views to Blackwood, but he declined to insert it in his Magazine. I knew that anything I wrote, which would be much more decided, would share the same fate. Even after my death I am afraid no bookseller will publish the preceding fifty pages in their original form as written, unless a considerable time has elapsed (which will probably be the case), and experience has proved the truth of many of the opinions they contain. I make these observations solely to show how sensible I am of the vast silent social revolution in the midst of which we are placed, and which is to all practical purposes extinguishing freedom of discussion in the country. This illustrates a truth which I have more than once asserted in my History of Europe, that there never was a greater mistake than to suppose that the press will in *all* circumstances be the supporter of freedom. It will be so as long as there are opposite and antagonistic great parties in the country, upon one or other of which either party can rest. But if the contest were finally determined in favour of one of them, this balanced effort would be terminated, and the press would become instead of the supporter of freedom the most ruthless and formid-

able enemy of it. It would become either the flatterer and mouthpiece of monarchical despotism, as in imperial France or China, or of an unbridled democracy, as in republican America. In such circumstances the boasted freedom of the press would be nothing more than the licence of the Roman prætorians or the servility of Romish Jesuitism.

Another subject which anxiously fixed our attention during this winter was the famous duel between the two ironclads, the Merrimac and the Monitor, in Hampton Roads, America. We deplored the short-sighted policy which led our Government, sacrificing too much to mercantile profit, to agree to the commercial treaty of 1861 with France, which gave that ambitious power coal and iron—more even than gold, the sinews in future of war—in exchange for its perishable wines and jewellery. The introduction of iron-plated vessels we had long seen would make a great change in the method both of attack and defence in sea-fights. Supposing, as is most probable, that the powers of attack and defence at sea are equal, and that the most powerful artillery which a ship can bear proves unable to pierce the mail by which it can be clad and yet float, the only methods of attack which will remain, and to which the attention of men will be directed, will be striking with a heavy armed beak on the flank of an opponent, or leaping on the low deck, and terminating the contest by boarders.

The battle, therefore, between the Merrimac and

the Monitor, was far from inspiring me with those exaggerated opinions of the effect of the change on future maritime contests which the world in general, especially on the Continent, hastily adopted. I uniformly maintained two propositions, which lie at the foundation of the question. The first was, that as coal and iron were henceforth to be the staples of maritime war, the country which had most of these must have a greater advantage than before over those which had less; and that as Great Britain had these minerals in greater profusion than any other country, her naval superiority would, if she kept them to herself, be more decided than it had been before the change. The second was, that, under the new mode of fighting, iron-cased forts and batteries must have the advantage over any attacking force either at sea or by land; so that the means of defence for the first time in war would become superior to those of offence. The reason is, that there is a limit to the weight of armour which a ship can float or of guns it can carry, but there is no assignable limit to the thickness of the iron coat with which a land bastion can be faced, or the size of the ordnance which can be planted upon it. A fort can be faced with iron four feet thick, but no ship could bear such a load; guns of any size could be placed upon its ramparts, but no means have yet been devised by which artillery of such weight could be brought up, through a country whose railways were broken up, to co-operate in the attack. Ad-

mitting that in future ships of war must be iron-cased, and that land batteries will be similarly protected, at least at the embrasures, this can never be done so effectually by the besieging army or the attacking squadron as by those in defence. Thus war, both at sea and by land, will after all be brought back to its old elements; and in the last days of science as in the first, the last ton of iron, the last ton of coal, the last sovereign of gold, and the last heart of lion, will carry the day.

I have been led, contrary to my general design, into a more lengthened account of the objects of thought which in an especial manner occupied me during this winter, from a double motive. These have formed from my earliest years my chief subjects of reflection, but yet they are only to be found scattered through different parts of my voluminous writings. The reason is, that they related to the events of the day, and the social changes at the moment in progress amongst us. My ideas were for the most part so opposed to the opinions of the majority of my countrymen, that not only would they, if brought out together, have produced no impression, but they would have sensibly weakened any influence on foreign subjects which my writings might have acquired. Experience, however, has long taught me that minorities are generally in the right; and that the most important truths reached by the human mind, and which are now most universally recognised, have been those which a small and

resolute minority, strong in the consciousness of truth, have through evil report and good report maintained in the face of an abusive and tyrannical majority. The instances of the system of the heavens discovered by Copernicus, of the motion of the earth by Galileo, of the circulation of the blood by Harvey, of the action of fire on the earth's surface by Hutton,—will immediately occur to every reader. Desirous, therefore, to show how steady have been my opinions on those momentous subjects through a long and active life, and yet anxious to leave the world without an angry feeling against any one, I have deemed it best to bequeath them to future times in a posthumous publication, to be judged of hereafter, according as experience may have confirmed or disproved their truths.

Another reason which led me to adopt this course was, that I was desirous of preserving some record of the subjects of conversation I had with my eldest son. A most imperfect picture would be presented of our family circle, and the principal subjects of thought which have for a long course of years occupied my mind, if a prominent place were not given to that dear relative. Nearly thirty years have elapsed since he became the companion of my walks and the depositary of my thoughts; for he first began when he was hardly five years of age, and was so little as to be obliged often to take hold of my surtout to keep up with me in walking. During seventeen years that he has been in the army we have been

seldom together before this winter for any considerable time; but our intimacy has suffered no abatement; we corresponded regularly when at a distance, and met again after the longest severance with the undiminished confidence and unlimited trust of earlier years.

He is one of the few men I have known in life whom fortune, or it may be a beneficent Providence, has thrown into precisely the line for which his tastes and turn of mind fit him. In conversation on any subject of difficulty or importance he is qualified to take a good place, and he is gifted with an ease of manner and delivery which makes it appear as if he might have been a public speaker. But the peculiar bent of his mind and the subject on which he is most interested is military strategy. His subsequent experience of real war in the Crimea and India has given him the advantage of seeing how far our notions were justified by the actual events of war. His letters to me from both were most interesting and valuable. In private he is simple and kind; the various events of his career have never detached his heart from home and the impressions of youth; and though a favourite in society, he still prefers his father's house, I believe, to any other.

This spring A—— received the appointment of Assistant Adjutant-General to the Inspector-General of Infantry, and two days afterwards set out to commence his new official labours in London. I have

seen little of him since, and probably his long residence with his family under my roof this winter is the last time we may ever be together for any length of time. But we should be selfish indeed if we regretted a severance—for the few years during which in the course of nature it was likely to last—which was consequent upon so fortunate a step in his career.

The charming period of A——'s long residence at Possil with his family during this winter was interrupted by one event which caused us the deepest anxiety, and had wellnigh terminated in a fatal result. After they had been a month with us, and the little children had become thoroughly acquainted with us all, the younger, Lady Alison's goddaughter, a delightful child of ten months old, was seized with bronchitis, which soon assumed the most alarming symptoms. The weather, which was beyond all example cold, and a raw east wind, added immensely to the risk of the little patient; and for three weeks she was in the most imminent danger. In fact, nothing saved her but the skill and judgment of her medical attendant, Dr Drummond, and the unwearied kindness and attention of her nurse, Mrs Carmichael. Twice during this terrible illness she swooned away, and we all thought she was gone. I cannot describe the distress which Lady Alison and I, as well as her father and mother, suffered on this occasion. Our own children had been blessed with such good health, that we had

never known what it was to live for weeks together in the hourly, sometimes momentary, dread of a little innocent being snatched away. What rendered this protracted anxiety peculiarly distressing to myself was the extraordinary affection which during her illness had grown up between myself and the little sufferer. However she might be distressed, she never failed to be quiet, and generally fell asleep, when I carried her about the room, which I often did for hours together. When she began to recover she smiled to me before either her mother or nurse, and manifested the greatest joy when I came into the room, or when she even heard my footstep on the stair leading to it. At length, by the blessing of God, she completely recovered, and is now without any exception the most engaging child I ever met with. This touching incident makes me almost suspect that, irrespective of kindness or custom, there is a certain attraction of blood which is felt among the nearest relations, similar to that which, from the moment of its birth, draws the lamb to its mother; and that the *Bluts*verwandtschaften give rise to affections as warm as the *Wahl*verwandtschaften, to which the genius of Goethe has given immortality.

Though Glasgow and its neighbourhood did not suffer so much as Manchester and the cotton districts of Lancashire in any one branch of industry from the American war, in consequence of its embracing so many different ones, yet it was extremely strait-

ened from a general languor and depression in all trade. The mills were generally put upon short time, and the wholly unemployed, though not a tenth of those thrown out in Lancashire, were still very considerable. They amounted in August 1862, when an enumeration was taken, to 5000 wholly unemployed, and 9000 on half-time, out of 25,000 directly or indirectly dependent on the cotton trade. This gave rise to much anxiety, caused by the decision of the Court of Session, and by the House of Peers, as already noticed, having decided in 1849 that the unemployed poor, if able-bodied, have in Scotland no legal claim on their respective parishes, as they have in England and Ireland. As I had decided the opposite way, and they had reversed my decision, I was not a little curious to see how the case would work now that the law was left in the state in which it had been placed by these exalted authorities. The result confirmed my view, and vindicated the wisdom of the old Scottish Parliament, which had enacted that all persons shall obtain relief from their parishes, "quhilk of necessitie mon live be alms."[1] The parochial boards intrusted with the working of the Act, seeing the necessity of the case, and the impossibility of providing for it by voluntary subscriptions, had a meeting on the subject, and voluntarily agreed during the continuance of the distress to give the able-bodied poor out of employment relief from the parish funds, in exchange for work to which they

[1] Act 1579, c. 31.

were to be set. This was exactly what fourteen years before I had decided they were bound to do, according to the plain enactments of the old Scottish statutes. The Court of Session had held that an assessment for such a purpose was illegal; but the necessity of the case was now so obvious, and the expediency of dividing the burden equally over all, instead of throwing it exclusively on the charitable and humane, so apparent, that no complaint on the subject was made by the ratepayers; and the crisis, which threatened at first to be very serious, was surmounted without difficulty.

In another instance, about the same time, I had an example of the way in which necessity and experience often overcome even the most determined interested resistance, and lead to the establishment of bulwarks for society, under circumstances which at one period may appear incapable of realisation. I had, as already mentioned, made great efforts in 1842 and subsequent years to persuade the Lanarkshire Commissioners of Supply to take advantage of the Act of Parliament authorising them to set on foot a police force in the county. I asked only £4000 a-year, which would have been provided by an assessment of a penny in the pound. The proposal was warmly supported by many of the most influential proprietors in the county; but the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Belhaven strongly opposed it, the little lairds all joined them, and the "ignorant impatience of taxation" proved too strong

for me. Seeing this, and having been defeated several times in my endeavours to get the consent of the Commissioners to this measure, I told them plainly I would let them take their own way and see how they liked it. Before many years had passed, the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Belhaven had become the greatest owners of coal and iron mines in the county, and they began to see what it was to have several thousand colliers and iron-miners out on strike, going about idle for months together, without any civil force to coerce them. This was in an especial manner felt during the terrible monetary crisis of 1847 and 1848, and again on occasion of a similar crisis in 1857. The result was a general conviction of the necessity of the measure; and to it the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Belhaven, now personally interested in the order of the county, no longer offered any resistance. Thus a police force was at length established in 1856, and its advantages were so speedily experienced that it now amounts to 140 men, whose cost is £14,000 a-year. Heavy as this burden is, more than triple that which I had originally contended for, the benefit of the force has been so strongly felt that it is nowhere complained of, and the peace of the county, without military intervention, is maintained without difficulty.

I drew from my experience in these local concerns many consolatory conclusions as to the more important interests of mankind in social life. It

confirmed me in the opinion which, as previously mentioned, I had already arrived at from the observation of human affairs as developed in history, that there is a continual war going on between the errors and passions of men, which lead to evil, and the lessons of experience, which are the voice of God speaking to restrain them. I saw, and at this moment (May 1862) see, the same thing going on in the great theatre of the world. How many illusions which overspread the nation from 1815 to 1854 are now dispelled! Where are now the loud clamours for the reduction of our armaments by sea and land, which so often during that long period brought the nation to the brink of ruin? Where is the old confidence in the wisdom, justice, and integrity of the masses, since America has shown the depth of their corruption and the folly of their conduct when permitted solely to direct public affairs? Against whom are our volunteer battalions arrayed, and what has become of the shouts of enthusiasm with which the revolutions at Paris in 1830 and 1848 were at first hailed? Everywhere we see around us a return to old feelings and opinions; and that not suddenly, or in consequence of temporary excitement, but slowly and gradually, from the experience of the results of the opposite set of principles. This affords a lesson both for caution in conduct, and of trust in Providence; for it shows that if evil is at one time rampant and apparently irresistible, it will eventually work out its own abolition by the irrev-

ocable laws of the moral world. Every day's experience adds further proofs of the errors of man, and the wisdom of God.

In the beginning of May, for the first time, I saw the 'Edinburgh Review' for April 1862, with an article on my Castlereagh Lives. I was not dissatisfied by it, for, without intending it, the reviewer completely vindicated the general plan of the work, and so evinced the hostile spirit with which he was animated, as to deprive his criticisms of weight with the candid portion even of his own party. He begins with some obvious typographical errors, such as "Gray" for Grey, "Lansdown" for Lansdowne, "Sir Peregrine Pickle" instead of Sir Peregrine *Maitland*, &c., which have for some months gone the round of the Liberal press, and the observations on which, in themselves quite just, I am the first to agree with.[1] But then he goes on to blame the plan of the work, which he says is neither a biography nor a history, but a sort of hybrid production, without the interest or merit of either. It is undoubtedly true, as he says, and as I myself said in my preface, that the object of biography is character, while of history it is events. But he forgets to add that this is only applicable when the events are undisputed. When they have been falsified by party animosity or national hatred, the only solid foundation that can be laid for the biography of the public men who bore a part in them is in a full and correct statement of

[1] They are printers' errors, and will be corrected in the next edition.

the general facts. The reviewer himself has furnished evidence of this necessity; for without proving the inaccuracy of any of the facts which I mention, bearing on Lord Castlereagh's public career, he nibbles at every one of them, and endeavours to throw the discredit of all failures on his shoulders, and ascribes the merit of success to others. This has for half a century been the traditionary doctrine of the Whig party; and as they live almost exclusively with each other, and seldom read any works but those of their own political persuasion, they felt indignant when success was mainly traced to Lord Castlereagh, and the failures to others for whom he was not responsible. In the violence of these party writers I trace evidence both that such an interweaving of biography with general history was in Lord Castlereagh's case essential to the right delineation of his character, and that the effort made to vindicate it by such a combination has not been altogether unsuccessful.

One remarkable circumstance took place at this time (May 1862), eminently characteristic of the strong hold which democratic principles have obtained of the working classes in the manufacturing districts, and of the despotic power which has been acquired over them by their popular leaders. The distress in these quarters, great through the whole winter, had now become excessive. Nearly all the mills in Lancashire were working only on short time —many of them only two days in the week—and

58,000 persons, involving the support of at least 200,000 human beings, were entirely out of employment. This number, it is well known, will ere long be swelled, if nothing intervenes to arrest the disastrous progress, to 500,000, involving the support of at least 1,500,000 people; for the stock of cotton from all quarters will not, even at the present diminished rate of consumption, last more than six weeks. The working classes in the manufacturing districts have borne this severe and long-protracted period of suffering with a patience and resignation which does them the highest honour. But the extraordinary thing is this: a word from England and France would at once stay the famine; and the Emperor Napoleon, it is well known, has long been desirous to pronounce that word, for Lyons and Rouen are suffering as much as Manchester and Glasgow under the cotton scarcity. Yet the English Government, not content with abstaining themselves, have muzzled the French Emperor, who was both able and willing to raise the blockade and terminate the distress. This conduct, dictated by a dread of Bright, Cobden, and their followers, is contrary to the policy of this country for the last half-century, which has been one of incessant interventions (though always on the revolutionary side). It indicates more clearly than anything yet has done the general and silent inroad which republican ideas have made among the great body of the people. The working classes, the chief

sufferers under this policy, are content to remain idle and suffer in silence without raising a voice against a system which is entailing on them severe and protracted distress. They would rather sell their last shirt and pledge their last blanket, than do anything which might tend, even in the remotest degree, to endanger the supremacy of the great conquering and ambitious transatlantic republic.

This shows the influence of an abstract principle in human affairs, and how well Louis Napoleon knew human nature when he said that he crossed the Alps and made war on Austria in Italy for an "idea." Indeed, so far is it from being true that mankind are at all times and in all places governed by their interests, that the greatest changes in human affairs, and the most terrible and sanguinary wars that ever desolated the world, have arisen from the worship of an idea. The indomitable spirit which animates workmen in a strike against their masters has often for centuries together inspired successive generations of men. What animated the Roman legions, and carried the standard with the letters S.P.Q.R. to the remotest corner of the civilised earth? An idea—the belief that the republican eagles were destined to conquer and civilise the whole of mankind. What led to the crusades, and for centuries together precipitated Europe in armed multitudes on Asia? An idea—the passion to deliver the Holy Sepulchre out of the hands of the infidel. What raised up the great fabric of the

transatlantic republic, and laid the foundations of a State destined to overshadow and subdue the New World? An idea—the vision amidst primeval plenty of democratic equality. What broke down the ancient barriers of European civilisation, and reared up a power which carried its eagles to Cadiz and the Kremlin? An idea—the dream of liberty and equality, which resulted in the French Revolution. What shook all the thrones of Europe sixty years after, and poured the elements of war and discord into the peaceable bosom of European society? A dream—that of "Liberty, equality, and fraternity," which has led to two of the most terrible and bloody wars of modern times. It is not surprising that when such is the temper of the public mind, the operatives of Britain should submit to any suffering rather than obstruct in the New World the realisation, as they conceive, of republican equality and general democratic dominion.

The Liberal leaders, to shake themselves loose, if possible, of the responsibility for the disastrous results which have flowed to this country from the American contest, say that at least the people of Great Britain may console themselves with the reflection that they had no hand in producing them, and that they are suffering under the visitation of God, or from the madness of others, not from the consequences of their own imprudence. Alas! here they are more mistaken than on any other point of this lamentable case. The operatives themselves,

indeed, are entirely blameless; but are their leaders equally so? Who raised the cry of free trade, and for half a century incessantly inculcated the doctrine that "to buy cheap and sell dear" constituted the whole elements of political wisdom? Was it not pointed out to them over and over again, in the clearest terms, and by none more emphatically than by myself,[1] that we were incurring the utmost risk in permitting national industry to run to such an extent into one single manufacture, dependent for its material on one single State, which, by simply closing its ports against the exports of cotton, could reduce our manufacturing population to the greatest straits? Was it not pointed out that by a small protective duty on foreign cotton imported, such an impulse would be given to its cultivation in our own colonies in the East and West Indies as would speedily render us independent of all other nations for the supply of this vital article of the national necessity? All this was disregarded, and was represented to applauding multitudes as the last effort of an obsolete and expiring faction. It was said that these apprehensions were chimerical; that the stoppage of the export of cotton from America was impossible; that money would always find money's worth, and that the "almighty dollar" would soon break through any blockade that might be attempted.

[1] In "Free Trade and Protection," published in 1846 in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and afterwards in a separate pamphlet.

Where are all those promises now, when by the last poor-law return the paupers in Lancashire alone are a hundred thousand more than they were in the corresponding period of last year, and there is not cotton in the country for six weeks' consumption? Let us not deceive ourselves: the cotton famine is the effect of our own act, and might have been avoided, if the direction of the State had been in other hands than those who, set only on mercantile profit, were resolved to sacrifice everything to buying the materials of manufacture in the cheapest market, in order that they might sell it in its finished state in the dearest.

What is still more extraordinary, and seems at variance with the obvious dictates of prudence, is that the whole country appears insensible to a still greater and more terrible possible danger, of which the cotton famine is, as it were, a premonitory warning. Since free trade was introduced in 1846, the importation of foreign grain has increased, in round numbers, from 2,000,000 quarters to 16,000,000 annually; and these immense numbers are yearly on the increase. Estimating the annual consumption of grown persons at a quarter of grain, and considering how considerable a part of our inhabitants are infants or children, this will imply that the staple food of nearly two-thirds of our people is derived from foreign states —the population of the two islands being now 29,000,000. It is impossible to contemplate such a

state of matters without serious apprehensions, more especially when it is recollected that more than half of this foreign grain (53 per cent) comes from two countries only—Russia and America, who were both in a hostile league against us in 1811, in obedience to the sovereign mandates of Napoleon,—nay more, were within three weeks of becoming so again, when the close of the Crimean war led to the adjournment of their hostile designs. Where should we be if Russia and America were at any future time to combine in hostility against this country? Without fitting out an iron-cased frigate, without embarking a regiment, they could now, in three months, by simply passing a non-Intercourse Act, as the Americans once did to aid the French in our destruction, starve us into submission in three months. To the same cause the extraordinary fact is to be ascribed, that amidst all our immense foreign trade and unprecedented emigration, the paupers of the country undergo no diminution, and have been for the last ten years, with an emigration on an average of above 200,000 a-year, from 800,000 to 900,000 in number. The demand for labour has gone past them, and "called new worlds into existence" on the Volga and the Mississippi, while the industrious poor of Britain have been landed in the workhouse or driven into exile. The distress produced by the cotton famine, which at most does not involve the bread of above 2,000,000 persons, is but a mild premonitory symptom of the far more terrible

food famine which, on the first breaking out of serious hostilities between this country and any two great maritime Powers, will threaten our entire population. It is a system of policy threatened with such danger, that it is now, almost without a dissenting voice, at least in public, the object of general approval in this country!

CHAPTER XX.

FROM THE BIRTH OF MY GRANDSON IN 1862, TO THE TERMINATION OF MY PUBLIC CAREER.

THE great happiness was accorded to my son, Colonel Alison, and indeed to us all, of the birth, on the 20th May in this year (1862), of his son. Great was the joy which his arrival occasioned in our family; and as soon as we heard of Mrs Alison and her son, Archibald the fourth, being well and flourishing, Lady Alison and I resumed our wonted flight to the south, which the preceding summer had been discontinued for the first time for fifteen years, owing to her delicate state of health. We set out on Tuesday 27th May, and the same evening reached the hospitable mansion of our friends, Mr and Mrs Alexander Campbell, to the latter of whom—the daughter of my valued friend, Mr Campbell Douglas of Mains—I was guardian. We found them most comfortably settled; and no reception could be more kind and cordial than we experienced from them. Mr Campbell—a younger

son of Mr Campbell of Camis Eskan, in Dumbartonshire—was the leading partner of a great house engaged chiefly in the American and Indian trade, and a most superior and intelligent man; and his home was rendered still more agreeable by the presence of Miss Douglas, his sister-in-law, my youngest ward, a charming girl of eighteen, just returned in improved health and beauty from Madeira, whither she had been sent by her physicians the winter before.

I was very anxious to hear the opinions of men of different parties on the American question,—the great subject of interest to all classes at this juncture; and in the varied society into which I was now thrown, I had soon an opportunity of ascertaining them, as at Mr Campbell's I met many leading American merchants; and at a public dinner of the Caledonian Asylum, shortly after my arrival, I had the good fortune to be introduced to and enjoy a long conversation with Earl Russell; and I subsequently met and had a protracted conference with Lord Shaftesbury, the acknowledged head of the Exeter Hall party. What struck me first with all these different parties was the extreme timidity with which they approached the subject. They gave me the impression of living in a society in which the free expression of thought had become on this subject as much restrained as it is in St Petersburg or Washington. Every one spoke, when the subject was approached, *sotto voce:* they seemed to fear that the

very walls had ears, and would repeat what was said at New York. I expressed, the day after my arrival, in a large party, my wishes for the success of the Confederates; and a gentleman next me—an American merchant—*whispered*, "I am so glad to hear that sentiment spoken: we all feel, but no one ventures to express it." This was a very general feeling on the subject; and Lord Shaftesbury admitted to me, a few days after, that it was so. He said he had no expectation that the war would be ended in the course of this year, and that he anticipated still greater distress in Lancashire than had been yet experienced. But no one had courage to hint at what was the only way of cutting short the distress, by declaring for the Confederates. They contented themselves, in public and private, with deploring this "unnatural fratricidal contest," but did nothing to hasten its termination. They resembled, as it seemed to me, the Emperor Charles V., who, as Robertson has observed, ordered prayers to be put up in the churches in his dominions for the delivery of the Pope, made prisoner in his palace by the Constable Bourbon, while by a simple order addressed to his general, he could at once have effected his liberation.

I was at first at a loss to account for this general fear of speaking out on this subject, so different from anything I had yet seen in English society; but I was not long in discovering to what it was owing. It sprang from the great amount of vested interests

involved in the question. No one knew how far those interests spread in society: all knew that their name was legion. Almost every one, either personally or through connections, was interested in American trade or stock; and although they saw the dangers of a temporising policy, they had not nerve to venture on a decisive one. They acted from the same motives as the Prussian Government did during the ten years which preceded the battle of Jena. On one occasion, when a gentleman in company was expressing the opinion which had been long enunciated by the 'Times,' that "Lancashire was now suffering from no fault of its own, but from the conscientious adherence of our Government to its traditionary policy of non-intervention," I could not help observing, "England is certainly suffering for its traditionary policy; but it is not the traditionary policy of *non*-intervention—for, for half a century past we have been perpetually intervening, morally or physically—it is the traditionary policy of free trade which has brought about the calamity. A penny a pound protective duty on our colonial cotton would have insured an ample supply of it, without recourse to foreign states, and we should then have suffered nothing from the American civil war. Manchester is now reaping the fruits of the system she herself introduced, which sacrifices everything to buying cheap." No one made any answer to this remark; and I could see it excited surprise and aroused attention. Mr Campbell said to me, after the com-

pany had taken their departure, "Did you observe how your remark about free trade was taken? It is curious that, though it seems so obvious, I never yet heard the observation made in public or private, nor even alluded to in the press."

I was very glad to make the acquaintance of Lord Russell at the Caledonian Asylum dinner, as, strange to say, I had never before met him, nor heard him speak in public. He received me with the cordial affability which the real leaders of party know so well how to display, and which contrasts so strongly with the jealousies and animosity of their subordinate followers. He was particularly anxious to learn the state of the manufacturers in Lanarkshire, and their ability to bear a prolonged cotton famine; and I could easily gather from the strain of his inquiries, though he did not express any decided opinion on the subject, that he anticipated a prolonged contest in America. This was the more remarkable, as, in the course of the preceding spring, he had expressed an opinion in Parliament that the contest would be over in three months, which had already more than elapsed.

I was agreeably surprised on this occasion with Lord Russell's public speaking. It was much more polished and condensed than I had anticipated from his reported speeches: his style was more that of a refined literary composer than of a practised parliamentary debater. Perhaps this may have arisen from his speeches on this occasion being on set subjects,

and having been carefully prepared and committed to memory. His figure is diminutive and slender, his voice feeble, and when he is much animated, it degenerates into a sort of cry; but his eye is very expressive, and bears the distinctive mark of high intellect. I could not help being much struck with his address in public speaking,—simple, and without either pomposity or affectation; very different from the inflated style of provincial orators or local celebrities, which is in an especial manner conspicuous in several of the popular speakers in Scotland.

At this dinner I also for the first time heard Lord Stratford de Redcliffe address a large assembly. I had long known him, as I have already mentioned, and admired his remarkable conversational talents, but this was the first time I had heard him speak in public, and I never heard an address which, though short, was more impressive. Grave and earnest, it was delivered with the solemnity of manner which suited his position, long at the head of British diplomacy in the East, and which added much to the weight of the sentiments delivered. Unlike Earl Russell's speech, it was extempore; for the toast intrusted to his charge, the "Churches of all Denominations in Scotland," had been destined for the Bishop of London, who was accidentally detained away. Nevertheless, the structure of the sentences was so accurate, and the ideas so suitable to the occasion, that it could not have been more perfect if it had been the result of the most laboured com-

position. It did not take above fifteen minutes in delivery, but it was listened to with marked attention throughout, and elicited warm and general applause at its close. That brief speech gave me a higher opinion of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's abilities than I had previously conceived, either from the intercourse of private society, in which he so much excels, or from his public diplomatic career.

The chief attraction of London during this season was the great Exhibition, which was opened with much pomp on the 1st May, and was in full splendour when we arrived at the end of the month. Situated low, at the extremity of the Kensington Museum, with its chief approach coming down a descent, and possessing little architectural symmetry or beauty, it was greatly inferior, so far as externals go, to its predecessor in Hyde Park in 1851. The domes at each end were in themselves finely proportioned and of great size, exceeding, it is said, the far-famed one of St Peter's at Rome, and when seen singly and on a level they had a very imposing effect; but there was no centre in the edifice to correspond to these wings, which, from an architectural point of view, was a fatal defect.[1] But if the interior is considered, and the variety of interesting objects which had been there brought together from every part of the world, it was much superior in its contents to its

[1] The able artist who gave the design of the edifice is not to blame for this defect, for in the plan as he originally made it there was a splendid dome, which was omitted from motives of economy.

predecessor. The two picture-galleries, exhibiting the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the British, French, and Flemish modern schools of painting, were in themselves deeply interesting, and presented attractions to which there was nothing comparable in the last Exhibition. In many branches of art, also, the improvement in taste was conspicuous, and this was in an especial manner the case with the ornamental dessert services and *bijouterie* for dinners *à la Russe*, now so much in vogue both in London and Paris.

The recent French and English pictures, now for the first time brought into juxtaposition, and fit objects of comparison, presented ample subjects for reflection. The first observation they suggested was the immense divergence in the character of the two nations. The British pictures were nearly all portraits, or fancy pieces descriptive of domestic or parental love: the French were almost all battle-pieces, or views of stormings, with portraits of marshals or generals. The first had been inspired by the affections of peace, the second by the excitements of war. The second reflection was, that the French artists were decidedly superior to the British in large compositions, and in the arrangement of figures and shade in their triumphal exhibitions; the British superior to them in the delineation of the human countenance in portraits or small groups. The third, that neither the one nor the other were, with the exception of Turner and Reynolds, either in historical, portrait, or landscape

painting, to be compared to the great masters of the Spanish and Italian schools, whose works appear to acquire only additional lustre from every century which passes over them. To this observation an exception must however be made in the delineation of animals. Those of Landseer were superior, both in design and execution, to any which ever were made in modern Europe. Here, too, the national habits appeared to have given a peculiar direction to the efforts of human genius; and it was the practice of deer-stalking and moor-game shooting, so common with our young men of fortune, which led Landseer into the Highland glens and rendered him so perfect a master of their appearance and habits.

Two painters only of the British school have been gifted by nature with genius equal to the great Italian masters, and those were Sir Joshua Reynolds and Turner. They did not, however, attain to equal excellence. Reynolds's portraits will not bear a comparison with those of Vandyck, Titian, or Velasquez; and in the delicacy of finishing and harmony of colour, Turner is not equal to Claude or Salvator. One or two of his pictures, particularly the "Building of Carthage" in the National Gallery, will bear such a comparison when seen at a distance; but on a nearer examination the superiority of the great Claude Lorraine in the combination of neatness of finish with general effect is apparent. It is in this respect that both the best landscapes and portraits of the English school fall short of those of the Italian

masters. Those that are general in their effect with us are not sufficiently minute; those that are minute are deficient in breadth. To unite the two, as Raphael, Correggio, and Titian did, is to attain the highest triumph of art; and it will never be reached but by men of genius addressing their works to a body of countrymen whose taste is so refined, and sense of beauty so perfect, that they will not take off their hands anything in which this combination is not at least attempted.

If the French and English pictures of the present day are obviously defective in ideal beauty, and no longer aim at the expression of profound emotion, the same cannot be said of the artists of the Flemish and German school, whose works in great numbers adorned the halls of the Exhibition. Art has made a vast step in their able hands. The historical pieces, in particular of Gallait and the Flemish artists, recall the best days of the Italian and Spanish schools, both in the elevation of the designs and the delicacy of the execution. The subjects, generally mournful, are sometimes painful; but the conceptions are grand, and infinitely beyond the best contemporary pieces of the English school. They are not mere battle-pieces, or portraits of marshals, like the French; nor family groups, or single figures, like the English: but Scriptural compositions, suited for altar-pieces or church decoration; or scenes from the most touching incidents in the history of the Low Countries. As such, they possess the highest merit, and justly en-

title the Flemings to the first place in contemporary high art. Nor must the German landscapes be overlooked,—some of which, particularly mountain-scenes or waterfalls in Norway, are of the very highest merit, and present that combination of minuteness of finishing with breadth of effect, which is the characteristic of the works of nature, and which so strongly appears in the paintings of Claude, Ruysdael, Poussin, and all her most successful imitators.

There was noticeable a great improvement in all branches of British manufacture which minister to material comfort or convenience, but little or none in those which aim at the display of taste or the expression of sentiment. On this subject Lady Jersey made a remark to me, which, from a person of her taste and experience, seemed well worthy of consideration. It was, that these great exhibitions, in this and other countries, from which so much was expected, were in reality destructive to the higher branches of art; because they tended to lower it to the level and requirements of the masses, and keep artists in a perpetual fever striving after something new, which is inconsistent with the slow and patient effort by which alone real excellence is to be attained. Novelty—perpetual novelty—becomes then the great object: temporary or passing popularity the reward to which all look. How such a state of things tends to lower the standard of excellence in the fine arts need be told to none: it is the same thing as the exchange which is now going

on of works of durable fame for flash "sensation" articles or novels for magazines. This, however, is but a part of the general change which is taking place in every department of taste and in all the works of genius.

In one respect in particular this Exhibition was decidedly superior to its predecessor in 1851,—and the difference marks the mighty step made in advance during the intervening period by the British empire. In the displays of the natural productions and growing manufactures of the colonies there can be no sort of comparison between them. The gold and other metals of Australia and River Columbia; the wool of New Zealand and Victoria; the cotton of India, the West Indies, and Demerara; the magnificent masts of Vancouver Island; the teak of Bombay; the indigo of Hindostan; the wines of the Cape, and innumerable other products of our vast colonial empire—some natural, some manufactured,—were here exhibited in the utmost profusion, and attracted general attention. On seeing the vast extent and variety of these productions, and recollecting that they are all the produce of one empire, it is impossible to resist the conviction that what is a foreign trade to other countries, to the inhabitants of this is a home one; and that, by the benignity of nature, all the productions of the earth and of human skill may be obtained without wandering beyond the limits of our own dominions.

London at this time—that is, during the first

weeks of June—was crowded both with natives of this country and foreigners. The pressure at the opera, the theatres, the parks, and private parties, was extreme. We witnessed it in its full intensity at receptions at the Duchess of Montrose's, the Marchioness of Westminster's, the Marchioness of Londonderry's, Lady Combermere's, the Duchess of Hamilton's, Lady Isabella Stewart's, Lady Derby's, Lady Macdonald Lockhart's, and other places. One thing struck us very much on all these occasions, as it had done previously, and that was the remarkable dearth of beauty in these elevated circles. You often left an assembly where seven or eight hundred persons had been assembled, without having seen a single woman decidedly handsome in it. The Duchess of Manchester and Lady Constance Grosvenor are perhaps the only very beautiful women to be met with in the highest circles of London society. This is a remarkable circumstance, the more so when it is recollected that, though the aristocracy for the most part intermarry with each other, yet their ranks are, to a greater degree than any in Europe, recruited from the less elevated circles—either from the advantages of fortune, or the attractions of beauty or a captivating manner.

Another circumstance we remarked since we were last in London two years ago, was the increasing number and splendour of that section of the female community who are never alluded to in mixed good society except by circumlocution. It was a common

observation in London at this time, that these persons had the best of everything,—the best private boxes at the opera, the best horses in the Park, the best carriages and liveries at the races, the finest jewels and dresses, and, worst of all, the most fashionable cavaliers in attendance. Certainly the change in this respect was remarkable since I first recollect London; and not less so that they form, at least in gay circles, a frequent subject of conversation, and even more with women among each other than with men. When one of the most dashing of this sisterhood makes her appearance, in the most elegant attire, driving her beautiful white ponies in a perfect phaeton in the Park, the sensation, especially among the ladies, is almost as great as when the scarlet liveries of the outriders announce the approach of the Queen. This change is eminently characteristic of an alteration in general manners and feeling. No one doubts that courtesans were perhaps as numerous in my younger days as they are now; but the mode in which they are regarded, and the position they occupy in society, are indicative of a great change. Probably it has arisen, as it did in the days of Charles II., from a reaction against the undue strictness of the opposite section of the community; and the "pretty horsebreakers" owe their present notoriety and position in the world to Exeter Hall in these times, as they did to the Puritans in the days of Cromwell.

At a party at the hospitable mansion of the accom-

plished President of the Academy, Sir Charles Eastlake, I met Sir Edwin Landseer this season. I was very desirous to see so eminent a man, and I was far from being disappointed. His countenance and figure are eminently characteristic of his turn of mind, and the branch of art in which he stands pre-eminent. With a short square-built figure, wild grey hair and whiskers, long eyebrows, and keen piercing eyes, he resembles nothing so much as the Skye terriers which he has so often immortalised in his paintings. His quickness and vivacity, both in expression and conversation, are very remarkable. In his own department of the delineation of wild animals, of their habits, places of abode, and sorrows, he is unrivalled; but he is rather perfect in one branch of art than alive to the highest. I saw this very distinctly in Lady Eastlake's drawing-room, where there is a very fine collection of old paintings, among which a large Holy Family by Palma Vecchio, and an old woman's head by Rembrandt, are the most remarkable. The first is a noble painting, in the highest style of Italian art, and in the best preservation; the last as fine a specimen as possible of Rembrandt's peculiar and photographic style. He paid no attention to the first, but devoted his whole notice to the latter. I required nothing more to convince me that he was a first-rate artist in the imitation of the real, but without any remarkable turn for the expression of the ideal.

In the midst of this whirl,—arising from the coincidence of the great Exhibition, the Epsom races, Parliament, picture-galleries, and the gay season at the same time,—the Social Science Association commenced its sittings, under the auspices of many distinguished men, and of not a few remarkable women. The venerable Lord Brougham, now in his eighty-third year, was president; and his introductory lecture, read with a distinct voice, from manuscript, showed his ardent but volatile and unsettled mind. It was an hour long, and embraced all the topics of the day, from the dangers of democracy, as evinced in the warlike propensities of the American republicans, to the decision of the recent court-martial on the charges against an officer of the 4th Dragoon Guards. I observed two things at this meeting of evil augury to the future usefulness of the Association. The first was, that it had become too political,—a fault, however, mainly owing to the venerable president, who never failed to bring every political question of the day into his inaugural discourse—a practice inconsistent with the main object of the institution, which was to bring men of all parties, on neutral grounds, to join in common measures for the amelioration and improvement of mankind. The second was, that the persons who took the lead in most of the departments were theoretical visionaries, without practical acquaintance with the subjects of their discourse, or persons interested in supporting some project set on foot by

others. Among the first class were Miss Faithfull and a host of ladies, benevolent and zealous in the highest degree, but whose position in society and habits of life precluded their acquaintance with the real, and, I fear, almost insurmountable difficulties with which the social question they were interested in is beset. Among the second were Sir Joshua Jebb, the head of the convict establishments of Great Britain, against whom, although it cannot be objected that he is without practical acquaintance with the subject of his essays, yet he is open to exception of a different kind—viz., that he is wedded to a particular theory which he is endeavouring to carry into practice,—and that is, the reformation of criminals within the four walls of a jail by means of moral and religious instruction. To myself, whom woful experience had taught that three-fourths of the worst criminals in Glasgow were returned convicts, liberated with the best characters from the chaplains and schoolmasters of the reformatories, such ideas seemed worse than visionary.[1]

During our residence in London on this occasion, a great party contest took place between the Ministerialists and Opposition, which ended in smoke, in consequence of Mr Walpolé, by Lord Derby's recommendation, withdrawing his amendment on Lord

[1] Out of 1140 convicts concerned in the great revolt at Chatham in 1861, no less than some three-fourths had certificates of good character, and about one-fourth excellent. It is lamentable to think how easily the benevolent and pious, but weak-minded instructors, are deceived by these adroit ruffians.

Palmerston's finance resolutions on the 3d June. I of course heard a great deal from the Conservative leaders on this exciting subject; and the impression left on my mind was, that the seeds of divisions were sown between them. As Disraeli was the acknowledged leader of the Conservatives, it was a very awkward thing to have intrusted so important a matter to another; the more especially as that other acted upon it without any consultation with his friends, and on his own authority, fortified by Lord Derby's recommendation. I found Disraeli, Sir John Pakington, and others, very indignant at his having done so, more especially as this important step was taken on the night before the Derby, which being a holiday, would have left ample time for consultation. In this respect there seems to have been a want of that consideration for others which is so indispensable in the leaders of a political party. At the same time, it appeared to most of them, as it did to me, that Disraeli's declamation against the Government expenditure, and his condemnation of "bloated armaments," was ill-judged, at a time when, from the preparations and enormous forces of France, and the imminence of a war with America, nothing could be clearer than that they were absolutely necessary. The true ground to have taken was that chosen, a few nights after, by Sir John Pakington—viz., that the estimates were by no means too high, or the preparations uncalled for; but that there was too much reason to apprehend that we were fast getting into

what Lord Derby had justly styled a state of "chronic deficit," and that the real fault was in Ministers having, to conciliate Bright and the penny press, remitted the paper duty and duties on French silks and jewellery, at a time when they knew, or might have foreseen, that an increase of expenditure had become unavoidable. The reason of Disraeli's not having taken this ground—which, in reason, could not by possibility have been gainsaid—was that he would not by so doing have won the support of Bright and the Radicals, whose aid he deemed necessary to the overthrow of the Ministry; another proof to the many, which his conduct had afforded, that he looked too much to temporary triumphs for himself and his party, without sufficient regard to political consistency.

I met Mr Walpole a few days after the withdrawal of his amendment, and he spoke to me, without reserve, on the subject: "The fact was," said he, "we did not wish to displace the Government at this time. We could easily have done so by bringing forward a party motion for economy, on which Bright and Cobden, with their followers, must have joined with us; and if this could have been done without displacing the Government, we were prepared to have gone on with it,—for we are extremely uneasy at the growing deficiency in the revenue to meet the unavoidable and increasing expenses of the State. But we were not prepared for a change of administration, or desirous of taking the helm, with a growing deficit in the Ex-

chequer, when a war with America or France, or both, was possibly impending. We don't wish to come in till, independent of coalitions, we have got a real Conservative majority in the House, which may enable us, without control from others at variance with us on many points, to carry out our own policy. We think that time will soon come, and the next general election will bring it about. Conservative opinions are rapidly gaining ground in the country; and with that change a corresponding alteration is taking place in the estimate of public men. No one now stands up for Charles Fox as they used to do: the Whigs even have ceased to do so. On the other hand, the reputation of Mr Pitt is every day increasing; and even Macaulay has done him justice as a peace Minister. You have done infinite service to the cause by your vindication of Lord Castlereagh, which is triumphant and complete. No one now abuses him as they used to do, nor ever will, if they have any knowledge of the facts. I am thinking of making a slight sketch of Mr Perceval, on the scale of Southey's Life of Nelson, if I can find time to go over the materials. I think you have hardly done him justice; but, to be sure, you had enough to do with your own heroes. Sir James Graham behaved nobly on that subject: he insisted on his bust being put up among the worthies of England in the hall of Rugby."

The advanced years of Lord Palmerston, and the extremely small majority, if there were any, by which

he was maintained in power, as well as the strong and evident reaction in favour of Conservative opinions, which was going on over the whole country, naturally led to some discussion among the Conservative leaders as to who should be their chief, in the event, as they anticipated, of Lord Derby declining to take the helm, or of his being disabled by ill-health from taking it. I found that the majority inclined to Earl Grey as their future leader. They had not yet confidence enough in Disraeli, however much they admired his abilities; and they thought Walpole, though eminently prudent and upright, without sufficient nerve or command of ready oratory for the situation. Lord Grey had a historic name of Liberal fame, which would break the fall of the Whigs and give a Conservative administration somewhat of a united or coalition character. Lord Eglinton, from his great and general popularity and tried administrative talents, had formerly been thought of for leader: but his lamented death rendered it necessary to look elsewhere; and the great talents and known business capacity of Earl Grey suggested him for that onerous position.

I was not intimately acquainted with Earl Grey, but I had met him twice—once at Balmoral in 1849, and again at Wishaw in 1856—on both of which occasions I had been several days in the house with him, and had conceived a high opinion of his abilities. Without the commanding features, noble forehead, or ready eloquence of his father, he had

more practical acquaintance with the country, and was a safer man to intrust with its destinies. He never would have committed the enormous error of forcing through the Reform Bill, in the belief "that it was the most conservative measure ever brought into Parliament." Such a mistake could only have been committed by an able man wedded to theoretical opinions, and without the practical acquaintance with affairs which official duties can alone confer. In this respect Earl Grey was the reverse of his father. The Whigs had been in power for thirty years, and he had held different important situations under them, the duties of which he had discharged with distinguished ability and success. His colonial administration, in particular, had changed the old system in that branch of the public service, and introduced a new one more consistent with the requirements of the time, and to the adoption of which the tranquil state of the British colonies is mainly to be ascribed. He is possessed of great administrative power, and is a man of action, fitted to take the lead in the deliberations of the Council board. Oratory or eloquence is not in a peculiar manner his *forte;* but he expresses what he says distinctly and forcibly. I was much struck with a conversation which I overheard at Balmoral, between him and the Queen. Though bred up a Whig, he is not a decided partisan: his mind is too acute not to be open to new impressions and the considerations on either side; and it may be re-

garded as no small proof of the candour of his mind, as well as the patience with which he is endowed, that the son of the author of the Reform Bill, as Lady Grey assured me, read aloud to her the whole 'History of Europe during the French Revolution,' in the course of their winter evenings.

The National Gallery formed a frequent and most attractive object of visits to Lady Alison and myself, while in London on this occasion. In addition to the treasures which it formerly possessed, and to which large additions had recently been made, especially from the early Italian school, it now contained a noble collection of Turners, of which few only were descriptive of his latter aberrations of taste. No one can form an adequate conception of the greatness and versatility of his genius, who has not minutely studied this collection. The variety of objects represented, and the diversity of the effects produced, are astonishing. While his pictures of the building of Carthage by Dido and the decline of the same city worthily take their place beside the masterpieces of Claude, the various shipwrecks rival the finest of Vernet, and several pastoral or wood scenes the most admired of Gaspar Poussin. It would be going too far to say that he is equal in every point to each of those great masters. Unquestionably his shades and colouring have not the exquisite mellowing of Claude, and his storms will hardly stand a comparison in the finish of the waves with the best of Vernet; but in the variety of his conceptions, and

the power of representing so many different ones on canvas, he is superior to them all. Altogether, he is the greatest artist that England has produced; and if he had continued through life as he began, and avoided the extravagant colours and wild designs of his later days, he would have been the greatest landscape-painter that ever existed.

The throwing open of this noble collection, in addition to the other inestimable treasures of the National Gallery, afforded an additional proof of the observation already more than once made, but constantly forced on the mind by farther experience, of the extremely limited extent of taste for the fine arts in Great Britain. The gallery is thrown open gratis twice a-week; and I often went there to see the people, and observe them when gazing on the masterpieces of Raphael, Rubens, Correggio, Titian, and Turner. The number of visitors, even on the gratis days, was small, and composed almost entirely of artists, most of them female, advanced in years. Even they evinced little admiration for the great pictures; and as to the ordinary spectators, they gazed on them as they would on a sign-post, without, to all appearance, any perception of their beauty.

I was much struck with this insensibility to the highest excellencies of art, when sitting opposite the exquisite painting by Claude of the Temple of Apollo, exhibited at the British Institution in Pall Mall. It is perhaps the most beautiful landscape in the world, in the finest order, and, to any one who

can appreciate the highest excellence of art, of ravishing beauty. I sat before it for half an hour, and several hundred people of respectable appearance passed before it during this time; but not one did more than bestow on it a passing look. I must say I thought this very remarkable, and not a little contradictory of the boasts of the march of intellect and progress of civilisation of which we hear so much. There appears to me to be scarce any perceptible improvement in this respect from the time when I first recollect London, before the Continent was opened, fifty years ago.

On the evening of the 16th June we were at a splendid party, given by the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton to the Duke of Cambridge and the Princess Mary, in their magnificent chateau of Hamilton House. Nothing could be more sumptuous than the suite of apartments, eight in number, terminating in a beautiful conservatory, all richly and yet tastefully decorated, in which the company, that comprised the whole *élite* of London, was received. The Duke and Duchess did the honours, both to their royal guests and the rest of the party, with their usual grace and courtesy. In the course of the evening, the Princess Mary beckoned me to her side, and, after a few of the usual questions, said: "Sir Archibald, I am glad to see you, to tell you how much we are all pleased with your son,—I mean the major, not the colonel, — whom the Duke knows well. I had heard so much of him from Lord

Clyde, and my cousin, the Princess Royal, in Prussia, that I was quite anxious to form his acquaintance. So I asked him to dance with me, and I need hardly say I was noways disappointed." I feel greatly more gratified by testimonies to the merit of my sons than I possibly could be by compliments addressed to myself: I can appreciate now the gratification which women feel in being courted in their daughters.

On the previous evening we had dined with the Dowager Lady Jersey, in the family mansion in Berkeley Square. The aspect of the rooms as we entered them awakened melancholy recollections. Inhabited now only by the aged mother, who had lost her husband and all her children except two, this splendid house afforded a monument of the insecurity of earthly things. The party consisted, besides Lady Alison and myself, only of Lord and Lady John Manners, and the Hon. Mr and Mrs Bentinck. Lady Jersey, in her eightieth year, evinced the talents and conversational powers and vivacity for which she had always been distinguished.

I was much struck on this occasion with the mischief which the 'Times' had done to the American question, by spreading the belief that the contest in America was hopeless, and that the Confederates must prevail, either by force of arms or the insolvency of their opponents. I found it impossible to persuade Lord John that this would not be the case. He thought, by simply adhering to the

system of neutrality, we would obtain all the advantages of a rival republic, without any of the expenses or dangers with which an active intervention would be attended. No one who was not in London at this time could form an idea of the extent to which this delusion—for I can give it no other name—extended, even in the best-informed English circles. It withstood the whole evidence to the contrary, arising from the repeated defeats experienced by the Confederates subsequent to their great victory at Bull's Run; all the falsifications of prophecies concerning a breakdown of Federal credit from the immensity of their debt, or their suspension of cash payments; and the many incontrovertible proofs of the South being overmatched, and in the most imminent danger of being subjugated by the main force of a tyrannical majority in the North. Notwithstanding these facts, people still clung to the predictions of the 'Times' as infallible oracles, and in the midst of repeated defeats comforted themselves with the belief that the Confederates could never be conquered. I wished I could share the same opinion. That the Confederates have made a noble stand against the overwhelming odds with which they have been assailed is undoubted; but all history tells us that there is a certain amount of superiority in military numbers and resources which will beat down the most strenuous opposition, and defeat the most just of causes. Witness Poland, La Vendée, and Tyrol.

We were frequently at the opera during this visit to London, both at Covent Garden and the Haymarket. We had not been much at either for some years, and we were greatly surprised at the increasing splendour of the way the pieces were got up, and the vast assemblage of the highest and middle ranks by which they were attended. Two dramas we saw were the "Huguenots" and "Robert le Diable;" and certainly these were represented with a degree of magnificence at both opera-houses to which we had never before seen anything equal, either in Paris or London. The very striking scene in particular in "Robert le Diable," where the nuns rise from their graves in the ruined monastery, and casting aside their winding-sheets, exhibit their siren charms in the evolutions of the brilliant dances, till they are all swallowed up in the flames, was brought forward with splendid effect. Mario and Formes at the one house, and Mademoiselle Titiens at the other, exhibited their great powers to the utmost advantage, and never failed to elicit unbounded applause. Whatever may be said of a taste for architecture, painting, or sculpture, not appearing to have sensibly spread during the last half-century, the same cannot be said of a taste for the drama, either in its highest and most costly, or subordinate and cheaper departments. When I first recollect London, there were only two theatres for the legitimate drama—Drury Lane and Covent Garden — and one opera-house, being the one still open in the Haymarket. Now

there are two opera-houses, both of which are crowded during every evening of the season, and eight lesser theatres, of more or less celebrity. This is a greater increase than can be explained merely by the addition to the population of London, which has, however, more than doubled during that period. Much of this is doubtless owing to the railway system, which periodically brings the wealthy of the provinces to the metropolis in quest of amusement or excitement. But much also is to be ascribed to increasing appreciation of the stage, from greater mental refinement and cultivation in the middle classes of London.

We went also to the Princess's Theatre, in Oxford Street, to see Mr and Mrs Charles Kean in "Louis XI." — a drama expressly written to exhibit the great and varied powers of both these celebrated performers. The former is certainly a great actor, — as much so in characters which are adapted for him as his father ever was. He looked older than even the lapse of twenty years since I first recollected him could account for; but his profession in the intervening period had been a very laborious, and, at times, a racking one, which was probably the cause of so much change. He did not appear, however, at all too old for the character of Louis XI.; and he performed the part of that astute cruel tyrant with equal truth to nature and dramatic effect. If Charles Kean looked older than I expected, the same could not be said of Mrs

Kean—*ci-devant*, Miss Ellen Tree—who is still in the zenith of her charms, and the full enjoyment of her powers. She too is an admirable actress, and cannot be surpassed in many parts. She excels particularly in "King René's Daughter" and other similar pieces, in which simplicity and *naïveté* of character, or innocent coquetry, is the thing to be represented. She has not the great and varied powers of Miss Helen Faucit—who is, beyond all doubt, the greatest tragic actress now on the stage; but within the more limited walk, which suits her powers, Mrs Kean is as near perfection as can be imagined.

There is no scene in London more characteristic of English habits and manners than the West-end Parks on a fine Sunday. They are always crowded with people,—not the aristocratic fashionables, who roll in their carriages in Hyde Park,—but the middle and humble classes, who with their wives and children resort to these beautiful scenes, in quest of fresh air and the enjoyment of looking at interesting rural objects. Nowhere are they presented in greater numbers, or in a more exquisite assemblage. The mixture of old elms, under which Charles II. sauntered, with young trees and bushes from every part of the world; the reflection of the masses of foliage in the waters of the lakes; the delightful intricacy of wood and water which everywhere present themselves; the piles of splendid architecture which surround the space, and

the gigantic towers of Westminster Abbey and the new Houses of Parliament, which form the background of the scene, — afford a group of charming and interesting objects which I have never seen equalled in any other metropolis. The quantities of different kinds of water-fowl that are sporting in the water, and catching the food thrown to them by the bystanders on the banks, add to the illusion and park-like character of the scene. On Sunday it is diversified by ten or a dozen missionaries, each of whom stations himself under a tree, and preaches to a crowd of from thirty to fifty persons. They, in general, listen attentively to the discourse, while the immense mass of the pedestrians, all respectably, some elegantly dressed, quietly pass by on the other side, and pay no more attention to the crowd or the preaching than they do to the water-fowl sporting in the water, or the children playing on the turf. This is real liberty, where each class does what suits its inclination, without interfering with any other class; and Government leaves all at liberty, except when they offend public propriety or mutually injure each other.

A most splendid public performance attracted in an especial manner our attention at this time,— and that was the commemoration of Handel at the Crystal Palace, on 23d June and following days. This great musical festival was got up with the utmost splendour. Four thousand performers — a number unprecedented in this country, probably in

Europe — formed the orchestra and chorus, and discharged their duties with admirable unity and effect. Such was the skill with which they had been instructed, and had learned their parts, that, though brought from many quarters, and having only had the advantage of one rehearsal together, they went through the complicated choruses in the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt" as if they were one huge instrument emitting the sound. This magnificent festival confirmed me in the opinion I had already formed and heard expressed by the best judges, that the latter is, on the whole, superior to the former, and is the most sublime musical conception ever composed by man. On the intervening day between the two oratorios, a selection was performed, in which the great powers of Mademoiselle Titiens and Madame Dolby shone forth with the brightest lustre. The well-known symphony sung by the former, "Let the bright seraphim," with the echo by the horn, was exquisite, and was fully heard by 15,000 persons, who formed the entranced audience. Her voice, clear and piercing, was distinctly audible above the instruments and voices in that gigantic chorus. This is a very singular circumstance; for the voice of the strongest man in the room could not have been heard in a similar manner, or by a tenth part of the auditors to whom hers penetrated. It distinctly appeared on occasion of this festival that the taste of the middle classes for music has

increased in the most signal manner of late years—another of the many proofs which experience affords that it is the earliest of the fine arts to be developed among a people, while architecture is the next, and painting and sculpture the last.

The comparison which passing in successive days from the International Exhibition to the Crystal Palace afforded, confirmed me in the opinion that the latter was the more imposing of the two. Independently of the superior lightness, airiness, and grace of the structure, the commanding situation on which it stands, and the superb view which it commands, the collection of beautiful objects which it presents is more perfect and extensive. The reason is obvious. The Crystal Palace contains *fac-similes* of the most exquisite remains of art of all ages, from the days of Nineveh downwards,—the Exhibition, the works of one single age only. True, the former are copies, the latter originals; but good copies of exquisite models are infinitely superior to indifferent or mediocre originals. Supposing the genius of the present age in the fine arts to be equal to any one of those which preceded it, which it certainly is not, it is obviously out of the question to suppose it can equal them all put together. You might as well suppose that the poetry of any one age is to equal that of all ages put together, from Homer to Schiller. On this account, the absolute amount of beauty in the Crystal Palace

greatly exceeds that contained in an exhibition of contemporary genius.

The great Exhibition and the Crystal Palace were not the only spectacles which at this period drew foreigners and strangers to London. In the two latter weeks of June there were several others, not less attractive to a considerable portion of the community. There was a great cattle-show for the country-gentlemen, in which the Scotch shorthorns and mares carried off the first prizes; a beautiful display of rhododendrons and roses, in the Horticultural Gardens in Princes Gate; and a prodigious show of dogs, equally interesting to sportsmen, for the field, and fine ladies, for the drawing-room. The natural consequence of this unparalleled combination of attractive objects was to induce an equally unprecedented crowd of strangers to London; and accordingly the throng was such as never before had been witnessed. Not only were all the streets, and especially those leading to the great Exhibition and the Crystal Palace, crowded with foot-passengers, but the strings of omnibuses, cabs, private carriages, and vehicles of all description were such as to render it always a source of difficulty, often of danger, to attempt to cross one of the principal thoroughfares. At the crossing at Hyde Park Corner, down Grosvenor Place, from Piccadilly up Park Lane, at the intersection of Oxford Street with Regent Street, and at that of Bond Street with Conduit Street,

the mass of carriages was so prodigious that it was often several minutes before a passage was practicable, and then only by the policemen holding up their hands and stopping the string till the foot-passengers got across. The string of carriages, three abreast, often stretched from the head of St James's Street, along Piccadilly and Knightsbridge, without interruption to the Exhibition, a distance of two miles and a half. The hotels and lodging-houses were all so crowded that it was with the utmost difficulty, and only by paying extravagant prices, that accommodation was anywhere to be obtained. If you went to any of the great objects of attraction—the Crystal Palace, the Exhibition, the flower-show—the carriages and visitors appeared so numerous that you came away with the impression that all London had been there assembled; but those who were at any of the others left them with the same belief. While 50,000 visitors, at 2s. 6d. each, were at the Exhibition; 16,000, with tickets varying from 5s. to £1, 1s., were at the Handel Festival; the flower-exhibition, at 2s. 6d., was crowded; and 8000 persons, at 2s. 6d. each, thronged the cattle-show. The two opera-houses and the two theatres were every night so crammed with spectators that you would suppose the whole interest and wealth of the metropolis was concentrated in them. Foreigners had their full share in this prodigious throng; and for the first time since the Norman Conquest, French was as much spoken as English in the prin-

cipal streets. The principal shops had notices—"Ici on parle Français;" "Qui si parla Italiano;" "Hier Spricht man Deutsch,"—in their windows. In a word, London was, at this interesting time, truly and in every sense, an "*International*" metropolis—the common forum of the world. It was the middle classes of this and other nations which formed the great majority of the crowd; and it was a common observation that, amidst the immense strings of carriages which thronged the Park at six o'clock, there were fewer handsome equipages than were often seen on ordinary occasions.

In one particular, London at this time exhibited a spectacle which had never been witnessed, to a similar extent at least, in any other capital. Though the crowds in the principal thoroughfares were so prodigious, and public and private carriages in hot haste were crossing each other in every direction, at every hour of the day and great part of the night, not only was there never any brawl or disturbance, but no coercive force of any kind in the least adequate to restrain it was visible. Not a foot-soldier, not a dragoon, was anywhere to be seen. The only guardians of the public peace were the police, who, in the most frequented localities, were stationed about forty yards from each other, generally singly, and always unarmed. The mounted patrols, a few of whom were to be seen in the middle of the street, in the places where the pressure was the greatest, had their cutlasses by their side; but they were never

drawn, and the riders generally stood still, and never went out of a walk. A single foot-policeman, standing in the middle of the street, sufficed at any time, and in all places, not only to assign their proper side to the carriages, but to stop them for any length of time till the throng had abated, and they might be permitted to move on. There might be a hundred carriages thus stopped by one unarmed man, including those of the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and half the nobility of England: they were all halted and kept standing, often for a considerable time, by one man, without even a baton in his hand! He merely held up his hand, and they were all still: he put it down, and with one accord they all moved on. There was not an attempt at or a thought of resistance, from the prince's chariot to the lowest and most disreputable-looking cabman plying for his shilling fare. Such is the authority of the law in England, that in the orderly habits of the people, and their universal respect for the law, London may challenge a comparison with any other metropolis that ever existed. This honourable feature in the British character was the more remarkable, that at this very time, while three millions of men were universally yielding obedience to the law in London, without the slightest coercion, the most frightful crimes were of daily occurrence in Ireland, without any one of the peasantry giving the slightest aid either to prevent their perpetration or bring the offenders to justice.

The International Exhibition of 1862 naturally suggested a comparison with the objects of manufacture and art which had been collected in the previous one of 1851, and many thoughts, both as to the progress made by the world generally in the production of these objects, and the relative position which Great Britain held in comparison with other nations in regard to them. Compared with the first Exhibition, it was evident that a very great improvement had taken place, more especially in such branches of manufacture as ministered to utility and comfort. There was a considerable advance in the patterns of English carpets and draperies, and in costly articles of plate and jewellery. The British manufactures and works of art were superior in texture and materials to those of the Continental nations, but the latter had the advantage in refinement of taste, chasteness of design, and delicacy of workmanship. This was in an especial manner the case in regard to the plate and jewellery of England and France, both of which presented most beautiful and interesting objects. In richness of material and cost of manufacture, none from Paris could equal the gorgeous display presented by Hunt & Roskell, late Storr & Mortimer; but the designs of the Parisian jewellers were the finer, and the sharpness and delicacy of their chiselling of *orfévrerie* were much beyond the English. This appeared distinctly even in articles for dessert services of mere *ormolu doré*. Nothing could exceed both the

beauty of the designs and the admirable delicacy of the moulding of many of the articles exhibited, particularly those of Goupé Frères, jewellers to the Emperor and Empress. If the productions of the two nations could be characterised with justice in a few words, it would perhaps be best done by saying that the English artists aimed chiefly at the display of wealth, and had attained their object: the French at the production of beauty, and had been equally successful in the attainment of theirs. To these observations, however, I must make an exception, in the case of the Venus of Gibson, one of the most perfect specimens of the ideal which modern Europe has produced.

Shortly before leaving town we dined with a distinguished party at our new connection's, Lord Dormer's, where we had the satisfaction of meeting our daughter and her husband, who, like all the world, had come up to town from Craigdarroch to enjoy some weeks of the gay season in London. The party consisted for the most part of Roman Catholics of high rank or ancient descent, and was very agreeable. I took to dinner a lady of rank, and, as I soon found, a zealous Catholic. As I had never met any person of that persuasion with whom I deemed it expedient to enter upon religious discussion, I led her into it in order to learn from one of themselves the real opinions and feelings of the ultramontane party in this, which they justly regarded as a crisis in their fate. She entered on

the subject without reluctance; and much as I had expected it, I was surprised with the violence of the feelings she expressed, which I could easily perceive, from the language of which she made use, was merely the echo of those of the leading men of her party. The circumstance on which she most dwelt, and which was evidently the cause of this exasperation, was the spoliation of the territories of the Pope, and the subjugation of Southern by Northern Italy, backed by France and England. As I entirely concurred with her in the iniquity and impolicy of that aggression, she opened fully out, and I gleaned from her expressions the *pensée intime* of the ultramontane party. She considered the movement in Italy which had terminated in this result, not—as I did—as a political revolution, but as a *religious* movement, the object of which was to overturn the Roman Catholic faith by stripping its head of his temporal possessions. The soul of this movement she considered Lord Shaftesbury, in whose hands she deemed Lord Palmerston, in this matter, as a puppet; and she spoke with the utmost asperity of the shameful conduct of Great Britain in becoming a consenting party to despoiling without the shadow of a pretext the oldest sovereign in Christendom, and in cloaking ambition under the veil of zeal for the temporal interests and religious freedom of mankind. Without vouching for the reasonableness or justice of these opinions, which largely partook of the acrimony of religious rancour,

joined to the asperity of excited fear, I deem it material to record them as the feelings of a large, zealous, and powerful party in every country of Europe.[1]

If ever there was a contrast to this ebullition of ultramontane zeal, it was furnished by a party with whom two days after we dined at the Archbishop of York's. This upright and amiable prelate had a house in Upper Grosvenor Street, where he entertained in a style which befitted his rank as a spiritual peer, second only to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The day before we dined with him *twenty-four bishops* had partaken of his hospitality. At our party there was a pleasant mixture of ladies and gentlemen, and the entertainment was at once brilliant and agreeable. I took a lady to dinner, whom I soon discovered to be as keen on the extreme Protestant as my friend at Lord Dormer's had been on the Roman Catholic side. According to the opinions now expressed, the Catholic faith was rapidly approaching its fall, and

[1] These strong feelings were shared at this time by the ablest converts from the Church of England to the Romish faith. "I do hereby," says Dr Newman, "profess *ex animo*, with a full internal assent and consent, that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions; that the thought of the Anglican service makes me shiver, and the thought of the Thirty-nine Articles makes me shudder. Return to the Church of England! No; the net is broken, and we are disjoined. I should be a consummate fool (to use a mild term) if in my old age I left the land flowing with milk and honey for the city of confusion and the house of bondage.—JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM, *June* 28, 1862."

—'Times,' *July* 1, 1862.

the missionaries of the Church of England were the apostles who would bring about its extinction: two days before, it was a Church built by our Saviour on a rock, and the gates of hell could not prevail against it. Without pretending to determine which of these opinions is the better founded, which time at the appointed season will reveal, it may, I think, be confidently anticipated that as long as the prelates and clergy of the Church of England possess the good sense, moderation, and truly Christian spirit which characterises the present Archbishop of York, the gates of hell shall not prevail against *it*.

The longer our stay in London was prolonged, the more forcibly was I struck with the irresistible influence which under the Reform Bill the interests of realised capital had acquired in the State, and the dangers with which, from Government being directed by its interests, the nation was threatened. The perils of the "cotton famine," as it was called, were rapidly increasing; 50,000 persons were out of employment, throwing 150,000 into pauperism; and 200,000 more were on half-time, retaining 500,000 more on the borders of starvation. The prospects for the future were still more alarming; the stock of cotton in the country was not equal to a month's consumption; from America and India none was to be expected; and the war had almost entirely prevented the planting of any crop for the succeeding year. Yet with all this, the subject was scarcely ever mentioned in London society, and the subscrip-

tions in aid of the local ones in Lancashire were as yet extremely trifling. By common consent the subject was ignored, alike in the Cabinet, in Parliament, on the platform, on the hustings, and in the pulpit. If it were ever mentioned at all, it was only to deplore this "fraternal internecine war," and to express a hope that the whole of the differences would soon be adjusted, and peace and prosperity restored to the earth. It was not said how this pacification was to be effected; and whether the great conquering republic was to be restrained within its own bounds, or the sway of the Northern democracy extended over the whole North American continent. The leaders of all parties contented themselves with expressions of horror at the continuance of the contest, and with fervent aspirations for its termination, without taking a step, even the remotest, to forward that desirable consummation.

It was not difficult to perceive one of the causes of this strange indifference on the part of the great majority of the nation, and to what the disinclination of Manchester to solicit aid from any other quarter was owing. Free trade had broken down on the first serious trial; and the suffering with which we were surrounded in the cotton-spinning districts was owing to the policy which its supporters had succeeded in imposing on the Government. Their anxiety on all occasions in public to ascribe the prevailing distress to the dissensions of a foreign nation, over which they have no control, betrayed

the secret consciousness that in reality it had arisen from their own policy, and was the accomplishment of what had been predicted as likely to result from it by their opponents. They knew that the protectionists, and none more frequently and earnestly than myself, had warned them of the peril of allowing one's self to become dependent on a foreign, which might any day be converted into a hostile, nation for a vital article of the national livelihood, and that the first condition of independence to nations, as to individuals, is to rely for everything material solely on yourself.[1] They saw that their constant reply to these observations—viz., that everything was governed by price, that money would always purchase money's worth, and therefore that such apprehen-

[1] As for example: "The provinces from which we must chiefly look for our supply of grain if our harbours are thrown open are Poland and the Ukraine, which wait at the beck of the Emperor Nicolas. With what joy would such a measure be hailed in the *salons* of St Petersburg! Vain would thus be the prowess of the British arms, vain the recollections of their former glory!—without fitting out one ship of the line, without raising one hostile banner, the Emperor of Russia would easily beat down the once dreaded power and independence of England. By simply closing his harbours, by shutting up the granaries of Dantzic and Odessa, he would speedily starve us into submission. The populace of Great Britain, deprived of their wonted supply of bread, would become ungovernable, as that of Rome was in ancient days when the mouth of the Tiber was closed against importation of grain from Egypt and Lybia, and submission would soon be felt to be a matter of necessity. Can we, who with our eyes open propose to do such things, blame the Carthaginians, who first surrendered their galleys and arms to the Roman generals, and then, when the legions were encamped around their walls, found themselves without weapons to withstand their inveterate enemies, and perished through the impotence which themselves had created?"—Free Trade and Protection, pp. 63, 64 (published in 1840).

sions were chimerical—had been disproved by the event. The moderate duty of a penny or three-halfpence a pound on foreign cotton, when the Americans laid an *ad valorem* import of thirty per cent on our manufactures twenty years ago, would long ere this, by securing to the Indian cotton a steady market in this country, have provided for us an ample supply of that necessary article from our own dominions free of all risk from foreign wars or blockades. Under such a system the price of cotton would in two or three years have become as low as it had formerly been under the free trade system, just as the price of grain raised in the British Islands under protection was on an average of ten years as low as it has been during the last ten under free trade. All these benefits have been foregone, in order to give full scope to the principle of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest. Even at the eleventh hour the benefit of an ample supply of cotton might have been secured by simply raising the blockade in conjunction with France, and that this was not done chiefly because it would have affected the interests of the holders of American cotton and British cotton goods. The great model republic, which was to have been the example of liberty, economy, and peace, had proved the most ambitious, the most aggressive, and the most extravagant that ever existed. All this they saw, and not knowing what to say to it, they thought it best to ignore the subject, and avoid

everything which could bring it prominently before the public eye.

Indeed, if the matter be considered dispassionately, and in the light in which it will appear to future times, it must be evident that it could not be otherwise. There are three great interests in society—those of the producers, the buyers and sellers, and the consumers. If the power is substantially vested in the producers, a very large, often the largest, body in the State is sure of having its interests attended to by the Government. If it is vested in the consumers, they also, often the largest section of the community, are equally secure of being well cared for. But if it is vested, as it has been in this country, in the shopkeepers—that is, the buying and selling class—the power is given to a section of society whose interest is not only not identical with those of either the producers or consumers, *but is opposite to both.* To buy cheap and to sell dear, constitutes, according to them, the Alpha and Omega of political wisdom. To buy cheap is to grind down the producer to the lowest point of remuneration consistent with continued production ; to sell dear is to fleece the consumer to the utmost extent consistent with undiminished purchases. To vest the substantial power of the State in the buying and selling class is to sacrifice the interest of the millions of producers or consumers to those of the thousands or the tens of thousands of traders. Nevertheless this is what the Reform Bill has done in the British empire, be-

cause it has given the boroughs, almost entirely governed by the shopkeepers, three-fifths of the seats in the House of Commons. Thence the cotton famine, under which the nation is still suffering, and the effects of which are making themselves known, despite all the efforts of the trading class to ignore or suppress them. Thence the far more terrible *bread famine*, which will ensue on the first occasion on which America and Russia, who together furnish one-half of the sixteen millions of quarters of grain which we annually import, unite and close their harbours, as they were on the verge of doing during the Crimean war, the one to avenge the Trent outrage, the other to return at Portsmouth the visit we paid them at Sebastopol.[1]

[1] Table showing the percentage of wheat and flour imported from different countries into Great Britain in the four first months of 1860, 1861, and 1862:—

WHEAT.

Total Importation.	Four months ended April 30.		
	1860.	1861.	1862.
Quarters,	560,468	2,484,983	2,132,632
	Percentage.		
From Russia,	33	17	12
,, Prussia,	16	11	10
,, Denmark,	13	5	2
,, Mecklenburg,	10	2	—
,, Hanse Towns,	3	5	3
,, France,	4	7	6
,, Turkey and Wallachia and Moldavia,	6	7	3
,, Egypt,	3	5	12
,, United States,	7	30	43
,, British North America,	—	—	4
,, Other countries,	5	11	5
Total,	100	100	100

In the sources of our supply of flour the changes have been equally remarkable. In the first four months of 1860 half our total importa-

To turn to a very different and to many a more interesting subject than the realities of a cotton and the dangers of a bread famine, I cannot leave this contemporary record of London during the period of the International Exhibition in 1862, without recording the impression universally, I believe, produced on the male sex by the extraordinary and preposterous style of ladies' dresses. When the pictures of our present beauties on the canvases of Grant and Swinton come to be regarded by future times, as we now do those of Reynolds or Lawrence, it will be a never-failing matter of astonishment how anything so monstrous and disfiguring to their most valued charms ever was for a moment tolerated by the fair sex. The present fashion is greatly more extravagant than either the hoops and high head-dresses which

tions were from France, and only a third came from the United States. This year the United States supply has amounted to 79 per cent of the whole, while only 1 per cent has been derived from France. Annexed are the figures:—

FLOUR.

Total Importation.	Four months ended April 30.		
	1860.	1861.	1862.
Cwts., ...	645,145	2,541,907	2,792,812
	Percentage.		
From Hanse Towns, ...	16	4	3
,, France, ...	49	16	1
,, United States, ...	33	65	79
,, British North America, . . .	—	1	6
,, Other countries, ...	2	14	11
Total, ...	100	100	100

—Parliamentary Papers in 'Times,' June 24, 1860.

we see in the portraits of the first of these masters, or the tight bathing-dresses which are the subject of so much ridicule in the second. A sharp pyramid is the form universally aimed at in dress—the head being the apex, and the base a space covered by the ample folds, seldom less than a yard and a half in diameter. What the object can be of thus enveloping the human figure in a vast network, which renders it alike invisible and unapproachable, it is not for me to determine; and to render the wonder still greater, the dresses are worn so long, that both in front and behind they sweep along the ground. I mention the fact only, leaving its explanation to those acquainted with the mysteries of female attire. What the object can be of so extraordinary a costume it seems impossible to divine. That it is allowable for women by dress to supply in some degree the deficiencies or conceal the defects of nature may be at once admitted; and no one ever found fault with dress for aiming at this object. But how they suppose that giving dimensions to their dress at the bottom, which makes it look as if they had bladders round their ankles, or were unnaturally swollen in those places, is to make them more attractive, it is impossible to conceive. They are not in general so very anxious to appear not to *stand on trifles*, or to conceal slim and finely turned ankles, as this style of dress would lead one to believe they are. Has a blight fallen on female figures, and are they all

desirous to prevent any guess even being formed of the proportions of their limbs? I have often remonstrated with ladies on the subject, but they all stood up vigorously for the present fashion. Doubtless anything so monstrous will not long endure; and the portraits perpetuating it will be regarded by future times as a curious proof of the extent to which the mania of fashion can obliterate not only all the dictates of taste and common-sense, but the plainest suggestions of nature.

During the greater part of the time that we were in London Lord Clyde was in Paris; but towards the end of our visit, when we had just returned from one of the Handel festivals in the Crystal Palace, he suddenly broke in upon us in Eaton Square. What struck us most at first was how well and how much younger he looked; he certainly would have passed for ten years younger than when we had last seen him, immediately before his departure for India five years before. This is a very remarkable circumstance, considering his age, now bordering on seventy, and the bodily fatigue and mental anxiety he had since undergone during his Indian campaign. His manner was as frank and cordial as ever, and he spoke with the greatest interest of both our sons and our son-in-law, their prospects, and the best means of advancing them. He said, among other things: "Sir Archibald, there were two men on my staff during my last campaign, one or other of whom I always employed when a message was to be delivered under fire, with

rapidity, decision, and exactly as received; and the one of these by a singular chance was your youngest son, and the other is now your son-in-law." We were highly gratified with such a compliment from such a man. He added, as he was going away, "One of the greatest misfortunes which ever happened to me in life was your eldest son receiving the severe wound which obliged him to return home from Cawnpore."

Next day I returned his visit in his chambers in the Albany; and the scene I found there, with what passed, was so characteristic, that I cannot refrain from portraying it. It was about twelve when I called; and as soon as I announced my name I was shown into his bedroom. The old general was sitting at his dressing-table in his dressing-gown, without a neckcloth, with a profusion of letters and notes before him—some open, others unopened. He shook me warmly by the hand, and after a few common observations said: "My good friend, is it possible you have come so far merely to return a visit of form to me, or have you anything you wish me to do?" Whilst saying this he stooped his head, and looked at me very keenly with his dark eyes from under his shaggy eyebrows. "Nothing in the world," I replied, "except to express to you our warm gratitude for your unbounded kindness to our boys, and our wish that you would use your influence with F—— to induce him to terminate the gay life he has been leading in London for three seasons, and go on full

pay again." "Well, then, you are right," he answered: "I agree with you; and I think more of it than I cared to tell his mother when I saw her yesterday. I will do as you wish; but it will cost you £1400 or £1500 to make the exchange for him. If this cursed affair of the prize-money was decided, I would gladly assist him in this advance; but I have as yet got nothing, and not even heard whether I am to get any: have you?" "I have heard nothing," I replied; "but I cannot think, in any event, of trespassing farther on your kindness; and I have the money for his exchange lying in Coutts's." "Oh, but if I get anything worth having, I must contribute, you know. I have no relations, except my sister, who is quite independent, and has more money than she knows what to do with. I am an old fellow, and have no thoughts of marrying; and what have I to do with my money but to advance my Indian family? You know we can't take it with us to the next world: and it is far better to make others happy while still in this."

We returned to Possil on the 28th June, and found the place resplendent with rhododendrons in full bloom. I found an arrear of 112 cases awaiting me for debate, though I had not left one unheard; and they were, besides, growing at the rate of 20 a-week. This promised me ample occupation; and I fixed every day from 12 till 5 for the hearing of cases, and plunged at once into my old habits, reading Goethe, Alfieri, and Bulwer every evening. I

began also Edgar Quinet's account of the battle of Waterloo, which is very able and interesting. The day after we returned was a Sunday, and we were extremely struck with the appearance of Glasgow on that day, and not at all surprised at the impression it never fails to make on strangers. After the bustle and crowds of London, even on Sunday, it looks like a city of the dead. In the broad straight stone streets there was not a carriage, and very few foot-passengers to be seen, except as the churches were closing, when they were crowded. This strange Puritanical aspect of a city containing nearly 500,000 inhabitants was sufficiently striking, and attested the working of a great and general influence in all classes of society. The extreme evangelistic party would doubtless consider it as the greatest triumph of their persuasion, and the best possible way in which the Sabbath could be spent in a great city; but to me, who knew the scenes which were being enacted in many of the houses adjoining these deserted streets, the impression was different. I considered it in great part as an example of mingled profligacy and hypocrisy, and could not help recalling to mind the graphic words of the 'Times': "The Glasgow Puritan, after dinner, draws down the blinds, sits down to his whisky-and-water, and returns thanks to God he is not as other men, who go to Crystal Palaces or parks." Nor was it without keen regret that I called to mind the beautiful scene we had witnessed, some Sundays before, in the gar-

dens of Kew, filled with the working classes in their Sunday attire, and conducting themselves with perfect propriety, and lamented the narrow-minded zeal which had so often thwarted endeavours to present a similar scene in the Botanic Gardens of Glasgow.

The truth is, that the clergy have, by an accidental combination of circumstances, acquired an undue influence in that city, and hence many evils which, for the present at least, are altogether beyond the reach of remedy. Formerly, it was a place of resort to the gentlemen of landed property in the vicinity, and the great part of the merchants who made fortunes in it were cadets of their families, and after they had become rich continued to live in it. Thus a counterpoise existed to the influence of the clergy and the extreme Puritans. Now, this is altered. Scarce any sons of gentlemen from the neighbourhood go into business in Glasgow; and the men who conduct its vast manufacturing and commercial interests are chiefly those who have risen from the ranks, and have learned, by having gone through the inferior grades, how profit is to be made in the superior. Having done so, and realised a fortune, they hive off either to London or to the country estates which they have purchased, and cast aside Glasgow as a tender which is no longer required. Thus there is no class of society possessed either of the influence arising from fortune, rank, or station, or of the intellectual ability capable of withstanding the power of the clergy, incessantly and often admirably

exerted in the pulpit. Thus Glasgow has become the most priest-ridden city in the British dominions, or perhaps in Europe. Mr Buckle's observations on this point, though exaggerated in regard to Scotland in general, are scarcely so with respect to Glasgow. The people of the country, and of the western provinces in particular, are naturally addicted to theological disputes, and extremely accessible to religious fervour. The clergy of all denominations seeing this, and being mainly dependent, both for their livelihood and reputation, on the favour of their flocks, and especially of the female portion of them, vie with each other in professions of sanctity and the strict attention to the outward ceremonial of religion, especially the Judaical observance of the Sabbath. Thence the extreme strictness of general opinion in Glasgow and its vicinity on this particular, and thence also a more discreditable peculiarity by which numbers in that city are distinguished. This is a hypocritical profession of religious opinion, and a strict observance of its external ceremonial, accompanied by a secret disregard of its precepts, and unbounded indulgence in all the pleasures which wealth can purchase. As a set-off against these faults, which arise from the external circumstances I have mentioned, it must be added that their munificence is highly praiseworthy,—and nowhere is charity, when required, either in public or private, dispensed with a more liberal hand.

Shortly after our return home, a very able article

in the 'Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review' fell into my hands, entitled, "Dawn of Animated Life." Few works on any subject ever impressed me more; for it unfolds not merely the past history of the globe disclosed by geology, but the actual and present working of the power of creation on the surface of the earth. The ceaseless creation of coral-reefs in the ocean of the Pacific, by the agency of little animals, has long been known, but the powers of the microscope have now discovered a similar agency, on a still greater scale, under nearly the whole extent of the Atlantic. The experiments made, and discoveries that have come to light in the attempt to lay the electric cable to North America, have revealed what the 'Review' justly calls the "astounding fact," that over a surface at the bottom of the Atlantic, 1500 miles in length, and 600 in breadth, the creation is going forward of a vast coating of limestone or chalk, in general three or four feet in thickness, which at some future period may form the chalk-cliffs of a new Albion. The agents in this mighty work are an innumerable multitude of insects, semi-animated, chained to the spot, so small that ten thousand of them would be contained in an ounce, but so numerous and so industrious that they have spread a white sheet from the Old to the New World! These *animalculæ*, invisible to the naked eye, and only revealed by the powers of the finest microscopes, are of varied form and exquisite beauty: no ladies' ornaments can equal

the delicacy visible in the forms of these multitudinous agents in creation. While the telescope brings to light innumerable worlds, of which the entire solar system is only a speck revolving round a greater sun, beyond the reach of human ken,—the microscope reveals an equally infinite progression towards infinity in the other direction, and tells us that myriads of living beings are unceasingly employed in the great work of decay and renovation over the whole surface of nature in one of these moving orbs.

A few days after our return, we had a family party of two days for the christening of A——'s little boy, which took place on the 8th July. He is a fine child, and I trust will do honour to his family. A few weeks after, we were thrown into a state of the utmost anxiety by the sudden and alarming illness of my little grandson, Archy Fergusson, who was a weakly child, and was brought to imminent danger by an attack of bronchitis with which he was seized at Ardrossan, whither he had been sent for the benefit of sea-bathing. He recovered, thank God, on this occasion; but his delicacy of constitution induced the physician to recommend removal during winter to a milder climate.

I had not been long back in Glasgow before I found that such was the rise in the price of cotton in consequence of the blockade of the Southern States, that not only had ordinary supplies of it risen from 6½d. to 15d. a pound, but some of the finer

kinds, New Orleans, had advanced from 7½d. to 2s. and 2s. 2d. the pound! This prodigious rise had been progressive and almost uninterrupted, and had been going on for a period of fifteen months. The consequence was that all persons engaged in that trade had gained largely, and some had made colossal fortunes. One house in Liverpool, I was assured, had cleared £1,000,000 in this way; the share of its profits falling to a partner in Glasgow being £300,000! The total profits made in Britain by this rise in the price of cotton was estimated, by the most competent observers, at £20,000,000. A like sum, it was generally said, had been realised by the holders of Manchester cotton goods, with which the market in every part of the world had become, during the three preceding years, so thoroughly glutted that they were absolutely unsaleable. Lancashire was on the verge of a commercial crisis, exceeding those of 1847 and 1857 in intensity, when the American war came to the rescue, and at once converted the most gloomy prospects into the brightest sunshine. Warehouses were everywhere emptied of stocks, recently unsaleable, at immense profits; and the forcible stoppage in the production raised prices of manufactured goods, which, under other circumstances, must have been sold with the most ruinous reductions. It need hardly be said that these profits were not the result of a real addition to the productive industry of the nation: on the contrary, they were just the reverse. They arose from a sud-

den and unexpected stoppage of that industry, and the consequent enhancement of the price of its former produce on hand, by the great diminution of the present supply. Of course this was attended by a vast diminution in the demand for manufacturing labour: above a hundred thousand persons were now out of employment in Lancashire alone, and more than double that number were on half-time. The same cause which threw hundreds of thousands of workmen out of bread at one end of the chain, realised profits of millions of pounds at the other to the fortunate possessors of cotton and cotton goods.

During the course of this autumn, I had the happiness of meeting Mr Mason, the well-known Confederate Commissioner to Great Britain, at a dinner-party at the hospitable mansion of my esteemed friend, Mr Dalglish, M.P. for Glasgow. The conversation began at seven o'clock, and continued till after twelve. I found Mr Mason a singularly intelligent and agreeable man, extremely well informed on his own subjects, and possessing that ready flow of language by which well-educated Americans are in general distinguished. As might have been anticipated from the political position which he held, he was thoroughly convinced of the ultimate success of the Confederate States, and extremely desirous to impress a similar belief on his auditors. As the great victories of Richmond had been gained, and were known in this country,

this was not so difficult a task as it would have been at an earlier period of the contest. He was decidedly of opinion, however, that the Federal States would never break down from want of money, and that the anticipations of the 'Times' on that point were unfounded. The spirit of the North, as well as of the South, he affirmed, was so determined, they would take the Government paper on both sides to any extent, at its nominal value, as long as the fervour lasted: the collapse would not come till the physical means of carrying on the contest were exhausted by the failure, as in France in 1814, of the class capable of bearing arms. "Stonewall" Jackson was the real hero of the war: he was the Wallace of the Confederate States. His *sobriquet* of "Stonewall" was got in this way: At the battle of Bull's Run, the Confederate right, where he was stationed, was greatly outnumbered, and obliged to fall back, in the form of a concave line, to avoid being turned. Beauregard, who was in the chief command, was very uneasy about his right, and sent repeated *aides-de-camp* to inquire whether they required any assistance. At length Jackson sent back word—"Tell the General I will stand like a *stone wall.*" He was as good as his word; and by his obstinate resistance gained time for Johnson to come up, who, by a flank movement, converted a doubtful struggle into a decisive victory.

Jackson, like all other really great men, is simplicity itself in private life. He neither affects the air,

dress, nor swagger of young soldiers: when riding about he is in general hardly distinguishable from an ordinary trooper; but when the shells begin to burst around, and the round-shot to fall in the ranks, he at once stands forth, and the hero *facile princeps* is at once recognised. He said to Mason when the contest began: "We have no navy: we are inferior to the Yankees in men, money, arms, and artillery; but we have union, determination, *and an interior line of railway communication.* I have read Alison's campaign of the Archduke Charles in Germany in 1797, and Napoleon's in France, in 1814; and I don't see why we should not make as good a use of our interior line as they did of theirs." I could not but feel much gratified by this information, so illustrative of Bolingbroke's remark, that history is "philosophy teaching by examples." Jackson was a very well-read man, had been professor of the military art at the Military College of the State of Virginia—and had long made strategy a favourite subject of study. But to this disposition, which is indispensable to the highest eminence in war, he united unshaken coolness in danger, and a rapid but just *coup-d'œil* on the field of battle, which are by no means always found in conjunction with anterior studies.

Stonewall Jackson had a favourable opportunity for testing his theoretical principles as to the use to be made of an interior line of communication in the campaign of 1862; and it is to the skilful use which

he made of it that the important series of victories in front of Richmond, in the end of July of that year, is mainly to be ascribed. A direct railway ran from his position in the valley of the Shenandoah to the neighbourhood of Richmond, where the army arrayed in defence of Richmond was assembled, at the distance of eighty miles. Of this railroad the Confederates had the entire command; while the Federals could only pass from one to the other by a long circuit down the valley of Shenandoah by Washington, Fortress Munro, and up the James River, which was an affair of a week. Skilfully availing themselves of this advantage, the Confederate generals, with much parade, sent 3000 men from their lines before Richmond to Jackson, and took care that the enemy should know it; and the same night Stonewall Jackson set out from his position with about 12,000 men, who marched along the railway, and was followed by 12,000 more, who took up the first body when they overtook them, who were moved forward in the carriages. Proceeding in this manner, riding and tying, the whole body, 24,000 strong, reached the neighbourhood of Richmond in thirty hours, and disembarking from the railway at a few miles' distance, appeared suddenly and unexpectedly directly in the rear of M'Clellan's position. This of course rendered an immediate retreat by the latter, across from the Chickahominy to the James River, unavoidable; and led to the series of bloody battles which delivered Richmond, entirely changed the face of the campaign, and at

once converted the Confederates, hitherto acting on the defensive, into the attacking party. Jackson put the same principles into practice shortly after, in the campaign, by leaving M'Clellan unmolested in his retreat down the James River, and hurrying his forces, reinforced by those from Richmond, into the rear of Pope's army in the valley of the Shenandoah, upon him and Washington; thus repeating, on a greater scale, the audacious march of Napoleon across the St Bernard into the rear of Melas's army, in the campaign of 1800.

Mr Mason made some striking and important observations in regard to the possibility of cultivating low lands in the tropical regions without the forced labour of slaves. I had made the remark that the great difficulty of the slave question arose from this: that the European, who was free and willing to work for wages, speedily died if he attempted to work in such situations in the fields; but that the African negro revelled in the sun, and multiplied in the moist hot lands, and did not suffer at all from rural labour; but then he would not work unless compelled, and slavery seemed a condition of national existence. Mason upon this observed: "So completely is this the case, that I know many cotton-plantations in the low grounds where the negroes are perfectly healthy, and increase rapidly in the fields; but the climate is so deadly to Europeans, that the white overseers are obliged to return home every night, often a distance of ten or fifteen miles,

to their homes, situated 800 or 1000 feet higher in the mountains. You are quite mistaken in Europe as to the relation of master and slave in America. It is patriarchal—such as is described in the Old Testament: a sense of mutual dependence is the basis on which it rests. You have not had a single slave insurrection consequent on the invasion of the Federal forces. The white men all left their estates to join the armies, and the women, old men, and children were alone left in charge of the estates; but they were perfectly safe with their negro servants. I have heard prayers voluntarily offered up in the negro churches for their masters' safety when with the armies. A separation of parent and child, husband and wife, sometimes takes place, when an estate, with all that is on it, is sold; but this is done only under the stern law of necessity, and is so much condemned by public opinion that it is very rare. Such as it is, it is not so frequent as the separation of families is in England. Look at Mrs Hemans's 'Graves of a Household.'"

When I asked Mr Mason how it was possible for the Confederate States to withstand the endless conscriptions of men and heavy taxation requisite for the maintenance of the war, he replied: "Sir, the explanation is simple: we have neither a conscription nor taxes; every man capable of bearing arms is already in the field or in reserve, and every man's whole property is thrown into the public purse. It is like Rome after the battle of Cannæ."

In the beginning of September a public meeting was called by the Lord Provost in Glasgow, for the purpose of setting on foot a subscription for the relief of the unemployed through the failure of the cotton supply from the effects of the American war. The number of unemployed in that city amounted to 5000 wholly out of work, 9000 on half-time, out of 23,000 altogether engaged in that branch of manufacture. These numbers were trifling compared with those in Lancashire, where above 100,000 were unemployed; but still they were considerable, and, coupled with a general depression of all branches of industry owing to the same calamitous contest, loudly called for some general movement for their relief. This was the more required in Scotland that in that country, under the decision of the Court of Session and House of Peers already noticed, the able-bodied, if unable to find employment, had no claim on their respective parishes, either on their own behalf or that of their children. It is well known that the case is different in England and Ireland, since at that very time 100,000 able-bodied poor unemployed were receiving relief in Lancashire alone. The want of a similar provision would have been still more strongly felt in Glasgow, were it not that the parochial board, on this as on former similar occasions, had taken upon themselves to disregard the decision, and give relief in urgent cases to those out of work. The magistrates, too, during the spring and summer, had very properly employed those out of work in

forming the new Queen's Park in Glasgow, at a cost of £8000; and as this sum was levied by assessment under a special Act of Parliament, it was in effect a local poor's-rate for the unemployed, disguised under another name.

I was on this occasion intrusted with the first resolution, and made as earnest an appeal as I could on behalf of the distressed operatives. The success of the meeting exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and afforded a striking proof of the liberality of the merchant princes of Glasgow. Though the meeting had been called only by circulars sent round a few days before, and the richer classes were for the most part out of town, there was £3850 subscribed in the room, and in a few days the sum amounted to £6000. It did not reach half the sum subscribed a few years before for the Crimean Fund, which was over £40,000,—so much more strongly are men moved by an "idea" than by the dearest interests of their neighbours and dependants. This meeting forcibly brought before the minds of all the cotton famine, and the various schemes which had been proposed on the platform or by the press for its alleviation. On the day of the meeting a report arrived that the American Confederates were about to lay a tax of 30 centimes on the export of every pound of cotton. At a dinner-party in Glasgow next day this was the subject of earnest conversation, and it was generally approved of as likely to afford that security to the growers of

cotton in India or our other colonies, which alone was requisite to cause them to raise ample supplies for this country, and thus entirely emancipate us from dependence on foreign countries. Upon this I observed: "Now, is it not most extraordinary, when the attention of the nation has been so long and anxiously turned, under the pressure of so terrible a necessity, to the means of obtaining an additional cotton supply, no one should have ever proposed that we should ourselves do what the Americans are to do, and which you yourselves say would make us absolutely safe from our Indian supply? A penny a-pound import duty on foreign cotton would yield a considerable revenue to Government, and render us absolutely independent of foreign supplies." "Hush," they replied; "there is no doubt it would; but we must not *cheep on that: it would be going back on free trade.*"

If this anecdote indicated how completely realised capital had got the command of the country, and how entirely it had succeeded in prostrating the interests of labour, another circumstance connected with the same meeting illustrated the same truth in a still more striking manner. I had long been impressed, as already mentioned, with the injustice of leaving the Scotch unemployed poor without legal relief while the English and Irish enjoyed it, and I deemed this a favourable opportunity to bring it prominently before the public in my speech on the occasion. The boon for which I contended

on behalf of the working classes in Scotland was of incomparably more practical value to them, in a commercial and manufacturing community subject to commercial vicissitudes and monetary crises, than all the projects of Parliamentary Reform that ever have been proposed. How, then, was it received on this occasion, of all others the most favourable for its reception, and the demonstration of its urgency and necessity? Why, it was received with resistance by some, with coldness by nearly all. Mr Dalglish, the Radical member for Glasgow, a very liberal and public-spirited man, said, in seconding my motion, "We must be careful to separate the question of present voluntary charity from that of permanent relief to the able-bodied out of work, which is a very different question." This sentiment was applauded, and the press next day for the most part took the same view of the subject. The 'Herald' and 'Daily Mail,' the organs of the capitalists, strongly argued against any change in the Scotch law in this particular; and even the professed Radical papers either ignored the subject altogether, or gave it the most lukewarm reception. This striking fact confirmed me in the opinion that the Reform Bill had turned out in this great commercial country entirely to the advantage of realised capital and the trading classes; that the multiplication of votes in such a state of society is only an addition to the forces by which they are intrenched in the Legislature; and that by buying up the shares of newspapers, and thus obtain-

ing influence over the press, they have acquired such a command of public opinion among the working classes as to disable the latter from seeing what is for their real and lasting advantage.

This autumn, on occasion of the marriage of our young and valued friend, Miss Lockhart of Lee Castle, to Mr Seymour Fitzgerald, eldest son of Mr S. Fitzgerald, M.P., we met Sir Hugh and Lady Cairns at Lee Castle. The society and intimacy of this very distinguished man, during the opportunities for conversation which the festivities of a large party in a country house afforded, confirmed me in the high opinion I had formerly conceived of him when meeting in London society. He told me a very curious thing connected with the American war, which was that, contrary to what was generally supposed by the public, Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell were supporters of the Federals in the Cabinet, and Mr Gladstone was understood to be the friend of the Confederates. He ascribed this strange twist in the mind of the Premier, so directly at variance with his well-known Conservative prepossessions, to the influence of Lord Shaftesbury, and to dread of the Exeter Hall party and a religious cry. The side Lord J. Russell took was easily explained by his known predilection for democratic government, and the fear of seeing it discredited in the world by failure in the contest; and Gladstone sympathised with insurgents, no matter who or against whom.

This autumn we had the pleasure of a visit of some days at Possil House from my valued friend Mr Montgomery Martin. As he was engaged in the arduous task of editing the Duke of Wellington's supplementary correspondence, embracing the whole of it since 1810, and had had in consequence access to all his papers of the most secret description, as well as the rich collections of Lord Liverpool and Lord Bathurst, especially in the important years from 1815 to 1822, his conversation was very interesting. I was glad to find that he had discovered nothing that invalidated any of my statements. On the vexed question of the surprise at the outset of the Waterloo campaign, all he mentioned tended to confirm me in my opinion. He mentioned a curious circumstance in regard to the present situation and coming dangers of the country. This was, that long after the Duke of Wellington's celebrated letter to Sir John Burgoyne in 1847, which accidentally got into the public papers, he had made out a second minute even stronger than the first, in which the increasing danger of the country from the great armaments of the Emperor Napoleon were clearly set forth. This minute the present Duke showed to Prince Albert, who was so much struck with it that he asked liberty to show it to Lord Palmerston. The Premier in his turn was so much impressed with the arguments it contained, that he was still more confirmed in the views he had previously entertained in regard to the ruinous effect of

the former reductions in our defences, and the imminent hazard the country would run if the danger were not immediately removed. The Crimean war afforded demonstration of the truth of these views, and thence the vast addition to the naval defences, the raising of the volunteers, and the restoration of our defences to something like, in spite of all the efforts of the "peace-at-any-price" party, what the increasing dangers of the country required.

The defeat and capture of Garibaldi, of which intelligence was received soon after, took me as much by surprise as it did the rest of the country. Judging from his at first unresisted progress and rapid success, when opposed by the mingled cowardice and treason of the Neapolitan army in 1859, I had anticipated a similar result on this occasion, and was astonished when a larger force than he had had at his command on that occasion was defeated and captured in half an hour by a determined charge of an inferior body of Piedmontese Bersaglieri. A little reflection, however, was sufficient to show me that this was no more than might have been expected; that the so-called "Italian Revolution" was in reality nothing but the conquest of the centre and south of the peninsula by the north, aided by the forces of France, and that in the double defeat of the Neapolitan forces, first by Garibaldi, and then *with* him, was to be found a proof of the inability of the Italian people standing alone to resist the shock of the tramontane or cisalpine Powers. It

was painfully evident that Garibaldi had been deceived and betrayed throughout by the Piedmontese Government, or rather that that Government had been compelled by external pressure to deceive and betray him. That Garibaldi's second descent on Sicily, like his first, had been done in secret collusion with the Cabinet of Turin, could hardly admit of doubt, for the royal forces by sea and land did little more really than escort him to Catania and Reggio. But the formation of a united Italian kingdom, which might one day prove a troublesome neighbour to France, was no part of the plan of the French Emperor; and therefore he no sooner saw the expedition likely to be attended with too much success, than he threw off the mask and peremptorily insisted on the Sardinian Government in good earnest pursuing and destroying their former joint *protégé*.

In the beginning of October Mrs Norton paid us a visit at Possil, and remained two days. We were quite alone; but we only on that account enjoyed her conversation the more, as there was no distraction from others, and we could allow her to pour out her vast stores of anecdote without interruption. I appreciated on this occasion, even more than I had formerly done, her great ability and the amount of information on literary and abstract subjects which she possessed. This was in an especial manner conspicuous in the long conversations we had in the evenings at Possil, and one day during a prolonged visit to the cathedral of Glasgow, with the crypt

and stained glass of which she was much pleased. She was looking exceedingly well, and singularly handsome for her years, when it is recollected she was married in 1819, and could not now be less than sixty years old. She gave the same account as Sir Hugh Cairns had done of the strange transposition of parties in the Cabinet on the American question, adding the remarkable words, "Gladstone is Confederate to the backbone." She said she had always thought Louis Napoleon a very able, though a grave and silent man, little qualified to shine in London society; and mentioned that she was at a party at the Elysée Bourbon, where he then resided, the evening of the 1st December 1852, on the eve of the *coup d'état* of the 2d, and that he was doing the honours, and attending to herself and others apparently with the most perfect tranquillity and unconcern. She spoke much of Lord Palmerston's anxiety about the national defences, especially his desire to increase the navy, and repeated with reference to that circumstance an expression of Sir Walter Raleigh's, observing how singularly applicable it was to these times: "The Scripture says, 'Blessed are the peacemakers;' and so say I: blessed indeed are the peacemakers; and *therefore I would build seventy-fours.*" She said, how curious it was thus to see things come round, and old sayings seem as if they were made but yesterday. I remarked that the observations of Aristotle on the Greek democracies were exactly applicable to the

American despotism at this time. To this she assented, saying it was much against the *Progressists*, who thought things went in a straight line, while she found they revolved in a circle. Though capable of discussing the deepest questions, her inclination led her to more evanescent topics: she would much rather speak of persons than things; and seldom failed, if a general topic was introduced, to make use of it to mention a personal anecdote. She had in perfection real conversational talent, which consists in touching on everything and wearing out nothing.

A trial took place this autumn in Glasgow which vehemently excited the public attention, and with the fate of the prisoner in which I ultimately became closely connected. On July 4, 1862, a shocking murder was committed on a female servant in the service of Mr Fleming, a respectable gentleman, in Sandyford Place, Glasgow; and at the same time a small quantity of silver plate was abstracted. There were no symptoms of housebreaking; and the only inmate in the house at the time was Mr Fleming's father,—a hale, active old man, but eighty-seven years of age. Suspicion of course fell upon him in the first instance; and as his conduct after the murder had been extremely suspicious, he was apprehended, and committed for further examination. Before long, however, the plate was found to have been pledged the day after the murder, at a pawnbroker's in Glasgow, by a young woman called Jessie

M'Lachlan, who had formerly been a servant in the house, and was a friend of the murdered woman. She was apprehended and identified; and a quantity of bloody clothes—some of her own, some of the deceased's—were traced and found in her possession, shortly after the murder. She was in consequence brought to trial, and unanimously convicted of the murder, on very strong circumstantial, but no direct evidence, after an able but one-sided and unfeeling charge from the judge who heard the case, Lord Deas.

Before receiving sentence, the prisoner requested her counsel to read to the court a written statement, containing, as she said, a full and veracious account of the affair. She then admitted all that the circumstantial evidence had *inferred* against her: and farther confessed she had been in the house with the deceased all night, and had seen her murdered; but she alleged it was done, not by her, but by the old man, in a fit of passion at her, for having threatened to divulge improper advances on his part. She admitted having pawned the plate; but said it was given her by the old man to do so, in order to give the case the appearance of a robbery, and that he swore her to secrecy, and gave her hush-money. This statement bore the mark of truth; and as it coincided in a remarkable way with the evidence, and explained much in the case which was otherwise inexplicable, it made a prodigious impression, and led to meetings in Glasgow and all parts of

Scotland, praying the Crown to stay execution, and order farther inquiry. This request was acceded to by Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary; and the investigation, which was also prayed for by the Lord Provost of Glasgow and myself, was speedily commenced, and conducted partly before me, and partly before Mr Young, afterwards Solicitor-General, who was appointed Commissioner by the Home Secretary to conduct the investigation.

In my official situation, as the public officer who had superintended the precognition against the accused, I deemed it better not to accede to Mr Young's request, after he came to Glasgow, that I would sit with him and conclude the inquiry. But I wrote with great care a long memorial on the case, both as it had come out in evidence at the trial, and as it was modified by what had subsequently appeared before the Royal Commission. As I had become convinced of the woman's innocence of the murder, my memorial assumed the form of an elaborate pleading in her favour. I gave it to Mr Young, and he sent it, with his report, to the Home Secretary. It was not without its effect; for when the agents for the prisoner went to Mr Waddington, the chief under-secretary in the criminal department in the Home Office, and a most able man, to enforce the woman's case, he said: "Gentlemen, you need say nothing. I have read Sir Archibald's memorial: it is unanswerable. The prisoner was an accidental and constrained witness of the murder, but not an

actor in it. She can never be hanged; but as she concealed and adopted it, she must be severely punished." She was accordingly pardoned by the Crown for the murder, on condition of suffering penal servitude for life for her accession to the murder after the fact. Thus the poor woman's life was saved. And there is no event in my life to which I look back with more pleasure than the hand I had in her deliverance; and that the best and most elaborate law paper I ever wrote was composed in my seventieth year, to shield a prisoner threatened with death from what would in the circumstances have been a judicial murder.

The result of this remarkable trial was much commented on at the time by the Liberal and penny press, as condemning the Scotch system of preliminary investigations in criminal cases with closed doors, and testing the superiority of the English, by coroner's inquest and public depositions, before the committing magistrates. In my apprehension, the logical conclusion was the reverse. If there were a miscarriage of justice in the case, it was owing to the unwonted and entire publicity given to the whole investigation when it was going on before the sheriff. Such was the public anxiety for intelligence, that the newspapers bribed the procurator-fiscal's clerks to let them know what the witnesses were saying; and for a month together the papers were daily filled with these details, accompanied by the most violent declamations against the woman, as

each successive article of evidence was revealed. To such a pitch did the public excitement on the subject rise, that the editors of some of the daily papers told my clerk, Mr Young, that their circulation since the precognitions began to be published had risen from 10,000 to 50,000 a-day; and that if they could only secure a Mrs M'Lachlan a month, they would soon be in a situation to retire from business with handsome fortunes! I myself was obliged, when the trial of the prisoner was fixed, to write a circular to the editors requesting them to abstain from any farther notice of the case; as, if the incessant discussion went on, the prisoner could never have a fair trial. As it was, she had not a fair trial: the minds of the jury were made up before they entered the box. This was proved by their bringing in a verdict in nineteen minutes, in a case where the evidence had occupied three days. There was a miscarriage of justice; but it arose from the publicity of the proceedings, not their secrecy. A calm consideration of the case would have led to a verdict of the theft proven, but the murder not proven,—which was substantially that at which the Home Secretary arrived, after the country had been convulsed on the subject, and a great deal more evidence had been taken with closed doors.

This painful case led to my reflecting seriously on the vast increase of murders, especially of a secret or domestic kind, which has taken place in both parts of the island of late years. In the newspaper an-

nouncing the conviction of Jessie M'Lachlan of murder in Glasgow, on Sept. 20, 1862, was to be found another conviction of murder at Dumbarton, for which a plea of manslaughter was accepted; a murder of a wife by her husband in Hamilton; the execution of two men for murder in Liverpool; and four murders from the English newspapers. Nine persons charged with, convicted of, or executed for murder in one newspaper! It is seldom that one now sees less than two or three fresh murders in every paper one takes up. The change in this respect is alarming and most melancholy. The increase in the number of persons convicted of, or sentenced and executed for murder, great as it is, during the last five years, affords no measure of the real increase of the crime; for so numerous are the means of escape now, from the humanity or timidity of juries in capital cases, the critical objections sustained by the courts of law, and the frequent pleas of insanity, that not a third part of the murders really committed lead to an expiation of the crime on the scaffold. If persons charged with murder were now convicted and hanged, as they were ten years ago, the executions would be five times greater for that crime than they were at that period.

If these murder cases were *in rixa*, or in pursuance of attempts at robbery or burglary, they might naturally be ascribed to the absurd and pernicious substitution of penal servitude for transportation, in pursuance of the economical views of the Govern-

ment, who hope thereby to throw the chief expense of crime on the counties. But large as has been the increase of this class of felonies—amounting to 43 per cent in two years—it is not in them that the great majority of murders have occurred, which have during the same period swelled in a still larger proportion. The chief murders now are *intra familiares*, parents by children, children by parents, husbands by wives, wives by husbands. A numerous class, as might have been anticipated, has taken its rise from irregular connections and jealousies; and one, hardly less numerous, from that extensive body of men whom the chances of civilisation have so great a tendency to increase, who brood over their real or supposed wrongs to such a degree as to become monomaniacs, and so wrapt up in self that they lightly set at nought, under its impulses, the lives of others. There seems much room for an amendment of the law in many of these cases, especially the last, and for taking away the defence of insanity, except where it is of long standing, and is accompanied by a total aberration of reason,—not the result of brooding over some selfish objects in a revengeful spirit.

But after full allowance has been made for those causes, some other and more powerful agent must be sought for to account for the prodigious multiplication in so short a time of the most atrocious of all crimes simultaneously with the most widespread efforts to improve the minds and elevate

the habits of the working classes in every part of the country. Such a cause can be found in the corresponding increase of the means of information to a vastly wider circle than formerly, by means of the penny press. The grand object of nearly all the editors of, and writers in newspapers, being to multiply the copies they can sell, it is soon discovered that nothing does this so quickly and effectually as the report of murders, trials, executions, and other similar horrors. "Sensation articles" being the best passport to great sales, the writers in these journals spare no pains or expense in getting up accounts of them from all quarters, and presenting them to the public, dressed up with the flowers of rhetoric and the embellishments of fancy. Thus the public, who are insatiable for such excitement, become familiarised with such tales of horror; and crime loses its odious character by being so often mixed up with the terrible, the interesting, and the pathetic. The reading of so many murders puts it into people's heads to commit them, — a strange propensity, but which has been observed whenever any unusual murder, with unwonted circumstances of horror, has been committed. A diseased desire for notoriety and hero-worship seizes the insane, and that much larger class who are so intensely selfish that their excited feelings make them half mad. I have had ample experience of this peculiar propensity; for on every occasion after being engaged in a celebrated trial, as that of Burke, in

1828; of the cotton-spinners, in 1838; of Madeleine Smith, in 1859; and of Mrs M'Lachlan, in 1862,—I received shoals of letters—some anonymous, some not—offering farther evidence of the cases tried, or similar crimes, and not a few threatening instant death to myself if the injunctions of the writer were not instantly complied with. How this dangerous effect is to be avoided, and yet that publicity be insured for criminal proceedings which is the only security for their right administration, it is not easy to say. But this much is certain, that it affords a melancholy proof of the character of human nature, and the inherent propensity in all to sin, that the first effect of the extension of the fruit of the tree of knowledge to the great body of the people has been an unprecedented increase in the greatest crime which man can commit against man.

I here terminate for the present (17th September 1862), perhaps for ever, these Memoirs, which for the last twenty years have at long intervals amused my leisure hours. They record the story of a life which in all respects, but above all in my domestic relations, has been singularly prosperous, and marked by blessings for which I can never be sufficiently grateful to the Author of all good—in expressing my devout and humble thankfulness to Whom, I shall most suitably conclude my labour. At the age of seventy it is not likely that much worth recording will remain in the short span of life yet allotted to

me, and as my literary labours are closed, it is best to conclude while still in the undiminished possession of my faculties, mental and physical. If I have at all added to the stock of human knowledge, it will be found in some part or other of the voluminous works flowing from my pen which are already before the world.

Before finally taking leave of the reader, there are two observations which I deem it material to make, and in which the young especially are deeply interested.

The first is the importance early in life of fixing on some *one object* to be the principal prize to which effort is to be directed, and to prosecute it vigorously and perseveringly, as long as health and life permit. If we look around us in the world we shall see that, more than genius, fortune, or natural advantages, this is the great cause of success; and that the absence of such a power of concentration is the most frequent cause of failure. What that object is to be, will of course depend on circumstances, peculiarity of talent, and inherent inclination. With some it is wealth, with some power, with some literary fame, with others martial renown. But, be it what it may, it is to *perseverance in the pursuit*, more than to natural abilities or fortune, that ultimate success is to be ascribed. I have been singularly prosperous in life, to a degree beyond most of my college companions and early friends; but yet, on a calm retrospect, I cannot

think either that my natural abilities or accidental advantages were superior to many of theirs. I ascribe the success I have met with in many ways to nothing so much as to singleness of purpose and perseverance, and in that I certainly was superior to the generality of men. Ardent and impetuous in every pursuit which attracted my fancy, there was yet a method in it all, and all conduced to the great end which I proposed to myself. That end was to oppose the erroneous opinions which, since the French Revolution and in consequence of it, had, as I conceived, overspread the world, in political, economical, and social concerns. From the earliest period that I can recollect, this was the aim to which my efforts were chiefly directed. It was much the same feeling which made Rousseau say that he resolved early in life to oppose himself to all "les préjuges de son siècle." But there was this difference, that I embraced the unpopular side and he the popular. I rested on practice and experience, he on theory and imagination. This turn of mind never forsook me. It appeared in early youth, at the age of seventeen, when I set myself to answer Malthus's Theory of Population, then universally adopted by the political economists of the age; and fifty years afterwards, when I undertook the vindication of Lord Castlereagh's memory, then the object of undeserved obloquy with the vast majority of the community. When I was a young man my friends said: "Archy Alison is a clever young man, but he will never do

anything: *he does nothing but travel and dance.*" It is true, during the first ten years of my manhood I travelled and danced much, but I was not unmindful of more important things. In those travels I collected the facts which were to form the basis of my Theory of Population, and made many thousand sketches of the scenes which were to be described in my History; and in the days preceding those dances I was covering many hundred sheets with references to historical works, to be worked into the extensive compositions of that kind which I already had contemplated.

When the number of my historical works, and the research requisite in every page for their compilation, is considered, it may seem somewhat surprising how, even during a long life of almost unbroken health, I was able to get through them all, more especially when it is recollected that during the whole time that their composition was going on I was engaged in a laborious profession, and during the last thirty years was charged with the duties of the most onerous and responsible judicial situation in Scotland, the duties of which I may say, without self-delusion, were never either postponed or neglected. De Witt's maxim that the true way to get through business is to "do everything at its proper time, and put everything in its proper place," will probably be admitted by all who have been extensively engaged in public or private affairs. But the singular circumstance in my case is, that this immense mass

of work was got through without any detriment to my health; and that the composition of five-and-thirty large volumes in less than as many years, simultaneously with the discharge of exhausting and continual judicial duties, has left me at the age of seventy nearly as strong as I was at five-and-twenty.[1] The secret of this circumstance, which certainly is unusual, is to be found, I am persuaded, in the entire diversity of the objects which, nearly in equal proportions, occupied my mind. Half of each day was devoted to law and half to literature; added to which, our residence in the country compelled me to walk six or eight miles daily. Either the law or the literature singly would, I am persuaded, have ruined my health or terminated my life, but the two together saved both. The one was a rest to the other, and called into activity entirely different mental muscles; it was like walking after riding or driving.

I have carried this system of the division of labour much more completely and systematically into effect during the last twenty years than I did in the preceding fifteen. After I had finished my first History in 1842, I gave up writing after dinner, and for the most part did nothing in the evening but read works of imagination in different languages. During

[1] A few days ago, on September 8, 1862, I walked from Possil to Hamilton and back, a distance of twenty miles, in five hours, without feeling any unusual fatigue. There are few of her Majesty's Grenadiers at twenty-five could say more.

a few years in this way I went through the whole Latin and Greek poets and historians—including Homer, Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, Thucydides, and Xenophon—with far greater pleasure and admiration than I had done when reading them for the first time thirty years before. During the last ten years that I have been master of German, I have read in the same manner, in the evening, the whole of the dramas and romances of Schiller, Goethe, Wieland, Oehlenschlaeger, Körner, Klopstock, Werner, and all the German lyrical poets, most of them three times over.

These observations will only interest those who, like me, are engaged in a laborious profession, and seek to lighten its fatigues by change of thought and occupation. But there is another remark which long life has taught me, in which all are interested. We all hope to live long; and although none will deny the uncertainty of life, yet all act as if they had a lease of existence for the longest period to which it is ever extended. All will be interested, therefore, in learning how, by one to whom nearly all the excitements of life have been known, their inevitable extinction by the lapse of time has been borne. And my decided answer is, that I am of the opinion which Cicero puts into the mouth of the elder Cato,—that old age is the happiest period of life. It is so, because we have then outlived the desires which are at once the spring and the torment of former existence. In youth we live only in the future: "we

never are, but always to be blest." In middle life we are alternately impelled by the passion for acquisition, and depressed by the dread of losing: we are engaged in a lasting game of hazard, attended by its excitement and anxiety. In old age alone we are masters of a treasure of which we cannot be deprived, —"the only treasure we can call our own." The pleasures of memory, and the retrospect of the varied images which in an active life have floated before the mind, compensate, and more than compensate, for the alternate pleasures and cares of active life. It is true that I must not judge of all by my own state. I have been uncommonly fortunate in life; and, in my own family and domestic relations, as a husband and a father, have been blessed far beyond my deserts. But still, the causes I have mentioned will, I am persuaded, make old age to all, if contemplated calmly and borne with temper, a period of serene and comparatively unruffled enjoyment. "Happiness," says Paley, "is not given exclusively to any one period of life: it may be enjoyed by all. It is to be seen in the repose of the old cat, as well as in the gambols of the young kitten: in the arm-chair of old age, as well as in the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase."[1] Even the decay of bodily or mental strength, and the loss of friends which is so frequent in advanced years, become rather a blessing than a mis-

[1] These words are quoted from memory, from Dugald Stewart's lectures, heard fifty years ago.

fortune. They loosen the ties which bind us to present existence, and smooth the path which leads to another. The departure even of the nearest and the dearest is lightened by the reflection that it is now only for a short period,—that our real life lies beyond the grave. And even if all should leave us, our faith teaches us to believe that

> "A few short years of evil past,
> We reach the happy shore,
> Where death-divided friends at last
> Shall meet, to part no more."

APPENDIX.

THE DEATH OF SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.

(*Blackwood's Magazine, July* 1867.)

It is the lot of those who conduct periodicals such as ours, to feel, from time to time, more than a common share in the loss of writers whose repute is national, or European, or world-wide. Brought often into intimate relation with celebrated men, we become bound to them by the double tie of literary connection and of personal friendship. Those who, for the public, are but the shadows of great names, may be to us tangible and near realities; we may lose in them, besides the author, the constant correspondent and intimate associate; and their fame is sometimes so entwined with this Magazine, from which their early efforts derived support, and to which their talents lent lustre, "stealing and giving odour," that our brightest pages become the monuments of the great contributors whom we have lost. Less than two years ago Aytoun died in his prime; now, full of years and ripe in fame, Alison has descended to

the grave; and, for both, there is added to our part in that general sorrow which is felt when such men leave us, the deeper mourning and sense of bereavement which flow from our more than common calamity.

Nearly fifty years have elapsed since Alison sent his earliest contributions to these pages. In 1819, when in his twenty-eighth year, his first paper, "On the Discovery of the Bones of Robert Bruce," appeared in this Magazine, which he continued, with little intermission, up to seven or eight years ago, to embellish with his powerful and popular pen. It was in the interval between 1836 and 1856 that his articles followed each other most rapidly. Their subjects are widely diversified, though, as might be supposed, politics and modern history are most frequently discussed. Essays on Reform—on the Fall of Charles X., and of Louis Philippe—on Negro Emancipation—on Irish Affairs—on many commercial and financial questions, and on Colonial Government, mark the track of his thoughts in following the great political events of his age. The lives or the works of notable personages called forth reviews of such diversity of subject, as proves that his sympathies and range of thought extended far into the past, including great men of many nations, and great works in many languages. Homer and Virgil among the ancients—Dante and Tasso in a later past—Chateaubriand, Guizot, Sismondi, De Tocqueville, Montesquieu, Mirabeau, and Madame de Staël

among the moderns, are some of the subjects of these; while articles on the Greek Drama, the Roman Republic, the Athenian Democracy, and the Crusades, attest the variety of the channels into which his speculations were directed. Written as they were in the intervals of a busy professional career, which is marked, too, by his standard work on the Criminal Law of Scotland, they would of themselves have borne ample testimony to the culture and industry of their author; but they formed only a small proportion of the offspring of his prolific intellect. Many of these papers were but offshoots from the important work which is, and will long remain, identified with his name, and which occupied so large a space in his life. It was, he tells us, while visiting Paris during its occupation by the Allies after the fall of Napoleon, that the idea of writing the History of Europe from the French Revolution took possession of him. Paris, when he saw it, was still the Paris of the former kings of France; streets and palaces, and parks and public buildings, were still the standing records of the old and picturesque monarchy, suggesting its traditions, its policy, its costume; but the city was thronged with the alien troops whose vast camps lay all around it. It was the striking contrast between that not remote past and the actual present which led him to picture to himself so vividly the successive and startling changes that had produced it, and inspired him with the desire to record in one narrative the great events of the Revolution and the Empire.

The downfall of the monarchy — the crimes and horrors of the Revolution—the victories of the Republican armies—the glories and final overthrow of the Empire,—such was the rapid and extraordinary course of events which, drawing the destinies of other nations into its current, formed, with them, the subject of his brilliant plan. He tells us in his Preface how high was his conception of the capabilities of this theme. "A subject," he says, "so splendid in itself, so full of political and military instruction, replete with such great and heroic actions, adorned by so many virtues, and darkened by so many crimes, never yet fell to the lot of an historian." And we learn from his Preface that he approached the great task in a becoming spirit. "Inexorable and unbending in his opposition to false principles, it is the duty of the historian of such times to be lenient and considerate in his judgment of particular men." To this just and lofty view of the duties of his vocation he was absolutely faithful. Bringing to his task very strong opinions of his own, and, in accordance with them, judging rigorously all great national and political questions, it is only when the actions of the men whom he paints are ignoble or criminal that he visits them with absolute condemnation, extenuating mere errors, and setting down nought in malice. Actuated by this candid and just spirit, he brought also to his work an admiration amounting to enthusiasm for heroic effort, whether exhibited in statesmanship or war; and the battle-pieces which abound

in his narrative are touched with a fire and vigour which only a kindred feeling for those whose high achievements he recounts could inspire. The Revolutionary soldiers of France; the great marshals who upheld the despotism of Napoleon; Suwaroff, the faithful servant of the Czar; and the Archduke who covered Austria with his powerful shield, all met with as just, as discriminating, and as warm appreciation as their native historians could bestow, and as our own generals could obtain from Alison. Critics have objected to his style; yet, if the art of engaging the reader's attention, and sustaining it by the vigour, spirit, and vivacity of the narrative be a high merit, many popular and many great historians must cede superiority of this kind to Sir Archibald. He wrote, not certainly in the cold judicial style of philosophical history, but with the warmth of one who not only believed but felt all he uttered. And there are long episodes in his work—those, for instance, on the American war of 1812, and on some of our Indian campaigns—which are in themselves complete and elaborate histories of those events, and which give us most useful and interesting information respecting the countries which were the scene of them. It has been the trick of a part of the press, whose cue it is to caricature Conservatism, to disparage his History, questioning its accuracy, and sneering at the principles it upholds. But the best testimony to the candour, fidelity, and ability of his great work, is in its enormous popularity. As he says himself

of another writer, "No one ever commands, even for a time, the suffrages of the multitude, without the possession, in some respects at least, of remarkable powers." Those suffrages were largely given to Alison. His work, in its original and larger form, obtaining that wide popularity which is attested by its presence on the shelves of so many public and private libraries, a people's edition was issued, and met with a reception which proved how ineffectual had been the malignity of his assailants. His popularity, however, seemed only to exasperate those whose dislike to his steady, consistent, honourable Conservatism had already rendered them hostile, and no great writer of our time has been more consistently and unjustly disparaged by an extreme section of the press than Sir Archibald. But we will dwell no further on this topic in speaking of a man whose character exhibited no more distinctive feature than the large, generous, tolerant spirit in which he viewed adverse opinion.

The same union of lofty principle and kindly feeling which he evinced as an author marked his career as a man. Mildness, firmness, fairness, and dignity, distinguished his long and honoured administration of the duties of Sheriff; and the legal functionaries who lately gave expression, in the Court over which he had presided, to the loss which the tribunal had sustained, bore eloquent testimony to the urbanity, impartiality, and high ability which commanded the respect and confidence alike of suitors and of advo-

cates. Nor was his exhibition of these qualities confined to the judicial bench. As a magistrate it was more than once his lot to exercise his function of asserter of the law in times of popular disturbance; when the same mixture of courage and conciliation enabled him not only to retain, but even to increase, his great popularity in Glasgow, while firmly suppressing riot; and the Tory Sheriff has for at least a whole generation been the most popular citizen, as well as the foremost historian, in Scotland.

Such, for a large part of the present century, has been the useful, industrious, honourable, and honoured public life of Sir Archibald Alison. In the law, as well as in literature, his eminent services were recognised and rewarded, and he was enabled to devote the leisure which remained to him from the duties of his office to the pursuit which he prosecuted with such signal success. Again and again, after completing the portion of his arduous task which he had made his immediate object, he started afresh to continue it; and in the present year he projected an addition which would have included the Crimean war. With this warm and constant interest in public affairs he united the finest domestic tastes; these were shared by a wife whose affectionate devotion always lightened his labours and cheered his home; and we cannot better conclude this memorial than with the following picture of his old age and his end, drawn by one nearest to him in

blood, and who was of those who stood round his deathbed :—

"You ask for any of the characteristics of the latter years of my father's life. The most remarkable of them certainly was the extraordinary development of his love for the beautiful, alike in nature, literature, and art. To walk under the old trees at Possil, or pace up and down the pretty flower-garden there, was, to the last, one of his greatest enjoyments. Every day he read works in English, French, Italian, and German, generally of imagination,—and to the higher branches of German literature he was perhaps most devoted. His small but very beautiful collection of water-colour drawings used to afford him the greatest pleasure; and he often used to sit and gaze for minutes together at the fine sketch of the 'Ruins of Pæstum' by Williams. The loneliness and tranquillity of this picture seemed to exercise a singular fascination over his mind. He used constantly to say that he had found old age the happiest period of life; and those who saw the remarkable and almost unearthly serenity of expression which marked his latter years, will have been fully convinced that it was so in his case. He had come to care little for mixing in general or gay society, and his greatest happiness was derived from his books and his own domestic circle.

"Generally, living entirely alone with Lady Alison, the almost only break in the even tenor of his life was when his children or a few intimate friends

gathered round his board. For some weeks before his last illness, my father had been troubled with an occasional cough and breathlessness, but so slight was this that it never interrupted his official business, and on Friday, the 10th May, he attended as usual in the County Buildings, and appeared in the most perfect health. On the morning of Saturday the 11th, he was seized with a severe attack of spasms in the throat. These recurred again with great severity on the evening of the Monday following, and with such terrible violence on the evening of the ensuing Thursday, that the three medical men who were in attendance on him united in opinion that in all probability he had not half an hour to live. But the great natural strength of his constitution here supervened; he rallied, and the disease changed its type; the throat-spasms entirely ceased, the cough and breathlessness greatly diminished, and he slept much. His strength now gradually and slowly sank, and at half-past eleven o'clock on the evening of Thursday the 23d May, surrounded by every member of his family, he peacefully sank to rest. So calm was his end, that we could not tell the exact moment of his death. During the whole of his illness, when awake, he was perfectly conscious, and the tranquillity and peace of mind which he exhibited was, throughout, of the most striking nature. The good servant had done his work, and was ready and willing to go when his Master called him."[1]

[1] In the opinion of Dr Pierce Simpson, his constant medical at-

The concourse of the citizens of Glasgow at his funeral was a great proof of the respect and affection with which he had inspired them. From Possil gate (his residence, two miles from the town) to the railway station, the whole way was lined with a dense mass of people, estimated at from 100,000 to 150,000. Of these, who numbered half the working population of the city, at least three-fourths were artisans, mill-girls, and iron-foundry workers, swarthy with toil. These were the attendants who, at the sacrifice of some of their means of livelihood, assembled to pay a last respect to the most unbending Conservative in Great Britain. Such obsequies were honourable both to the dead and the living. They were a tribute to qualities the recognition of which is a public virtue; a tribute the more welcome as rendered at a time when courage and consistency seem almost out of date, and when there are many signs that in the public men of the future we are likely to feel more and more the want of the manly and generous spirit which to the last animated Alison.

tendant from the first hour of his illness to the last, and also in that of Professor Gairdner, his death was caused by "spasmodic cough and difficulty of respiration, asthmatic in character, but probably depending upon structural changes at the root of the lungs."

INDEX.

Aberdeen, Lord, i. 78, 310, 312, 314 ; ii. 22.
Aberdeen, Lady, i. 312.
Ailesbury, Marchioness of, ii. 275, 276, 292.
Ainsworth, Mr Harrison, i. 565.
Albert, H.R.H. Prince—*see* Consort, H.R.H. Prince.
Alderson, Baron, ii. 57.
Alexander, Emperor, i. 78, 81, 93, 95 ; ii. 154.
Angoulême, Duchesse d', i. 82.
Alison, Rev. Archibald (father), i. 2, 4, 7, 9, 12, 15, 21, 39, 43, 46, 63, 73, 104, 177, 241, 247, 291, 452, 454-456 ; ii. 285, 336.
Alison, Archibald (son) i. 237, 355, 363, 534, 555, 557, 579, 591, 605 ; ii. 60, 110, 111, 116, 120-127, 131, 132-136, 145, 156, 164, 170, 171, 175, 180, 204-211, 216-220, 228, 229, 259, 262, 264, 289, 360, 388, 392, 394, 398, 401, 409, 413, 414, 430.
Alison, Archy Fergusson (grandson), ii. 486.
Alison, Dorothea (mother), i. 3, 5, 15, 20, 64, 177, 291, 292.
Alison, Elizabeth (sister), i. 63, 176.
Alison, Elizabeth Glencairn (wife), i. 231, 232, 235, 237, 240, 251, 282, 291, 293, 297, 306, 318, 321, 332, 334, 341, 346, 359, 363, 400, 413, 417, 455, 468, 479, 481, 495, 522, 545, 554, 565, 587, 600, 603 ; ii. 4, 7, 11, 46, 48, 51, 52, 54, 66, 97, 110, 117, 119, 133, 140, 142, 151, 165, 169, 172, 175, 176, 181, 208, 210, 219, 220, 228, 233, 257, 259, 264, 285, 292, 318, 321, 322, 326, 342, 350, 351, 415, 452.
Alison, Mrs (daughter-in-law), ii. 228-230, 259, 260, 262, 264, 430.
Alison, Patrick, i. 2.
Alison, William Pulteney (brother), i. 14, 23, 26, 47, 60, 62, 73, 94, 112, 218, 230, 243, 291, 455, 457, 459, 461, 467 ; ii. 260, 261, 326.
Alison, Frederick Montagu (son), i. 595 ; ii. 110, 116, 120, 129, 130, 132, 135, 161, 164, 168, 169, 171, 172, 178, 180, 204-211, 252, 253, 259, 319, 325, 326, 335, 454, 480.
Alison, Isabella Frances Catherine (daughter)—*see* Dormer, Hon. Mrs.
Alison, Margaret (sister) — *see* Burge, Mrs.
Alison, Montagu (sister) — *see* Gerard, Mrs.
Alloway, Lord, ii. 106, 149.
Anderson, Mr David, of Moredun, i. 55, 73, 115.
Anderson, Mr Samuel, i. 73.
Anderson, Lord, i. 135.
Anglesey, Marquis of, ii. 62.
Anson, General, ii. 328.
Antrim, Countess of, ii. 23.
Ardmillan, Lord, ii. 146, 148, 149, 226.
Argyll, Duchess of, i. 508, 509 ; ii. 139, 150, 164.

Argyll, Duke of, i. 508, 510, 511; ii. 57, 138, 139, 143, 150, 366.
Armytage, Sir Edward, i. 565.
Arnold, ii. 358, 361.
Arthur, Mr, i. 378.
Ashley, Lord—*see* Shaftesbury, Earl of.
Ashley, Lady—*see* Shaftesbury, Countess of.
Athole, Duke of, ii. 314, 316.
Aumale, Duc d', ii. 154.
Austria, Emperor of, i. 82, 95.
Aveland, Lord, i. 56.
Aytoun, Professor W. E., i. 585, 587; ii. 35, 47, 49, 51, 54.

Baden, Princess Marie of—*see* Douglas, Marchioness of.
Baillie, Dr Matthew, i. 4.
Baird, Sir David, ii. 168, 169, 226, 229.
Ballantyne, Mr, the Edinburgh publisher, i. 130.
Bancroft (American historian), i. 513; ii. 70, 71.
Bath, Lady, i. 19.
Bathurst, Earl of, ii. 189, 226, 499.
Beauregard, ii. 489.
Beckford, Mr, of Fonthill, ii. 73.
Belhaven, Lady, i. 603; ii. 66, 75.
Belhaven, Lord, i. 358, 531, 603; ii. 66, 75, 214, 330, 418.
Bell, Mr Glassford, ii. 81.
Bentinck, Hon. Mr, ii. 455.
Bernadotte, ii. 154.
Biggar, Mr Henry, i. 55.
Bigotins, Madame, i. 85.
Bilman, Lady, i. 19.
Black, Mr James, ii. 228.
Black, Miss—*see* Alison, Mrs.
Black, Mrs, ii. 229.
Blackwood, Mr John, i. 585; ii. 35, 409.
Blackwood, Mr Robert, i. 313; ii. 35.
Blackwood, Mr William, i. 303, 313, 480, 541, 542, 547, 550, 552, 557, 563, 599; ii. 1, 35, 318.
Blair, Sir David, i. 239.
Blantyre, Lord, i. 508.
Blantyre, Lady, i. 508.
Blessington, Lady, i. 143.
Blucher, i. 78; ii. 154.
Borgo, Pozzo di, i. 78.
Borthwick of Crookston, i. 37.
Boyle, Lord Chief-Justice, i. 313; ii. 47.
Brackley, Lord, i. 565.
Breadalbane, Marquis of, i. 359, 466; ii. 279.
Breadalbane, Marchioness of, i. 467.
Brewster, Sir David, i. 113; ii. 140, 141, 146.
Bridgeman, Dr, i. 595.
Bright, Mr John, ii. 14, 401, 404, 423, 448.
Brougham, Lord, i. 289, 582; ii. 283-285, 288, 445.
Brown, Dr, i. 41.
Brown, Mungo, i. 55.
Brown, Mr, i. 488.
Brownlow, Lord, i. 56.
Bruce, Lady Augusta, ii. 324.
Brunnow, Baron, i. 562; ii. 75.
Buccleuch, Duke of, i. 359, 468; ii. 178, 185-187.
Buccleuch, Duchess of, i. 468, 561; ii. 186, 187.
Buchan, Earl of, i. 553.
Buchanan, Colonel, of Drumpellier, ii. 214.
Buckland, the geologist, i. 223.
Buckle, Mr, ii. 484.
Bulwer, Sir Edward—*see* Lytton, Sir E. Bulwer.
Bulwer, Sir Henry, ii. 53, 176.
Bunsen, Chevalier, ii. 62, 63, 75.
Burge, Mrs (sister), i. 32, 53, 104.
Burge, William (brother-in-law), i. 63.
Burghersh, Lady, i. 441.
Burghersh, Lord—*see* Westmoreland, Earl of.
Burgoyne, Sir John, ii. 499.
Burke, i. 272, 561; ii. 34, 65, 372.
Burns, Robert (poet), i. 517; ii. 238.
Burns, Colonel, ii. 238, 239.
Bute, Lord, i. 545.
Byron, Lady, i. 141; ii. 24.
Byron, Lord, i. 141, 143, 192, 562; ii. 5, 385.

Cairns, Sir Hugh (Earl), ii. 178, 221, 222, 498, 502.
Cairns, Lady, ii. 228, 498.
Cambridge, H.R.H. the Duchess of, ii. 104, 177, 209.
Cambridge, H.R.H. the Duke of, ii. 15, 48, 49, 50, 55, 101, 177, 454.
Cambridge, H.R.H. Princess Mary of—*see* Teck, H.R.H. Duchess of.
Camden, Lady, ii. 292.
Cameron, General Sir Duncan, ii. 124.
Campbell, Thomas (poet), i. 31, 33; ii. 34.
Campbell, General, of Lochnell, i. 363.
Campbell, Sir Colin—*see* Clyde, Lord.
Campbell of Blythswood, i. 358, 365.
Campbell, Lady, ii. 267.
Campbell, Sir A., of Garscube, i. 358; ii. 267.
Campbell, Sir John, i. 364.
Campbell, Sir James, ii. 218, 283.
Campbell, Mr and Mrs, ii. 430, 433.
Canning, Lady, i. 391.
Canning, Sir Stratford—*see* Redcliffe, Lord Stratford de.
Canning, Mr, ii. 154, 373.
Canova, i. 161.
Canterbury, Archbishop of—*see* Howley, Dr.
Cardigan, Earl of, ii. 119, 120.
Carlisle, Earl of, ii. 64, 172.
Carlyle, i. 413.
Carry & Hart, Messrs, i. 519.
Castlereagh, Viscount, i. 78, 154; ii. 22, 24, 104, 251, 154, 189, 226, 254, 255, 256, 318, 319, 332, 341, 342, 356, 421, 449, 513.
Cathcart, Earl, i. 4, 77, 358.
Cathcart, Sir George, i. 78.
Cathcart, Ladies, i. 443.
Cayley, Mr, ii. 11, 12, 157.
Chalmers, Dr, i. 443, 445, 446, 447, 459.
Charles, Archduke, ii. 314.
Charles X., ii. 39.
Charlotte, H.R.H. Princess, i. 441.
Charteris, Lady Eleanor, i. 110, 603.
Charteris, Lady Katherine—*see* Stamford, Lady.
Chateaubriand, ii. 154, 232.
Chernicheff, General, i. 77, 93.
Christopher, Mr, i. 562, 589.
Christopher, Lady Mary, i. 562, 589.
Churchill, Lord A., ii. 54.
Clanricarde, Marquis of, ii. 176.
Clerk, William, i. 196.
Clerk, John, of Eldin, i. 277, 290.
Clerk, Sir George, of Penicuik, i. 278.
Cleveland, Duke of, ii. 26, 155.
Cleveland, Duchess of, ii. 26.
Clouston, Lord Provost of Glasgow, ii. 310.
Clyde, Lord, ii. 120, 121, 124, 128, 134-136, 145, 161-165, 167-172, 179, 180, 184, 204-211, 216, 219, 220, 229, 252, 253, 272, 326, 328, 335, 341, 454, 479, 480.
Cobden, Mr, i. 566; ii. 14, 401, 404, 423.
Cochrane, Mr Baillie, of Lamington, ii. 32, 139, 177, 189.
Cochrane, Mrs Baillie, ii. 139, 177.
Cockburn, Lord, i. 125, 127, 219, 279, 338, 399; ii. 34, 331.
Cockrell, Mr (architect), i. 219.
Coigny, Duc de, i. 587; ii. 145, 146.
Colonsay, Lord Justice-General, i. 134, 335, 337, 397, 461; ii. 87, 214.
Colquhoun of Killermont, i. 358, 568, 569.
Colquhoun, Mrs, i. 568.
Consort, H.R.H. Prince, i. 609, 611; ii. 27, 62, 157, 276-279, 341, 353, 499.
Corehouse, Lord, i. 48, 125, 249, 290; ii. 149, 331.
Coxe, Archdeacon, ii. 3.
Craig, Mr, i. 27.
Cranstoun, G.—*see* Corehouse, Lord.

Crawford, Mr, ii. 67.
Crichton, Sir William, i. 94.
Croker, Mr J. W., i. 314, 317, 333, 362, 519; ii. 236, 254.
Croly, Dr, ii. 57, 272, 273.
Cruikshank, i. 566.
Cumming, Rev. Dr, ii. 329, 330.
Cunningham, Mr, ii. 322.

D——, Madame, i. 500.
Daer, Lord, i. 19.
Dalglish, Mr, ii. 488, 497.
Dalkeith, Lord, ii. 177.
Daly, Father, ii. 314.
Damitz, Grolman, i. 501.
Davy, Lady, i. 161.
Davy, Sir Humphry, i. 161.
Decazes, Duc, ii. 177.
Delancy, Lady, i. 110.
Delancy, Sir William, i. 110.
Denmark, Crown-Prince of, i. 530, 531.
Derby, Emma, Countess of, ii. 48, 55, 177.
Derby, 14th Earl of, i. 414, 415, 511, 562, 602; ii. 34, 46, 47-50, 52, 55, 58, 134, 139, 159, 160, 165, 166, 177, 223, 232, 268, 270, 278, 283, 306, 365, 373, 408, 447, 450.
Dick, Sir Robert, i. 23.
Dickens, Charles, i. 567, 568; ii. 237.
Dickens, Mrs, i. 568.
Diebitch, General, i. 467.
Disraeli, Benjamin, ii. 48, 49, 54, 58, 68, 69, 102, 165, 176, 177, 232, 274, 275, 332, 342, 408, 447, 450.
Disraeli, Mrs, ii. 54.
Dolby, Madame, ii. 461.
Don, Sir Alexander, i. 198, 597.
Don, Lady—*see* Wallace, Lady.
Doolan, Dennis, i. 470, 473, 478.
Dormer, Hon. James Charlemagne (son-in-law), ii. 335, 352, 468.
Dormer, Hon. Mrs (daughter), i. 306, 532, 558, 587; ii. 59, 97, 104, 108, 185, 257, 258, 260, 262-264, 285, 335, 352, 468.
Dormer, Lady, ii. 336.
Dormer, Lord, ii. 335, 468.
Douglas, Miss, ii. 431.
Douglas, Sir John, ii. 334.
Douglas, General, Sir Howard, i. 520, 522, 523, 556.
Douglas, Mr Campbell, ii. 430.
Douglas, Marquis of—*see* Hamilton, 11th Duke of.
Douglas, Marchioness of—*see* Hamilton, Princess Marie, Duchess of.
Douglas, General, of Roschall, i. 488.
Douro, Marchioness of, ii. 46.
Drummond, Messrs, i. 289.
Drummond, Mr H., i. 336.
Drummond, Dr, ii. 415.
Duchatel, M., i. 588.
Duff, General, i. 611.
Duff, Mrs, i. 611.
Dunbar, Mr George (afterwards Professor), i. 23.
Dunbar, Mrs, ii. 263.
Duncombe, Mrs, ii. 54, 166.

EASTLAKE, Sir Charles, ii. 444.
Edgeworth, Mr, i. 224.
Edgeworth, Mr Henry, i. 224.
Edgeworth, Miss Maria, i. 223, 225.
Edwards, Sir J., Bart., ii. 156.
Eglinton, Earl of, i. 448, 450, 511, 517, 600, 601; ii. 30-32, 35, 47, 49, 50, 54, 153, 155, 165, 336-340, 353, 450.
Eglinton, Theresa, Lady, ii. 32.
Elcho, Lady, ii. 55.
Elcho, Lord, ii. 55.
Eldin, Lord, ii. 149.
Eldon, Lord Chancellor, i. 278.
Elgin, Earl of, ii. 5, 382, 385.
Ellesmere, Earl of, i. 565.
Ellice, Mr, ii. 372.
Erskine, Lord Chancellor, i. 553.
Erskine, Henry, i. 553.
Essex, Earl of, ii. 338.
Esté, Madlle. d'—*see* Wilde, Lady.
Esterhazy, Princess, ii. 21.
Evans, Harper, i. 18.

FAED, i. 20, 101.
Faithfull, Miss, ii. 446.
Faucit, Miss Helen—*see* Martin, Lady.

Fergusson, Right Hon. Robert Cutlar, of Craigdarroch, ii. 105, 106, 107.
Fergusson, Robert Cutlar (son-in-law), ii. 104, 108, 217, 258-260, 262, 263.
Fergusson, Mrs (daughter) — *see* Dormer, Hon. Mrs.
Fergusson, Sir James, ii. 226, 345-347.
Fielding, Copley, ii. 57.
Finlay, Kirkman, i. 344, 443.
Fisher, Mr, W.S., i. 383.
Fitzgerald, Mr Seymour, ii. 498.
Fitzherbert, Mrs, ii. 324.
Fleming, Colonel, i. 498.
Fleming, Mr, ii. 503.
Forbes, William, i. 62, 529.
Forbes, John, of Blackford, i. 62.
Forbes, Mrs John, i. 62.
Formes, ii. 457.
Forster, A.D.C. to Lord Clyde, ii. 252.
Fouché, i. 83, 500.
Foy, General, ii. 45.
Fraser, Colonel, ii. 324.
Fraser, Hon. Miss, ii. 324.
Frondeville, Marquis de, i. 79, 82.
Fullerton, Lord, ii. 149.

Gainsborough, ii. 267.
Galbraith, Lord Provost of Glasgow, ii. 192, 219, 295, 309.
Galignani, M., i. 514.
Gallait (artist), ii. 439.
Garibaldi, ii. 396, 500, 501.
Gartshore, Captain Murray, i. 520, 564.
Gartshore, Mrs Murray, i. 520, 521, 523, 564.
George IV., His Majesty, i. 214, 219.
Georges, Madame, i. 99.
Gerard, Miss, i. 453.
Gerard, Dr, i. 51.
Gerard, John, Lieut.-Colonel, i. 51, 176.
Gerard, Mrs (sister), i. 25, 32, 51, 176.
Gibson, Mr (the artist), ii. 468.
Gillespie, Dr, ii. 262.
Gillies, Lord, i. 276; ii. 149.
Gladstone, William Ewart, i. 413; ii. 226-228, 498, 502.
Glasgow, Lord, i. 450.
Glasgow, Lord Provost of, i. 531; ii. 183, 353.
Gloucester, Duchess of, i. 521.
Gordon, Duke of—*see* Richmond, Duke of.
Gordon, W., Admiral, i. 311.
Gordon, Lady Isabella, i. 553; ii. 181.
Gordon, Mr, of Aikenhead, i. 553.
Gortschakoff, ii. 129.
Gough, Viscount, ii. 15, 33, 327, 328.
Gough, Viscountess, ii. 33.
Goupé Frères, ii. 468.
Gower, Lady Elizabeth—*see* Argyll, Duchess of.
Gower, Lady Evelyn—*see* Blantyre, Lady.
Graham, Sir James, i. 414, 442, 443, 489; ii. 449.
Graham, Lady, i. 442.
Grant, General Sir Patrick, ii. 33, 327-329.
Grant, Lady, ii. 328.
Grant, Hon. Lady, ii. 328.
Grant, Sir Hope, ii. 334.
Grant, Mr Francis, i. 183.
Grantley, Lord, ii. 76.
Greenock, Lord, i. 78.
Gregory, Mr William, i. 5.
Gregory, Dr John, i. 2, 5, 285.
Gregory, Dr James, i. 6, 285.
Gregory, James (mathematician), i. 3, 5, 29; ii. 285.
Gregory, Mrs, i. 247.
Grey, Lady, ii. 452.
Grey, Earl, i. 611, 612; ii. 450.
Grey, Sir George, i. 583, 584; ii. 505.
Grosvenor, Lady Constance, ii. 442.
Guizot, ii. 232.
Guyamont, Marquis, ii. 232.

Hall, Sir James, i. 110, 223; ii. 142.
Hall, Miss Magdalene — *see* Delancy, Lady.
Hall, Miss Helen, i. 110.
Hall, Miss Fanny, i. 110.

Hall, Captain Basil, i. 139, 140, 143, 161, 171, 241.
Hall, Sir John, i. 467.
Hall, Lady, i. 467.
Hallam, Henry (historian), i. 241, 413, 414, 562; ii. 55-64, 65-68.
Hamilton, 10th Duke of, i. 358, 433, 468, 487, 492, 507, 508, 525, 603; ii. 71-74.
Hamilton, 11th Duke of, i. 358, 443, 507, 525, 603; ii. 144, 146, 173, 192, 292, 340, 418, 453.
Hamilton, Princess Marie, Duchess of, i. 292, 507, 508, 603, 604.
Hamilton, Susan Euphemia, Duchess of, i. 508; ii. 73.
Hamley, Colonel, i. 502.
Handel, ii. 460.
Hardinge, Viscount, ii. 13, 15, 18, 55, 101, 118, 134.
Hardinge, Viscountess, ii. 14.
Harper, Messrs, i. 513.
Hastings, Warren, ii. 385.
Hay, Lord John, ii. 281.
Heathcote, Gilbert—*see* Aveland, Lord.
Hemans, Mrs, i. 281, 282; ii. 147.
Henning, Mr, i. 48.
Herbert, Lord, of Lea, ii. 15, 16.
Herbert, Sydney— *see* Herbert, Lord of Lea.
Hibbert, Nathaniel, i. 56, 139.
Hill, Lord, ii. 62.
Holland, Lord, ii. 331.
Home, Miss, i. 459.
Hope, John, Lord Justice-Clerk, i. 55, 112, 134, 183, 185, 186, 188, 189, 190, 209, 216, 220, 254, 333; ii. 86, 87, 88, 215, 216, 223.
Hope, Mr, ii. 179.
Hope, Dr, i. 50.
Hopetoun, Lady, i. 184.
Horner, Francis, i. 113.
Horwood, Miss, i. 532, 534.
Howley, Mrs, i. 560.
Howley, Dr, Archbishop of Canterbury, i. 466, 558, 561; ii. 62.
Humboldt, Count, i. 78.
Hume, Baron, i. 224; ii. 258.
Hume, David (historian), ii. 259.
Hume, Mrs Macdonald, ii. 258.
Hunt & Roskell, Messrs, ii. 467.
Hyett, Mr W. H., of Painswick, i. 56, 101, 566.

Infanta of Spain, i. 590.
Inglis, Dr, ii. 223.
Inglis, Lord Justice-Clerk, ii. 216, 221, 223, 224.
Inglis, Sir R., ii. 57, 69.
Innes, Mr Gilbert, of Stow, i. 40.
Innes, Mr William Mitchell, i. 40.
Irving—*see* Newton, Lord.
Irving, Edward, i. 37; ii. 5.

Jackson, Dr, Bishop of Lincoln, i. 561.
Jackson, Colonel, i. 497.
Jackson, "Stonewall," ii. 489, 490.
Jacobi, Professor, i. 467.
Jamieson, Robert, i. 199, 200.
Jebb, Sir Joshua, ii. 446.
Jeffrey, Francis (afterwards Lord), i. 33, 125, 127, 129, 130, 137, 161, 192, 496, 224, 281, 290, 292, 338, 410, 456, 515; ii. 34, 148, 331.
Jellachich, i. 599.
Jenkinson—*see* Liverpool, Lord.
Jephson, Dr, i. 488.
Jersey, 5th Earl of, ii. 19, 21, 177, 232.
Jersey, 6th Earl of, ii. 232, 281.
Jersey, Julia, Countess of, ii. 281, 282, 440.
Jersey, Sarah, Countess of, ii. 19, 21, 55, 157, 177, 189, 232, 274, 455.
Johnston, Mr (the geographer), i. 553; ii. 347.
Jomini, General, i. 484, 501.
Jones, Captain, i. 497.
Jones, Sir William, i. 4.

Kean, Mr and Mrs Charles, ii. 458.
Kelly, Sir Fitzroy, Attorney-General, ii. 178, 221.
Kemble, John, i. 67, 86, 99.
Kent, H.R.H. the Duchess of, ii. 277, 321.
Kinnaird, Hon. Mr, ii. 283, 287, 289.

Lamartine, i. 588-590.
Landseer, Sir E., ii. 57, 438, 444.
Lansdowne, Marquis of, i. 523, 524; ii. 331.
Lauder (the painter), i. 480.
Lawrence, Sir John, ii. 18, 271, 272, 283.
Learmonth, Mr, i. 327.
Leeds, Duke of, ii. 59.
Leeds, Duchess of, ii. 59.
Leopold, Prince, of Saxe-Coburg, i. 441.
Leslie, Professor, i. 35, 38.
Lewis, Mr Frankland, i. 414, 562.
Lincoln, Lady, i. 508.
Lind, Miss Jenny, i. 85.
Lindsay, Lady Charlotte, i. 414.
Linning, Mr Michael, i. 219.
Liverpool, Lord, i. 15; ii. 154, 226, 499.
Lockhart, J. G., i. 129, 134, 183, 190, 191, 214, 317, 467, 519.
Lockhart, Miss, ii. 498.
Lockhart, Lady Macdonald, ii. 220-222, 253, 268.
Lockhart, Sir Norman, i. 494; ii. 253.
London, Bishop of, ii. 62.
Londonderry, Charles, 3d Marquis of, i. 73, 448, 450, 570; ii. 22-24, 62, 103, 104, 151, 254-256, 318, 319, 342, 356.
Londonderry, Frances Anne, Marchioness of, i. 450, 452, 561; ii. 22-26, 68, 103, 151-155, 172, 221, 224, 254, 259, 275, 342, 347, 348, 350, 351.
Londonderry, Robert, 2d Marquis of—*see* Castlereagh, Viscount.
Longfellow, ii. 147.
Longley, Dr, Archbishop of York, ii. 224, 225, 259.
Lothian, Lady, i. 468.
Lothian, Lord, ii. 468.
Loudon, Lord, i. 467.
Loughborough, Lord, ii. 177, 319.
Louis XVIII., i. 80, 82, 83.
Louis Philippe, i. 588, 592; ii. 39, 154, 406.
Lovat, Lord, i. 467.
Lovat, Master of, ii. 324.
Lovelace, Lady, i. 562.
Lushington, Dr, i. 290.
Lyndhurst, Lord, i. 290.
Lytton, Sir Edward Bulwer, i. 585, 587; ii. 49, 50-54, 68, 98-101, 174-176, 232, 237, 271, 291, 332, 342.
Lyveden, Lady, ii. 325.
Lyveden, Lord, ii. 325.

Macaulay, Lord, i. 515, 519, 529; ii. 7, 57, 64-69, 148, 237, 331, 499.
Macdonald, Messrs, ii. 212.
Macfarlane, Principal, Glasgow University, i. 546, 611.
Mackenzie, Mr Forbes, ii. 46, 306.
Mackenzie, Sir George, of Coul, ii. 325.
Mackenzie, Lord, i. 107, 134.
Mackintosh, Sir James, i. 130, 161; ii. 34.
Macleod, i. 387, 397.
Macmahon, General, ii. 125.
Macnab, Sir Allan, i. 593.
Maconochie, Lord Advocate, i. 213.
M'Coll, Rev. Mr, ii. 295, 296, 309-312.
M'Culloch, Mr, i. 138.
M'Hardy, James, ii. 322.
M'Hardy, Miss—*see* Merry, Mrs.
M'Lachlan, Jessie, ii. 503.
M'Lellan, General, ii. 491, 492.
M'Leod, Mr J. Macpherson, i. 37.
M'Neill, Duncan—*see* Colonsay, Lord.
M'Neill of Colonsay, i. 337.
M'Neill, Lady, i. 467.
M'Neill, Sir John, i. 467.
Mahon, Lady, ii. 64.
Mahon, Lord, i. 519; ii. 57, 64.
Major ——, i. 497.
Malcolm of Poltalloch, i. 363.
Malmesbury, Earl of, ii. 54.
Malmesbury, Countess of, ii. 218.
Manchester, Duchess of, ii. 165, 166, 442.
Manchester, Duke of, ii. 165.
Manners, Lord John, ii. 178, 455.
Marie, Princess, of Baden—*see* Hamilton, Duchess of.

Mario, ii. 457.
Marlborough, Duchess of, ii. 342.
Marlborough, Duke of, i. 563; ii. 2, 3.
Marochetti, Baron, ii. 57.
Marryatt, Captain, i. 344.
Mars, Mademoiselle, i. 86, 87.
Martin, Dr, ii. 220.
Martin, Lady, i. 532-534, 536, 537, 554; ii. 459.
Martin, Mr Montgomery, i. 570; ii. 266, 499.
Martineau, Miss Harriet, i. 346.
Mason, Mr, ii. 488.
Maxwell, Sir John, of Pollock, i. 610; ii. 4, 5, 11, 219, 265, 333, 334.
Maxwell, Lady Matilda, i. 45.
Maxwell, Sir W., i. 531.
Mayor, Lord, of London (1852), ii. 62.
Meadowbank, Lord, i. 314.
Medwyn, Lord, i. 337, 399.
Melville, Lord, i. 313, 461.
Melville, Mr Whyte, ii. 336.
Menzies, Justice, i. 134, 214.
Merry, Mr James, of Belladrum, ii. 182, 322, 326.
Merry, Mrs, ii. 182, 322, 326.
Metternich, Prince, i. 78, 500; ii. 154, 232.
Milaradowitch, i. 77.
Milbanke, Mr, ii. 24.
Miller, Captain, i. 383, 384, 492, 497.
Miller, General, i. 242.
Milman, Dean, ii. 330, 331.
Milman, Mrs, ii. 330.
Milne, Mr David, i. 287, 459.
Milne, Sir David, i. 287.
Milnes, Mr Monckton, i. 413; ii. 64, 146-148, 239.
Mitchell, George, i. 40.
Mitchell, Mrs, i. 40.
Moncreiff, Lord Advocate, i. 125, 338; ii. 79, 149, 215, 283, 287, 288.
Montague, Mrs, i. 5, 6, 7, 292.
Montaignac, Count, i. 74.
Montebello, Duchess of, i. 589.
Montebello, Duke of, i. 589.
Monteith, Alexander Earle, i. 131, 310.
Montpensier, Duc de, i. 589.
Montrose, Duke of, i. 443, 569; ii. 31, 32, 145, 155, 187, 188, 192, 226.
Montrose, Duchess of, ii. 114, 188, 442.
Moore, Thomas (poet), i. 198, 199; ii. 331.
Morrison, Mr, ii. 264.
Morrison, Mr Mitford, ii. 216.
Mostyn, Lady, ii. 324.
Murchison, Sir Roderick, i. 329; ii. 49, 51, 140-143, 146, 226.
Murdoch, i. 382.
Murdoch, Rev. Dr, ii. 294.
Murray, Mr, ii. 351.
Murray, Mr (publisher), i. 142.
Murray, John, Lord Advocate, i. 125, 388, 397, 400.
Murray, Sir George, i. 595; ii. 3.
Murray, Sir Patrick, of Ochtertyre, i. 520.
Murray, Hon. Charles, ii. 382.

Nairne, Mr, i. 7.
Napier, Mr (shipbuilder), ii. 285, 286.
Napier, Colonel, i. 269.
Napier, Macvey, i. 125, 138.
Napier, Sir Charles, ii. 390.
Napoleon I., Emperor of the French, i. 80, 82, 93, 98, 563; ii. 3, 53, 154, 314, 361, 428.
Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, i. 442; ii. 16, 37, 53, 76, 173, 174, 275, 292, 359, 361, 394, 400, 423, 424, 502.
Nesselrode, Count, i. 78; ii. 154.
Newcastle, Duke of, ii. 155, 173.
Newman, Cardinal, ii. 470.
Newton, Lord, i. 55.
Ney, Marshal, i. 83.
Nicholas, Grand Duke, i. 562.
Nish, Mr, i. 384.
Normanby, Lord, i. 477.
Norton, Hon. George, ii. 76.
Norton, Hon. Mrs, i. 450; ii. 76, 77, 146, 171, 226, 228, 285, 292, 501.

Oatley, Mr, i. 14.
O'Connell, Daniel, i. 401, 409-411; ii. 69.

O'Connor, Arthur, ii. 106.
O'Connor, Feargus, i. 582.
Oldham, Rev. Mr, ii. 229.
O'Neil, Miss, i. 99.
Orr, Sir Andrew, ii. 66, 168, 218.
Orsini, ii. 275.
Oswald, Mr, i. 603.
Oswald, Lady Louisa, i. 603.

PAHLAN, i. 77.
Pakington, Sir John, ii. 48, 49, 51, 268-270, 283, 285-287, 447.
Palmerston, Viscount, i. 19; ii. 34, 157-160, 278, 352, 365, 373, 390, 391, 403, 449, 469, 498, 499, 502.
Panmure, Lord, ii. 181.
Park, Mr, ii. 265.
Parke, General, ii. 135.
Parma, Prince of, i. 603, 604.
Parma, Princess of, i. 603, 604.
Parr, Dr, i. 226, 241.
Patterson, Mr R. H., ii. 342, 370.
Peel, Lady Emily, ii. 232, 281.
Peel, Sir Robert, i. 127, 314, 335, 364, 365, 411, 442, 538, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 550, 555, 595; ii. 41, 281-283, 404.
Peel, Sir William, ii. 253.
Perceval, Mr, ii. 449.
Petit, M., i. 514.
Pillans, Professor, i. 125.
Pitmilly, Lord, i. 459.
Pitt, ii. 332, 341, 372.
Phillpotts, Dr, Bishop of Exeter, i. 561.
Platoff, Count, i. 77, 93.
Playfair, Mr John, i. 8, 40.
Playfair, Mr W. H., i. 125, 219.
Portarlington, Lady, ii. 342.
Prescott (historian), ii. 150, 151.
Pringle, Mr Alexander, of Yair, i. 55, 113, 135, 139.
Prussia, H.M. King of, i. 81, 82, 95; ii. 326.
Prussia, H.M. Queen of, ii. 326.
Pulteney, Sir William, i. 7, 8, 16, 19, 22.

QUEENSBERRY, Duke of, ii. 186.

RADETZCKY, i. 599.
Rae, Sir W., i. 213, 219, 254, 294, 307, 313, 333, 335, 443, 503.
Ravensworth, Lord, ii. 342, 352.
Rawlinson, Sir Henry, ii. 140, 143, 146, 226.
Reay, James, i. 290.
Redcliffe, Lord Stratford de, i. 391, 414, 562, 589; ii. 292, 435.
Redding, Patrick, i. 470, 473.
Reid, Dr, i. 3, 4, 529.
Reventlow, Count, i. 530, 531.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, i. 144, 146, 159; ii. 438.
Richmond, Duchess of, i. 600, 602; ii. 48.
Richmond, Duke of, i. 600, 602; ii. 48.
Ridley, i. 399.
Ridley, General, i. 576.
Robertson, Lord, i. 134, 329, 397.
Robinson, Miss Rose, i. 333.
Rogers, ii. 331.
Rollin, Ledru, i. 589.
Ross *v.* Ross, i. 289.
Royal, H.R.H. Princess, of England, ii. 326, 455.
Russell, Lord John, i. 424, 442; ii. 12, 190, 391, 431, 434, 498.
Russell, Sir William, ii. 253.
Rutherfurd, Lord, i. 54, 126, 249, 280, 331.
Ruthven, Lord, i. 359.
Rutland, Duke of, ii. 165, 177.

SACKEN, Count, i. 93.
St Albans, Duchess of, i. 467.
St Albans, Duke of, i. 467.
St Germans, Countess of, ii. 188.
St Germans, Earl of, ii. 188.
Salisbury, Marquis of, ii. 165.
Salmond, Mr, i. 383.
Salomons, Mr Daniel, ii. 165, 166.
Scott, Sir Walter, i. 33, 129, 132, 142, 191, 192, 196, 224, 265, 287, 393, 500, 610; ii. 97, 98, 332, 342.
Schwarzenberg, ii. 154.
Seaton, Lord, ii. 62.
Sedgwick, Professor, i. 329.
Seymour, Lady, i. 448, 450.
Seymour, Lord, i. 450.

Shaftesbury, Countess of, i. 439, 440; ii. 64.
Shaftesbury, Earl of, i. 400, 408, 439, 440; ii. 64, 431, 469, 498.
Shelley, Lady, ii. 181.
Shepherd, Lord Chief Baron, i. 195, 196, 295.
Shrewsbury, 17th Earl of, ii. 55.
Shrewsbury, 18th Earl of, ii. 177.
Shuttleworth, Sir John Kay-, ii. 283, 289.
Siborne, Captain, i. 501.
Siddons, Mrs, i. 66, 87; ii. 267.
Simpson, General, ii. 125, 128, 129, 162.
Skene, Mr James, of Rubislaw, i. 114.
Skene, Mr Andrew, i. 199, 204.
Smart, Captain, ii. 310.
Smith, Adam, i. 4, 24, 504; ii. 34, 349.
Smith, John, i. 378, 397.
Smith, Sheriff, ii. 82.
Smith, Sydney, i. 515, 519; ii. 148, 331.
Smith, Mrs Vernon—*see* Lyveden, Lady.
Smith, Vernon — *see* Lyveden, Lord.
Somerset, Lord Fitzroy, i. 605.
Somerset, Lord Granville, i. 400.
Southey, Robert (poet), i. 187, 192, 519.
Spiers, Mrs, ii. 173, 319.
Spiers, Mr, of Elderslie, ii. 319.
Stamford, Lady, i. 110, 603.
Stamford, Lord, i. 110.
Stanhope, Lord, ii. 65, 283.
Stanley, Lady Emma—*see* Talbot, Lady Emma.
Stanley, Lord — *see* Derby, 14th Earl of.
Stanley, Lord, ii. 48, 50, 221, 342, 365.
Steele, Sheriff, ii. 82.
Steell (the sculptor), i. 456.
Stein, Mr John, i. 197.
Stein, Miss—*see* Wallace, Lady.
Sterling, Sir Anthony, ii. 162, 168, 171.
Sterling, Colonel—*see* Sterling, Sir Anthony.
Stewart, Mr Andrew, i. 7.
Stewart, Mr, of Murdieston, ii. 104.
Stewart, Baillie, i. 572-574, 577, 578.
Stewart, Sir Charles—*see* Londonderry, Charles, 3d Marquis of.
Stewart, Dugald, i. 2, 4, 8, 19, 40, 47, 50; ii. 385.
Stewart, Dr Matthew, i. 4.
Stewart, Sir Michael, 6th Bart., ii. 188.
Stewart, Sir Michael Shaw, 7th Bart., ii. 139, 188.
Stewart, Mrs, i. 48.
Stewart, Lady Octavia Shaw, ii. 139, 188.
Stewart, Mr Vandeleur, ii. 342, 350.
Stirling, Mr, of Keir, ii. 76, 149, 219, 226.
Strathern, Sheriff, ii. 82.
Strickland, Miss Agnes, ii. 6, 7.
Stuart, Lady Louisa, i. 19.
Sutherland, Duchess of, i. 359, 508, 509, 561; ii. 55, 139.
Sutherland, Duke of, i. 508.
Swinton, Mr A. C., i. 397.

Talbot, Lady Emma, ii. 55, 177.
Talbot, Lord — *see* Shrewsbury, 18th Earl of.
Talfourd, Mr Sergeant, i. 130.
Talleyrand, i. 83; ii. 154.
Talma, i. 86, 99.
Taylor, Colonel, ii. 338.
Teck, H.R.H. Princess Mary, Duchess of, ii. 104, 177, 276, 454.
Teignmouth, Lord, i. 467.
Telford, Mr Thomas (engineer), i. 9, 15, 16, 31, 33, 40, 187.
Tempest-Vane, Sir Harry, ii. 23.
Thanet, Lord, ii. 106.
Thomson, Mr James, i. 567, 596.
Thomson, Sheriff Robert, i. 54.
Thomson, Mr Thomas, i. 125.
Titiens, Maddle., ii. 457, 461.
Tocqueville, De, ii. 358, 361.
Tolly, Barclay de, General, i. 77, 93.
Tree, Miss Helen, ii. 459.
Troubridge, Sir Thomas, ii. 118.

Truro, Lady, i. 442; ii. 222.
Truro, Lord Chancellor, ii. 222.
Turner, ii. 437, 438, 452.
Tytler, Mr A. Fraser, i. 111.
Tytler, Colonel, i. 231.
Tytler, Miss Jane Ann—*see* Grant, Lady.
Tytler, Mrs, i. 232.
Tytler, Patrick Fraser, historian of Scotland, i. 29, 55, 57, 73, 134, 183, 232.
Tytler, Mr William Fraser, of Aldourie, ii. 326.

VANE, Countess, ii. 156.
Vane, Earl, ii. 342, 350.
Vane, Lord Adolphus, ii. 342, 343, 345-350.
Vane, Lady Susan, ii. 342, 351.
Veitch, Sheriff-substitute, i. 360.
Vernon, Hon. Mr, ii. 325.
Vernon, Hon. Mrs, ii. 325.
Victoria, Her Majesty Queen, i. 487, 580, 590, 608-614; ii. 22, 55, 56, 61, 117, 118, 162, 218, 273, 274, 276-278, 321, 326, 334, 354, 451.
Villiers, Lady—*see* Jersey, Julia, Countess of.
Villiers, Lady Clementina, ii. 19-21, 55, 178, 189, 209, 231, 232, 281.
Villiers, Lord — *see* Jersey, 6th Earl of.

WADDINGTON, Mr, ii. 505.
Wakley, Mr, i. 401, 402, 409.
Waldemar, Prince, of Prussia, i. 564.
Walker, Mr, i. 28.
Wallace, Lady, i. 197, 198, 597; ii. 26, 96.
Wallace, Sir Maxwell, i. 198, 597; ii. 26, 314.
Wallace, Sir William, ii. 313, 314, 317.
Walpole, ii. 48-50, 55, 57, 177, 270, 271, 342, 372, 446, 448.
Walpole, Mrs, ii. 55.
Warren, Samuel, ii. 49.
Warrender, Sir George, i. 588.
Waterford, Marquis of, i. 449.
Wellington, Arthur, 1st Duke of, i. 81, 99, 314, 399, 441, 499, 500, 502, 522, 563, 582; ii. 14, 15, 22, 45, 46, 60-62, 102, 142, 154, 176, 189, 332, 341, 499.
Wellington, Arthur Richard, 2d Duke of, ii. 176, 499.
Wemyss, Countess of, i. 571.
Wemyss, Earl of, i. 110, 571, 589.
Westminster, Marquis of, ii. 188, 267.
Westmoreland, Earl of, i. 439, 441, 450; ii. 155, 232.
Whewell, i. 329, 413; ii. 140, 141, 146, 148.
Whigham, Mr Robert (afterwards Sheriff), i. 134.
Whiteside, Mr, ii. 48, 156, 157, 177, 221, 222, 340, 342.
Wilde, Mr Sergeant — *see* Truro, Lord.
Wilde, Lady—*see* Truro, Lady.
Wilson, J., Professor, i. 129, 134, 192-194, 195, 313, 517, 519.
Winchester, Lord, ii. 177.
Windischgratz, i. 599.
Woodhouselee, Lord, i. 29, 232.
Woronzoff, i. 77.
Worsley, Sir William, of Hovingham Hall, ii. 13.
Wylie, Sir James, i. 77, 94.

YORK, Archbishop of, ii. 470.
Young, Mr P. T., i. 481, 571; ii. 82, 83, 507.
Young, Mr, ii. 505.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

CATALOGUE

OF

MESSRS BLACKWOOD & SONS'

PUBLICATIONS.

PHILOSOPHICAL CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS.

EDITED BY WILLIAM KNIGHT, LL.D.,

Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St Andrews.

In crown 8vo Volumes, with Portraits, price 3s. 6d.

Now ready—

I. **Descartes.** By Professor MAHAFFY, Dublin.
II. **Butler.** By Rev. W. LUCAS COLLINS, M.A.
III. **Berkeley.** By Professor FRASER, Edinburgh.
IV. **Fichte.** By Professor ADAMSON, Owens College, Manchester.
V. **Kant.** By Professor WALLACE, Oxford.
VI. **Hamilton.** By Professor VEITCH, Glasgow.

The Volumes in preparation are—

HEGEL. By Prof. Edward Caird, Glasgow.
VICO. By Professor Flint, Edinburgh.
SPINOZA. By the Very Rev. Principal Caird, Glasgow.
HOBBES. By Professor Croom Robertson, London.
HUME. By the Editor.
BACON. By Professor Nichol, Glasgow.

IN COURSE OF PUBLICATION.

FOREIGN CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS.

EDITED BY MRS OLIPHANT.

In Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

The Volumes published are—

DANTE. By the Editor.
VOLTAIRE. By Major-General Sir E. B. Hamley, K.C.M.G.
PASCAL. By Principal Tulloch.
PETRARCH. By Henry Reeve, C.B.
GOETHE. By A. Hayward, Q.C.
MOLIÈRE. By the Editor and F. Tarver, M.A.
MONTAIGNE. By Rev. W. L. Collins, M.A.
RABELAIS. By Walter Besant, M.A.
CALDERON. By E. J. Hasell.
SAINT SIMON. By Clifton W. Collins, M.A.
CERVANTES. By the Editor.
CORNEILLE AND RACINE. By Henry M. Trollope.
MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ. By Miss Thackeray.
LA FONTAINE, AND OTHER FRENCH FABULISTS. By Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M.A.
SCHILLER. By James Sime, M.A., Author of 'Lessing: his Life and Writings.'
TASSO. By E. J. Hasell.
ROUSSEAU. By Henry Grey Graham.

NOW COMPLETE.

ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS.

EDITED BY THE REV. W. LUCAS COLLINS, M.A.

Complete in 28 Vols. crown 8vo, cloth, price 2s. 6d. each. And may also be had in 14 Volumes, strongly and neatly bound, with calf or vellum back, £3, 10s.

Saturday Review.—"It is difficult to estimate too highly the value of such a series as this in giving 'English readers' an insight, exact as far as it goes, into those olden times which are so remote and yet to many of us so close."

CATALOGUE

OF

MESSRS BLACKWOOD & SONS'

PUBLICATIONS.

ALISON. History of Europe. By Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L.

1. From the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Battle of Waterloo.
   LIBRARY EDITION, 14 vols., with Portraits. Demy 8vo, £10, 10s.
   ANOTHER EDITION, in 20 vols. crown 8vo, £6.
   PEOPLE'S EDITION, 13 vols. crown 8vo, £2, 11s.
2. Continuation to the Accession of Louis Napoleon.
   LIBRARY EDITION, 8 vols. 8vo, £6, 7s. 6d.
   PEOPLE'S EDITION, 8 vols. crown 8vo, 34s.
3. Epitome of Alison's History of Europe. Twenty-ninth Thousand, 7s. 6d.
4. Atlas to Alison's History of Europe. By A. Keith Johnston.
   LIBRARY EDITION, demy 4to, £3, 3s.
   PEOPLE'S EDITION, 31s. 6d.

——— Some Account of my Life and Writings: an Autobiography of the late Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L. Edited by his Daughter-in-law, LADY ALISON. 2 vols. 8vo, with Portrait engraved on Steel.

——— Life of John Duke of Marlborough. With some Account of his Contemporaries, and of the War of the Succession. Third Edition, 2 vols. 8vo. Portraits and Maps, 30s.

——— Essays: Historical, Political, and Miscellaneous. 3 vols. demy 8vo, 45s.

——— Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Sir Charles Stewart, Second and Third Marquesses of Londonderry. From the Original Papers of the Family. 3 vols. 8vo, £2, 2s.

ADAMS. Great Campaigns. A Succinct Account of the Principal Military Operations which have taken place in Europe from 1796 to 1870. By Major C. ADAMS, Professor of Military History at the Staff College. Edited by Captain C. COOPER KING, R.M. Artillery, Instructor of Tactics, Royal Military College. 8vo, with Maps. 16s.

AIRD. Poetical Works of Thomas Aird. Fifth Edition, with Memoir of the Author by the Rev. JARDINE WALLACE, and Portrait. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

ALLARDYCE. The City of Sunshine. By ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE. Three vols. post 8vo, £1, 5s. 6d.

——— Memoir of the Honourable George Keith Elphinstone, K.B., Viscount Keith of Stonehaven Marischal, Admiral of the Red. One vol. 8vo, with Portrait, Illustrations, and Maps. 21s.

ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS. Edited by Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M.A. Complete in 28 vols., cloth, 2s. 6d. each; or in 14 vols., tastefully bound, with calf or vellum back, £3, 10s.

Contents of the Series.

Homer: The Iliad. By the Editor.
Homer: The Odyssey. By the Editor.
Herodotus. By George C. Swayne, M.A.
Xenophon. By Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., LL.D.
Euripides. By W. B. Donne.
Aristophanes. By the Editor.
Plato. By Clifton W. Collins, M.A.
Lucian. By the Editor.
Æschylus. By the Right Rev. the Bishop of Colombo.
Sophocles. By Clifton W. Collins, M.A.
Hesiod and Theognis. By the Rev. J. Davies, M.A.
Greek Anthology. By Lord Neaves.
Virgil. By the Editor.
Horace. By Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B.
Juvenal. By Edward Walford, M.A.
Plautus and Terence. By the Editor.
The Commentaries of Cæsar. By Anthony Trollope.
Tacitus. By W. B. Donne.
Cicero. By the Editor.
Pliny's Letters. By the Rev. Alfred Church, M.A., and the Rev. W. J. Brodribb, M.A.
Livy. By the Editor.
Ovid. By the Rev. A. Church, M.A.
Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius By the Rev. Jas. Davies, M.A.
Demosthenes. By the Rev. W. J. Brodribb, M.A.
Aristotle. By Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., LL.D.
Thucydides. By the Editor.
Lucretius. By W. H. Mallock, M.A
Pindar. By the Rev. F. D. Morice, M.A.

AYLWARD. The Transvaal of To-day: War, Witchcraft, Sports, and Spoils in South Africa. By Alfred Aylward, Commandant, Transvaal Republic; Captain (late) Lydenberg Volunteer Corps. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, with a Map, 6s.

AYTOUN. Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, and other Poems. By W. Edmondstoune Aytoun, D.C.L., Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. Twenty-eighth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— An Illustrated Edition of the Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers. From designs by Sir Noel Paton. Small 4to, 21s., in gilt cloth.

——— Bothwell: a Poem. Third Edition. Fcap., 7s. 6d.

——— Firmilian; or, The Student of Badajoz. A Spasmodic Tragedy. Fcap., 5s.

——— Poems and Ballads of Goethe. Translated by Professor Aytoun and Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. Third Edition. Fcap., 6s.

——— Bon Gaultier's Book of Ballads. By the Same. Thirteenth Edition. With Illustrations by Doyle, Leech, and Crowquill. Post 8vo, gilt edges, 8s. 6d.

——— The Ballads of Scotland. Edited by Professor Aytoun. Fourth Edition. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo, 12s.

——— Memoir of William E. Aytoun, D.C.L. By Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. With Portrait. Post 8vo, 12s.

BACH. On Musical Education and Vocal Culture. By Alberto B. Bach. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 8vo. *[In preparation.*

BAGOT. The Art of Poetry of Horace. Free and Explanatory Translations in Prose and Verse. By the Very Rev. Daniel Bagot, D.D. Third Edition, Revised, printed on *papier vergé*, square 8vo, 5s.

BATTLE OF DORKING. Reminiscences of a Volunteer. From 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Second Hundredth Thousand. 6d.

By the Same Author.

The Dilemma. Cheap Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

BEDFORD. The Regulations of the Old Hospital of the Knights of St John at Valetta. From a Copy Printed at Rome, and preserved in the Archives of Malta; with a Translation, Introduction, and Notes Explanatory of the Hospital Work of the Order. By the Rev. W. K. R. Bedford, one of the Chaplains of the Order of St John in England. Royal 8vo, with Frontispiece, Plans, &c., 7s. 6d.

BESANT. The Revolt of Man. By WALTER BESANT, M.A. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

——— Readings from Rabelais. By the SAME. In one volume, post 8vo. [*In the Press.*

BLACKIE. Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece. By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

——— Wit and Wisdom of Goethe. In one volume, Crown 8vo. [*In the Press.*

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, from Commencement in 1817 to June 1880. Nos. 1 to 804, forming 132 Volumes.

——— Index to Blackwood's Magazine. Vols. 1 to 50. 8vo, 15s.

——— Tales from Blackwood. Forming Twelve Volumes of Interesting and Amusing Railway Reading. Price One Shilling each in Paper Cover. Sold separately at all Railway Bookstalls.

They may also be had bound in cloth, 18s., and in half calf, richly gilt, 30s. or 12 volumes in 6, Roxburghe, 21s., and half red morocco, 28s.

——— Tales from Blackwood. New Series. Complete in Twenty-four Shilling Parts. Handsomely bound in 12 vols., cloth, 30s. In leather back, Roxburghe style, 37s. 6d. In half calf, gilt, 52s. 6d. In half morocco, 55s.

——— Standard Novels. Uniform in size and legibly Printed. Each Novel complete in one volume.

Florin Series, Illustrated Boards.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. By Michael Scott.
THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE. By the Same.
CYRIL THORNTON. By Captain Hamilton.
ANNALS OF THE PARISH. By John Galt.
THE PROVOST, &c. By John Galt.
SIR ANDREW WYLIE. By John Galt.
THE ENTAIL. By John Galt.
MISS MOLLY. By Beatrice May Butt.
REGINALD DALTON. By J. G. Lockhart.
PEN OWEN. By Dean Hook.
ADAM BLAIR. By J. G. Lockhart.
LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD. By General Sir E. B. Hamley.
SALEM CHAPEL. By Mrs Oliphant.
THE PERPETUAL CURATE. By Mrs Oliphant.
MISS MARJORIBANKS. By Mrs Oliphant.
JOHN: A Love Story. By Mrs Oliphant.

Or in Cloth Boards, 2s. 6d.

Shilling Series, Illustrated Cover.

THE RECTOR, and THE DOCTOR'S FAMILY. By Mrs Oliphant.
THE LIFE OF MANSIE WAUCH. By D. M. Moir.
PENINSULAR SCENES AND SKETCHES. By F. Hardman.
SIR FRIZZLE PUMPKIN, NIGHTS AT MESS, &c.
THE SUBALTERN.
LIFE IN THE FAR WEST. By G. F. Ruxton.
VALERIUS: A Roman Story. By J. G. Lockhart.

Or in Cloth Boards, 1s. 6d.

BLACKMORE. The Maid of Sker. By R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of 'Lorna Doone,' &c. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

BOSCOBEL TRACTS. Relating to the Escape of Charles the Second after the Battle of Worcester, and his subsequent Adventures. Edited by J. HUGHES, Esq., A.M. A New Edition, with additional Notes and Illustrations, including Communications from the Rev. R. H. BARHAM, Author of the 'Ingoldsby Legends.' 8vo, with Engravings, 16s.

BRACKENBURY. A Narrative of the Ashanti War. Prepared from the official documents, by permission of Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. By Major H. BRACKENBURY, R.A., Assistant Military Secretary to Sir Garnet Wolseley. With Maps from the latest Surveys made by the Staff of the Expedition. 2 vols. 8vo, 25s.

BROADLEY. Tunis, Past and Present. By A. M. BROADLEY. With numerous Illustrations and Maps. 2 vols. post 8vo. 25s.

BROOKE, Life of Sir James, Rajah of Sarāwak. From his Personal Papers and Correspondence. By SPENSER ST JOHN, H.M.'s Minister-Resident and Consul-General Peruvian Republic; formerly Secretary to the Rajah. With Portrait and a Map. Post 8vo, 12s. 6d.

BROUGHAM. Memoirs of the Life and Times of Henry Lord Brougham. Written by HIMSELF. 3 vols. 8vo, £2, 8s. The Volumes are sold separately, price 16s. each.

BROWN. The Forester: A Practical Treatise on the Planting, Rearing, and General Management of Forest-trees. By JAMES BROWN, Wood-Surveyor and Nurseryman. Fifth Edition, revised and enlarged. Royal 8vo, with Engravings. 36s.

BROWN. The Ethics of George Eliot's Works. By JOHN CROMBIE BROWN. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

BROWN. A Manual of Botany, Anatomical and Physiological. For the Use of Students. By ROBERT BROWN, M.A., Ph.D. Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 12s. 6d.

BUCHAN. Introductory Text-Book of Meteorology. By ALEXANDER BUCHAN, M.A., F.R.S.E., Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society, &c. Crown 8vo, with 8 Coloured Charts and other Engravings, pp. 218. 4s. 6d.

BURBIDGE. Domestic Floriculture, Window Gardening, and Floral Decorations. Being practical directions for the Propagation, Culture, and Arrangement of Plants and Flowers as Domestic Ornaments. By F. W. BURBIDGE. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 7s. 6d.

——— Cultivated Plants: Their Propagation and Improvement. Including Natural and Artificial Hybridisation, Raising from Seed, Cuttings, and Layers, Grafting and Budding, as applied to the Families and Genera in Cultivation. Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 12s. 6d.

BURN. Handbook of the Mechanical Arts Concerned in the Construction and Arrangement of Dwelling-Houses and other Buildings; with Practical Hints on Road-making and the Enclosing of Land. By ROBERT SCOTT BURN, Engineer. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.

BURTON. The History of Scotland: From Agricola's Invasion to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection. By JOHN HILL BURTON, D.C.L., Historiographer-Royal for Scotland. New and Enlarged Edition, 8 vols., and Index. Crown 8vo, £3, 3s.

——— History of the British Empire during the Reign of Queen Anne. In 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.

——— The Scot Abroad. Second Edition. Complete in One volume. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

——— The Book-Hunter. A New and Choice Edition. With a Memoir of the Author, a Portrait etched by Mr Hole, A.R.S.A., and other Illustrations. In small 4to, on hand-made paper.

BUTE. The Roman Breviary: Reformed by Order of the Holy Œcumenical Council of Trent; Published by Order of Pope St Pius V.; and Revised by Clement VIII. and Urban VIII.; together with the Offices since granted. Translated out of Latin into English by JOHN, Marquess of Bute, K.T. In 2 vols. crown 8vo, cloth boards, edges uncut. £2, 2s.

——— The Altus of St Columba. With a Prose Paraphrase and Notes. In paper cover, 2s. 6d.

BUTT. Miss Molly. By BEATRICE MAY BUTT. Cheap Edition, 2s.

BUTT. Delicia. By the Author of 'Miss Molly.' Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— Geraldine Hawthorne: A Sketch. By the Author of 'Miss Molly.' In one volume crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

CAIRD. Sermons. By JOHN CAIRD, D.D., Principal of the University of Glasgow. Fourteenth Thousand. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

——— Religion in Common Life. A Sermon preached in Crathie Church, October 14, 1855, before Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert. Published by Her Majesty's Command. Cheap Edition, 3d.

CAMPBELL, Life of Colin, Lord Clyde. *See* General SHADWELL, at page 20.

CAMPBELL. Sermons Preached before the Queen at Balmoral. By the Rev. A. A. CAMPBELL, Minister of Crathie. Published by Command of Her Majesty. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

CARLYLE. Autobiography of the Rev. Dr Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk. Containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time. Edited by JOHN HILL BURTON. 8vo. Third Edition, with Portrait, 14s.

CARRICK. Koumiss; or, Fermented Mare's Milk: and its Uses in the Treatment and Cure of Pulmonary Consumption, and other Wasting Diseases. With an Appendix on the best Methods of Fermenting Cow's Milk. By GEORGE L. CARRICK, M.D., L.R.C.S.E. and L.R.C.P.E., Physician to the British Embassy, St Petersburg, &c. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

CAUVIN. A Treasury of the English and German Languages. Compiled from the best Authors and Lexicographers in both Languages. Adapted to the Use of Schools, Students, Travellers, and Men of Business; and forming a Companion to all German-English Dictionaries. By JOSEPH CAUVIN, LL.D. & Ph.D., of the University of Göttingen, &c. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

CAVE-BROWN. Lambeth Palace and its Associations. By J. CAVE-BROWN, M.A., Vicar of Detling, Kent, and for many years Curate of Lambeth Parish Church. With an Introduction by the Archbishop of Canterbury. 8vo, with Illustrations, 21s.

CHARTERIS. Canonicity; or, Early Testimonies to the Existence and Use of the Books of the New Testament. Based on Kirchhoffer's 'Quellensammlung.' Edited by A. H. CHARTERIS, D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo, 18s.

——— Life of the Rev. James Robertson, D.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Divinity and Ecclesiastical History in the University of Edinburgh. By Professor CHARTERIS. With Portrait. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

CHEVELEY NOVELS, THE.

I. A MODERN MINISTER. 2 vols. bound in cloth, with Twenty-six Illustrations. 17s.

II. SAUL WEIR. 2 vols. bound in cloth. With Twelve Illustrations by F. Barnard. 16s.

III. DORA DORÉE. [*In the Press.*

CHIROL. 'Twixt Greek and Turk. By M. VALENTINE CHIROL. Post 8vo. With Frontispiece and Map, 10s. 6d.

CHURCH SERVICE SOCIETY. A Book of Common Order: Being Forms of Worship issued by the Church Service Society. Fourth Edition, 5s.

COLQUHOUN. The Moor and the Loch. Containing Minute Instructions in all Highland Sports, with Wanderings over Crag and Corrie, Flood and Fell. By JOHN COLQUHOUN. Fifth Edition, greatly enlarged. With Illustrations. 2 vols. post 8vo, 26s.

COTTERILL. The Genesis of the Church. By the Right. Rev. HENRY COTTERILL, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh. Demy 8vo, 16s.

CRANSTOUN. The Elegies of Albius Tibullus. Translated into English Verse, with Life of the Poet, and Illustrative Notes. By JAMES CRANSTOUN, LL.D., Author of a Translation of 'Catullus.' Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.

——— The Elegies of Sextus Propertius. Translated into English Verse, with Life of the Poet, and Illustrative Notes. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

CRAWFORD. The Doctrine of Holy Scripture respecting the Atonement. By the late THOMAS J. CRAWFORD, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. Third Edition. 8vo, 12s.

——— The Fatherhood of God, Considered in its General and Special Aspects, and particularly in relation to the Atonement, with a Review of Recent Speculations on the Subject. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 8vo, 9s.

——— The Preaching of the Cross, and other Sermons. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— The Mysteries of Christianity. Being the Baird Lecture for 1874. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

DESCARTES. The Method, Meditations, and Principles of Philosophy of Descartes. Translated from the Original French and Latin. With a New Introductory Essay, Historical and Critical, on the Cartesian Philosophy. By JOHN VEITCH, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. A New Edition, being the Eighth. Price 6s. 6d.

DICKSON. Japan; being a Sketch of the History, Government, and Officers of the Empire. By WALTER DICKSON. 8vo, 15s.

DU CANE. The Odyssey of Homer, Books I.-XII. Translated into English Verse. By Sir CHARLES DU CANE, K.C.M.G. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

DUDGEON. History of the Edinburgh or Queen's Regiment Light Infantry Militia, now 3rd Battalion, The Royal Scots; with an Account of the Origin and Progress of the Militia, and a Brief Sketch of the old Royal Scots. By Major R. C. DUDGEON, Adjutant 3rd Battalion The Royal Scots. Post 8vo, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

ELIOT. Impressions of Theophrastus Such. By GEORGE ELIOT. New and cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

——— Adam Bede. Illustrated Edition. 3s. 6d., cloth.

——— The Mill on the Floss. Illustrated Edition. 3s. 6d., cloth.

——— Scenes of Clerical Life. Illustrated Edition. 3s., cloth.

——— Silas Marner: The Weaver of Raveloe. Illustrated Edition. 2s. 6d., cloth.

——— Felix Holt, the Radical. Illustrated Edition. 3s. 6d., cloth.

——— Romola. With Vignette. 3s. 6d., cloth.

——— Middlemarch. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— Daniel Deronda. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— Works of George Eliot (Cabinet Edition). Complete and Uniform Edition, handsomely printed in a new type, 20 volumes, crown 8vo, price £5. The Volumes are also sold separately, price 5s. each, viz.:—
Romola. 2 vols.—Silas Marner, The Lifted Veil, Brother Jacob. 1 vol.—Adam Bede. 2 vols.—Scenes of Clerical Life. 2 vols.—The Mill on the Floss. 2 vols.—Felix Holt. 2 vols.—Middlemarch. 3 vols.—Daniel Deronda. 3 vols.—The Spanish Gypsy. 1 vol.—Jubal, and other Poems, Old and New. 1 vol.—Theophrastus Such. 1 vol.

ELIOT. The Spanish Gypsy. Crown 8vo, 5s.

——— The Legend of Jubal, and other Poems, Old and New. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 5s., cloth.

——— Wise, Witty, and Tender Sayings, in Prose and Verse. Selected from the Works of GEORGE ELIOT. Fifth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 6s.

——— The George Eliot Birthday Book. Printed on fine paper, with red border, and handsomely bound in cloth, gilt. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. And in French morocco or Russia, 5s.

ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS. Originally published in the 'Saturday Review.' A New Edition. First and Second Series. 2 vols. crown 8vo, 6s. each.

EWALD. The Crown and its Advisers; or, Queen, Ministers, Lords, and Commons. By ALEXANDER CHARLES EWALD, F.S.A. Crown 8vo, 5s.

THE FAITHS OF THE WORLD. A Concise History of the Great Religious Systems of the World. By various Authors. Being the St Giles' Lectures—Second Series. Complete in one volume, crown 8vo, 5s.

FARRER. A Tour in Greece in 1880. By RICHARD FARRER. With Twenty-seven full-page Illustrations by LORD WINDSOR. Royal 8vo, with a Map, 21s.

FERGUSSON. The Honourable Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate for Scotland. With Notices of certain of his Kinsfolks and of his Time. Compiled from Family Papers, and other sources of Information. By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ALEX. FERGUSSON, late of the Staff of her Majesty's Indian Army. In One volume, large 8vo. With Portraits and other Illustrations. 31s. 6d.

FERRIER. Philosophical Works of the late James F. Ferrier, B.A. Oxon., Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, St Andrews. New Edition. Edited by Sir ALEX. GRANT, Bart., D.C.L., and Professor LUSHINGTON. 3 vols. crown 8vo, 34s. 6d.

——— Institutes of Metaphysic. Third Edition. 10s. 6d.

——— Lectures on the Early Greek Philosophy. Third Edition. 10s. 6d.

——— Philosophical Remains, including the Lectures on Early Greek Philosophy. 2 vols., 24s.

FERRIER. George Eliot and Judaism. An Attempt to appreciate 'Daniel Deronda.' By Professor DAVID KAUFMANN, of the Jewish Theological Seminary, Buda-Pesth. Translated from the German by J. W. FERRIER. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

FLINT. The Philosophy of History in Europe. Vol. I., containing the History of that Philosophy in France and Germany. By ROBERT FLINT, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Divinity, University of Edinburgh. 8vo, 15s.

——— Theism. Being the Baird Lecture for 1876. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— Anti-Theistic Theories. Being the Baird Lecture for 1877. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

FORBES. The Campaign of Garibaldi in the Two Sicilies: A Personal Narrative. By CHARLES STUART FORBES, Commander, R.N. Post 8vo, with Portraits, 12s.

FOREIGN CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS. Edited by Mrs OLIPHANT. Price 2s. 6d.

Now published:—

DANTE. By the Editor.
VOLTAIRE. By Major-General Sir E. B. Hamley, K.C.M.G.
PASCAL. By Principal Tulloch.
PETRARCH. By Henry Reeve, C.B.
GOETHE. By A. Hayward, Q.C.
MOLIÈRE. By the Editor and F. Tarver, M.A.
MONTAIGNE. By Rev. W. L. Collins, M.A.
RABELAIS. By Walter Besant, M.A.
CALDERON. By E. J. Hasell.
SAINT SIMON. By Clifton W. Collins, M.A.
CERVANTES. By the Editor.
CORNEILLE AND RACINE. By Henry M. Trollope.
MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ. By Miss Thackeray.
LA FONTAINE, AND OTHER FRENCH FABULISTS. By Rev. W. L. Collins, M.A.
SCHILLER. By James Sime, M.A., Author of 'Lessing: his Life and Writings.'
TASSO. By E. J. Hasell.
ROUSSEAU. By Henry Grey Graham.

FRANZOS. The Jews of Barnow. Stories by KARL EMIL FRANZOS. Translated by M. W. MACDOWALL. Crown 8vo, 6s.

GALT. Annals of the Parish. By JOHN GALT. Fcap. 8vo, 2s.

——— The Provost. Fcap. 8vo, 2s.

——— Sir Andrew Wylie. Fcap. 8vo, 2s.

——— The Entail; or, The Laird of Grippy. Fcap. 8vo, 2s.

GARDENER, THE: A Magazine of Horticulture and Floriculture. Edited by DAVID THOMSON, Author of 'The Handy Book of the Flower-Garden,' &c.; Assisted by a Staff of the best practical Writers. Published Monthly, 6d.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

——— Family Prayers. Authorised by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. A New Edition, crown 8vo, in large type, 4s. 6d. Another Edition, crown 8vo, 2s.

——— Prayers for Social and Family Worship. For the Use of Soldiers, Sailors, Colonists, and Sojourners in India, and other Persons, at home and abroad, who are deprived of the ordinary services of a Christian Ministry. Cheap Edition, 1s. 6d.

——— The Scottish Hymnal. Hymns for Public Worship. Published for Use in Churches by Authority of the General Assembly. Various sizes—viz.: 1. Large type, for pulpit use, cloth, 3s. 6d. 2. Longprimer type, cloth, red edges, 1s. 6d.; French morocco, 2s. 6d.; calf, 6s. 3. Bourgeois type, cloth, red edges, 1s.; French morocco, 2s. 4. Minion type, limp cloth, 6d.; French morocco, 1s. 6d. 5. School Edition, in paper cover, 2d. 6. Children's Hymnal, paper cover, 1d. No. 2, bound with the Psalms and Paraphrases, cloth, 3s.; French morocco, 4s. 6d.; calf, 7s. 6d. No. 3, bound with the Psalms and Paraphrases, cloth, 2s.; French morocco, 3s.

——— The Scottish Hymnal, with Music. Selected by the Committees on Hymns and on Psalmody. The harmonies arranged by W. H. Monk. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; French morocco, 3s. 6d. The same in the Tonic Sol-fa Notation, 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

——— The Scottish Hymnal, with Fixed Tune for each Hymn. Longprimer type, 3s. 6d.

GERARD. Reata: What's in a Name? By E. D. GERARD. New Edition. In one volume, crown 8vo, 6s.

——— Beggar my Neighbour. A Novel. New Edition, complete in one volume, crown 8vo, 6s.

GLEIG. The Subaltern. By G. R. GLEIG, M.A., late Chaplain-General of Her Majesty's Forces. Originally published in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Library Edition. Revised and Corrected, with a New Preface. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

GOETHE'S FAUST. Translated into English Verse by Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B. Second Edition, post 8vo, 6s. Cheap Edition, fcap., 3s. 6d.

——— Poems and Ballads of Goethe. Translated by Professor AYTOUN and Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B. Third Edition, fcap. 8vo, 6s.

GORDON CUMMING. At Home in Fiji. By C. F. GORDON CUMMING, Author of 'From the Hebrides to the Himalayas.' Fourth Edition, complete in one volume post 8vo. With Illustrations and Map. 7s. 6d.

——— A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War. New and Cheaper Edition. In one volume, 8vo. With Illustrations and Map. 12s. 6d.

——— Fire-Fountains. With Map and numerous Illustrations. In two vols. post 8vo, 25s. [*In the Press.*

GRANT. Bush-Life in Queensland. By A. C. GRANT. New Edition. In one volume crown 8vo, 6s.

GRANT. Memorials of the Castle of Edinburgh. By JAMES GRANT. A New Edition. Crown 8vo, with 12 Engravings, 2s.

HAMERTON. Wenderholme: A Story of Lancashire and Yorkshire Life. By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, Author of 'A Painter's Camp.' A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

HAMILTON. Lectures on Metaphysics. By Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Edited by the Rev. H. L. MANSEL, B.D., LL.D., Dean of St Paul's; and JOHN VEITCH, M.A., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric, Glasgow. Sixth Edition. 2 vols. 8vo, 24s.

——— Lectures on Logic. Edited by the SAME. Third Edition. 2 vols. 24s.

——— Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform. Third Edition, 8vo, 21s.

——— Memoir of Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. By Professor VEITCH of the University of Glasgow. 8vo, with Portrait, 18s.

HAMILTON. Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns. By Captain THOMAS HAMILTON. Edited by F. Hardman. 8vo, 16s. Atlas of Maps to illustrate the Campaigns, 12s.

HAMLEY. The Operations of War Explained and Illustrated. By Major-General Sir EDWARD BRUCE HAMLEY, K.C.M.G. Fourth Edition, revised throughout. 4to, with numerous Illustrations, 30s.

——— Thomas Carlyle: An Essay. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

——— The Story of the Campaign of Sebastopol. Written in the Camp. With Illustrations drawn in Camp by the Author. 8vo, 21s.

——— On Outposts. Second Edition. 8vo, 2s.

——— Wellington's Career; A Military and Political Summary. Crown 8vo, 2s.

——— Lady Lee's Widowhood. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

——— Our Poor Relations. A Philozoic Essay. With Illustrations, chiefly by Ernest Griset. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

HAMLEY. Guilty, or Not Guilty? A Tale. By Major-General W. G. HAMLEY, late of the Royal Engineers. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

——— The House of Lys: One Book of its History. A Tale. Second Edition. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 17s.

——— Traseaden Hall. "When George the Third was King." New Edition, crown 8vo, 6s.

HANDY HORSE-BOOK; or, Practical Instructions in Riding, Driving, and the General Care and Management of Horses. By 'MAGENTA.' Ninth Edition, with 6 Engravings, 4s. 6d.

BY THE SAME.

Our Domesticated Dogs: their Treatment in reference to Food, Diseases, Habits, Punishment, Accomplishments. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

HARBORD. Definitions and Diagrams in Astronomy and Navigation. By the Rev. J. B. HARBORD, M.A., Assistant Director of Education, Admiralty. 1s.

——— Short Sermons for Hospitals and Sick Seamen. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d.

HARDMAN. Scenes and Adventures in Central America. Edited by FREDERICK HARDMAN. Crown 8vo. 6s.

HAY. The Works of the Right Rev. Dr George Hay, Bishop of Edinburgh. Edited under the Supervision of the Right Rev. Bishop STRAIN. With Memoir and Portrait of the Author. 5 vols. crown 8vo, bound in extra cloth, £1, 1s. Or, sold separately—viz.:

——— The Sincere Christian Instructed in the Faith of Christ from the Written Word. 2 vols., 8s.

——— The Devout Christian Instructed in the Law of Christ from the Written Word. 2 vols., 8s.

——— The Pious Christian Instructed in the Nature and Practice of the Principal Exercises of Piety. 1 vol., 4s.

HEATLEY. The Horse-Owner's Safeguard. A Handy Medical Guide for every Man who owns a Horse. By G. S. HEATLEY, V.S. In one volume, crown 8vo, 5s.

——— On Diseases of Cattle. In one vol., Crown 8vo.

HEMANS. The Poetical Works of Mrs Hemans. Copyright Editions.

One Volume, royal 8vo, 5s.

The Same, with Illustrations engraved on Steel, bound in cloth, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Six Volumes in Three, fcap., 12s. 6d.

SELECT POEMS OF MRS HEMANS. Fcap., cloth, gilt edges, 3s.

HOLE. A Book about Roses: How to Grow and Show Them. By the Rev. Canon HOLE. With coloured Frontispiece by the Hon. Mrs Francklin. Seventh Edition, revised. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

HOMER. The Odyssey. Translated into English Verse in the Spenserian Stanza. By PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY. Third Edition, 2 vols. fcap., 12s.

——— The Iliad. Translated by P. S. WORSLEY and Professor CONINGTON. 2 vols. crown 8vo, 21s.

HOME PRAYERS. By Ministers of the Church of Scotland and Members of the Church Service Society. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 3s.

HOSACK. Mary Queen of Scots and Her Accusers. Containing a Variety of Documents never before published. By JOHN HOSACK, Barrister-at-Law. A New and Enlarged Edition, with a Photograph from the Bust on the Tomb in Westminster Abbey. 2 vols. 8vo, £1, 1s.,

HUNTER. Lady's Drive from Florence to Cherbourg; or, Santo Lucia & Co.: Where they Stayed, and what they Paid. By E. HUNTER. One volume, Crown 8vo. [*In the Press.*

INDEX GEOGRAPHICUS: Being a List, alphabetically arranged, of the Principal Places on the Globe, with the Countries and Subdivisions of the Countries in which they are situated, and their Latitudes and Longitudes. Applicable to all Modern Atlases and Maps. Imperial 8vo, pp. 676, 21s.

JAMIESON. The Laird's Secret. By J. H. JAMIESON. In 2 vols., crown 8vo, 17s.

JEAN JAMBON. Our Trip to Blunderland; or, Grand Excursion to Blundertown and Back. By JEAN JAMBON. With Sixty Illustrations designed by CHARLES DOYLE, engraved by DALZIEL. Fourth Thousand. Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, 6s. 6d. Cheap Edition, cloth, 3s. 6d. In boards, 2s. 6d.

JOHNSON. The Scots Musical Museum. Consisting of upwards of Six Hundred Songs, with proper Basses for the Pianoforte. Originally published by JAMES JOHNSON; and now accompanied with Copious Notes and Illustrations of the Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland, by the late WILLIAM STENHOUSE; with additional Notes and Illustrations, by DAVID LAING and C. K. SHARPE. 4 vols. 8vo, Roxburghe binding, £2, 12s. 6d.

JOHNSTON. The Chemistry of Common Life. By Professor J. F. W. JOHNSTON. New Edition, Revised, and brought down to date. By ARTHUR HERBERT CHURCH, M.A. Oxon.; Author of 'Food: its Sources, Constituents, and Uses;' 'The Laboratory Guide for Agricultural Students;' 'Plain Words about Water,' &c. Illustrated with Maps and 102 Engravings on Wood. Complete in one volume, crown 8vo, pp. 618, 7s. 6d.

——— Elements of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology. Twelfth Edition, Revised, and brought down to date. By CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., F.R.C.S.I., &c. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

——— Catechism of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology. An entirely New Edition, revised and enlarged, by CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., F.R.C.S.I., &c. Eighty-first Thousand, with numerous Illustrations, 1s.

JOHNSTON. Patrick Hamilton: a Tragedy of the Reformation in Scotland, 1528. By J. P. JOHNSTON. Crown 8vo, with Two Etchings by the Author, 5s.

KEITH ELPHINSTONE. Memoir of the Honourable George Keith Elphinstone, K.B., Viscount Keith of Stonehaven Marischal, Admiral of the Red.—*See* ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, at page 3.

KING. The Metamorphoses of Ovid. Translated in English Blank Verse. By HENRY KING, M.A., Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, and of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

KINGLAKE. History of the Invasion of the Crimea. By A. W. KINGLAKE. Cabinet Edition. Seven Volumes, crown 8vo, at 6s. each. The Volumes respectively contain:—

I. THE ORIGIN OF THE WAR between the Czar and the Sultan.
II. RUSSIA MET AND INVADED. With 4 Maps and Plans.
III. THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA. With 14 Maps and Plans.
IV. SEBASTOPOL AT BAY. With 10 Maps and Plans.
V. THE BATTLE OF BALACLAVA. With 10 Maps and Plans.
VI. THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN. With 11 Maps and Plans.
VII. WINTER TROUBLES. With Map.

——— History of the Invasion of the Crimea. Vol. VI. Winter Troubles. Demy 8vo, with a Map, 16s.

——— Eothen. A New Edition, uniform with the Cabinet Edition of the 'History of the Crimean War,' price 6s.

KNOLLYS. The Elements of Field-Artillery. Designed for the Use of Infantry and Cavalry Officers. By HENRY KNOLLYS, Captain Royal Artillery; Author of 'From Sedan to Saarbrück,' Editor of 'Incidents in the Sepoy War,' &c. With Engravings. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

LAKEMAN. What I saw in Kaffir-land. By Sir STEPHEN LAKEMAN (MAZHAR PACHA). Post 8vo, 8s. 6d.

LAVERGNE. The Rural Economy of England, Scotland, and Ireland. By LEONCE DE LAVERGNE. Translated from the French. With Notes by a Scottish Farmer. 8vo, 12s.

LEE. Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Revolution Settlement. By the late Very Rev. JOHN LEE, D.D., LL.D., Principal of the University of Edinburgh. With Notes and Appendices from the Author's Papers. Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM LEE, D.D. 2 vols. 8vo, 21s.

LEE-HAMILTON. Poems and Transcripts. By EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON. Crown 8vo, 6s.

LEWES. The Physiology of Common Life. By GEORGE H. LEWES, Author of 'Sea-side Studies,' &c. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. 2 vols., 12s.

LOCKHART. Doubles and Quits. By Laurence W. M. LOCKHART. With Twelve Illustrations. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

——— Fair to See: a Novel. Seventh Edition, crown 8vo, 6s.

——— Mine is Thine: a Novel. Seventh Edition, crown 8vo, 6s.

LORIMER. The Institutes of Law: A Treatise of the Principles of Jurisprudence as determined by Nature. By JAMES LORIMER, Regius Professor of Public Law and of the Law of Nature and Nations in the University of Edinburgh. New Edition, revised throughout, and much enlarged. 8vo, 18s.

——— The Institutes of the Law of Nations. A Treatise of the Jural Relation of Separate Political Communities. 8vo. [*In the Press.*

LYON. History of the Rise and Progress of Freemasonry in Scotland. By DAVID MURRAY LYON, Secretary to the Grand Lodge of Scotland. In small quarto. Illustrated with numerous Portraits of Eminent Members of the Craft, and Facsimiles of Ancient Charters and other Curious Documents. £1, 11s. 6d.

M'COMBIE. Cattle and Cattle-Breeders. By WILLIAM M'COMBIE, Tillyfour. A New and Cheaper Edition, 2s. 6d., cloth.

MACRAE. A Handbook of Deer-Stalking. By ALEXANDER MACRAE, late Forester to Lord Henry Bentinck. With Introduction by HORATIO ROSS, Esq. Fcap. 8vo, with two Photographs from Life. 3s. 6d.

M'CRIE. Works of the Rev. Thomas M'Crie, D.D. Uniform Edition. Four vols. crown 8vo, 24s.

——— Life of John Knox. Containing Illustrations of the History of the Reformation in Scotland. Crown 8vo, 6s. Another Edition, 3s. 6d.

——— Life of Andrew Melville. Containing Illustrations of the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Scotland in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Crown 8vo, 6s.

——— History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Italy in the Sixteenth Century. Crown 8vo, 4s.

——— History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain in the Sixteenth Century. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

——— Sermons, and Review of the 'Tales of My Landlord.' Crown 8vo, 6s.

——— Lectures on the Book of Esther. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

MACDOWALL. The Jews of Barnow. *See* FRANZOS, at page 10.

M'INTOSH. The Book of the Garden. By CHARLES M'INTOSH, formerly Curator of the Royal Gardens of his Majesty the King of the Belgians, and lately of those of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, K.G., at Dalkeith Palace. Two large vols. royal 8vo, embellished with 1350 Engravings. £4, 7s. 6d.
Vol. I. On the Formation of Gardens and Construction of Garden Edifices. 776 pages, and 1073 Engravings, £2, 10s.
Vol. II. Practical Gardening. 868 pages, and 279 Engravings, £1, 17s. 6d.

MACKAY. A Manual of Modern Geography; Mathematical, Physical, and Political. By the Rev. ALEXANDER MACKAY, LL.D., F.R.G.S. New and Greatly Improved Edition. Crown 8vo, pp. 688. 7s. 6d.

——— Elements of Modern Geography. 47th Thousand, revised to the present time. Crown 8vo, pp. 300, 3s.

——— The Intermediate Geography. Intended as an Intermediate Book between the Author's 'Outlines of Geography,' and 'Elements of Geography.' Eighth Edition, crown 8vo, pp. 224, 2s.

——— Outlines of Modern Geography. 142d Thousand, revised to the present time. 18mo, pp. 112, 1s.

——— First Steps in Geography. 82d Thousand. 18mo, pp. 56. Sewed, 4d.; cloth, 6d.

——— Elements of Physiography and Physical Geography. With Express Reference to the Instructions recently issued by the Science and Art Department. 19th Thousand. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

——— Facts and Dates; or, the Leading Events in Sacred and Profane History, and the Principal Facts in the various Physical Sciences. The Memory being aided throughout by a Simple and Natural Method. For Schools and Private Reference. New Edition, thoroughly Revised. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MACKENZIE. Studies in Roman Law. With Comparative Views of the Laws of France, England, and Scotland. By LORD MACKENZIE, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. Fifth Edition, Edited by JOHN KIRKPATRICK, Esq., M.A. Cantab.; Dr Jur. Heidelb.; LL.B., Edin.; Advocate. 8vo, 12s.

MANNERS. Notes of an Irish Tour in 1846. By Lord JOHN MANNERS, M.P., G.C.B. New Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

——— Impressions of Bad-Homburg. Comprising a Short Account of the Women's Associations of Germany under the Red Cross. By Lady JOHN MANNERS. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

MARMORNE. The Story is told by ADOLPHUS SEGRAVE, the youngest of three Brothers. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MARSHALL. French Home Life. By FREDERIC MARSHALL. Second Edition. 5s.

MARSHMAN. History of India. From the Earliest Period to the Close of the India Company's Government; with an Epitome of Subsequent Events. By JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN, C.S.I. Abridged from the Author's larger work. Second Edition, revised. Crown 8vo, with Map, 6s. 6d.

MARTIN. Goethe's Faust. Translated by Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B. Second Edition, crown 8vo, 6s. Cheap Edition, 3s. 6d.

——— The Works of Horace. Translated into English Verse, with Life and Notes. In 2 vols. crown 8vo, printed on hand-made paper, 21s.

——— Poems and Ballads of Heinrich Heine. Done into English Verse. Second Edition. Printed on *papier vergé*, crown 8vo, 8s.

——— Catullus. With Life and Notes. Second Edition, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— The Vita Nuova of Dante. With an Introduction and Notes. Second Edition, crown 8vo, 5s.

MARTIN. Aladdin: A Dramatic Poem. By ADAM OEHLENSCHLAEGER. Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

——— Correggio: A Tragedy. By OEHLENSCHLAEGER. With Notes. Fcap. 8vo, 3s.

——— King Rene's Daughter: A Danish Lyrical Drama. By HENRIK HERTZ. Second Edition, fcap., 2s. 6d.

MEIKLEJOHN. An Old Educational Reformer—Dr Bell. By J. M D. MEIKLEJOHN, M.A., Professor of the Theory, History, and Practice of Education in the University of St Andrews. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MICHEL. A Critical Inquiry into the Scottish Language. With the view of Illustrating the Rise and Progress of Civilisation in Scotland. By FRANCISQUE-MICHEL, F.S A. Lond. and Scot., Correspondant de l'Institut de France, &c. In One handsome Quarto Volume, printed on hand-made paper, and appropriately bound in Roxburghe style. Price 66s.

MICHIE. The Larch: Being a Practical Treatise on its Culture and General Management. By CHRISTOPHER YOUNG MICHIE, Forester, Cullen House. Crown 8vo, with Illustrations. 7s. 6d.

MINTO. A Manual of English Prose Literature, Biographical and Critical: designed mainly to show Characteristics of Style. By W. MINTO, M.A., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Second Edition, revised. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— Characteristics of English Poets, from Chaucer to Shirley. Crown 8vo, 9s.

MITCHELL. Biographies of Eminent Soldiers of the last Four Centuries. By Major-General JOHN MITCHELL, Author of 'Life of Wallenstein.' With a Memoir of the Author. 8vo, 9s.

MOIR. Poetical Works of D. M. MOIR (Delta). With Memoir by THOMAS AIRD, and Portrait. Second Edition, 2 vols. fcap. 8vo, 12s.

——— Domestic Verses. New Edition, fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, 4s. 6d.

——— Lectures on the Poetical Literature of the Past Half-Century. Third Edition, fcap. 8vo, 5s.

——— Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith. With 8 Illustrations on Steel, by the late GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. Another Edition, fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d.

MOMERIE. The Origin of Evil; and other Sermons. Preached in St Peter's, Cranley Gardens. By the Rev. A. W. MOMERIE, M.A., D.Sc., Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge; Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in King's College, London. Second Edition, enlarged. Crown 8vo, 5s.

MONTAGUE. Campaigning in South Africa. Reminiscences of an Officer in 1879. By Captain W. E. MONTAGUE, 94th Regiment, Author of 'Claude Meadowleigh,' &c. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

MONTALEMBERT. Count de Montalembert's History of the Monks of the West. From St Benedict to St Bernard. Translated by Mrs OLIPHANT. 7 vols. 8vo, £3, 17s. 6d.

——— Memoir of Count de Montalembert: A Chapter of Recent French History. By Mrs OLIPHANT, Author of the 'Life of Edward Irving,' &c. 2 vols. crown 8vo, £1, 4s.

MORE THAN KIN. By M. P. One volume, crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

MURDOCH. Manual of the Law of Insolvency and Bankruptcy: Comprehending a Summary of the Law of Insolvency, Notour Bankruptcy, Composition-contracts, Trust-deeds, Cessios, and Sequestrations; and the Winding-up of Joint-Stock Companies in Scotland; with Annotations on the various Insolvency and Bankruptcy Statutes; and with Forms of Procedure applicable to these Subjects. By JAMES MURDOCH, Member of the Faculty of Procurators in Glasgow. Fourth Edition, Revised and Enlarged, 8vo, £1.

MY TRIVIAL LIFE AND MISFORTUNES: A Gossip with no Plot in Particular. By A PLAIN WOMAN. 3 vols. post 8vo. *[In the Press.*

NEAVES. A Glance at some of the Principles of Comparative Philology. As illustrated in the Latin and Anglican Forms of Speech. By the Hon. Lord NEAVES. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

——— Songs and Verses, Social and Scientific. By an Old Contributor to 'Maga.' Fifth Edition, fcap. 8vo, 4s.

——— The Greek Anthology. Being Vol. XX. of 'Ancient Classics for English Readers.' Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

NEW VIRGINIANS, THE. By the Author of 'Estelle Russell,' 'Junia,' &c. In 2 vols., post 8vo, 18s.

NICHOLSON. A Manual of Zoology, for the Use of Students. With a General Introduction on the Principles of Zoology. By HENRY ALLEYNE NICHOLSON, M.D., D.Sc., F.L.S., F.G.S., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen. Sixth Edition, revised and enlarged. Crown 8vo, pp. 816, with 394 Engravings on Wood, 14s.

——— Text-Book of Zoology, for the Use of Schools. Third Edition, enlarged. Crown 8vo, with 188 Engravings on Wood, 6s.

——— Introductory Text-Book of Zoology, for the Use of Junior Classes. Fifth Edition, revised and enlarged, with 156 Engravings, 3s.

——— Outlines of Natural History, for Beginners; being Descriptions of a Progressive Series of Zoological Types. Second Edition, with Engravings, 1s. 6d.

——— A Manual of Palæontology, for the Use of Students. With a General Introduction on the Principles of Palæontology. Second Edition. Revised and greatly enlarged. 2 vols. 8vo, with 722 Engravings, £2, 2s.

——— The Ancient Life-History of the Earth. An Outline of the Principles and Leading Facts of Palæontological Science. Crown 8vo, with numerous Engravings, 10s. 6d.

——— On the "Tabulate Corals" of the Palæozoic Period, with Critical Descriptions of Illustrative Species. Illustrated with 15 Lithograph Plates and numerous Engravings. Super-royal 8vo, 21s.

——— On the Structure and Affinities of the Genus Monticulipora and its Sub-Genera, with Critical Descriptions of Illustrative Species. Illustrated with numerous Engravings on wood and lithographed Plates. Super-royal 8vo, 18s.

——— Synopsis of the Classification of the Animal Kingdom. In one volume 8vo, with 106 Illustrations, 6s.

NICHOLSON. Communion with Heaven, and other Sermons. By the late MAXWELL NICHOLSON, D.D., Minister of St Stephen's, Edinburgh. Crown 8vo, 5s. 6d.

——— Rest in Jesus. Sixth Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 4s. 6d.

OLIPHANT. The Land of Gilead. With Excursions in the Lebanon. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Author of 'Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan,' &c. With Illustrations and Maps. Demy 8vo, 21s.

——— The Land of Khemi. Post 8vo, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

——— Traits and Travesties; Social and Political. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

——— Piccadilly: A Fragment of Contemporary Biography. With Eight Illustrations by Richard Doyle. Fifth Edition, 4s. 6d. Cheap Edition, in paper cover, 2s. 6d.

OLIPHANT. Historical Sketches of the Reign of George Second. By Mrs OLIPHANT. Third Edition, 6s.

——— The Story of Valentine; and his Brother. 5s., cloth.

——— Katie Stewart. 2s. 6d.

OLIPHANT. Salem Chapel. 2s. 6d., cloth.

——— The Perpetual Curate. 2s. 6d., cloth.

——— Miss Marjoribanks. 2s. 6d., cloth.

——— The Rector, and the Doctor's Family. 1s. 6d., cloth.

——— John: A Love Story. 2s. 6d., cloth.

OSBORN. Narratives of Voyage and Adventure. By Admiral Sherard Osborn, C.B. 3 vols. crown 8vo, 12s.

OSSIAN. The Poems of Ossian in the Original Gaelic. With a Literal Translation into English, and a Dissertation on the Authenticity of the Poems. By the Rev. Archibald Clerk. 2 vols. imperial 8vo, £1, 11s. 6d.

OSWALD. By Fell and Fjord; or, Scenes and Studies in Iceland. By E. J. Oswald. One Volume, post 8vo, with Illustrations. 7s. 6d.

PAGE. Introductory Text-Book of Geology. By David Page, LL.D., Professor of Geology in the Durham University of Physical Science, Newcastle. With Engravings on Wood and Glossarial Index. Eleventh Edition, 2s. 6d.

——— Advanced Text-Book of Geology, Descriptive and Industrial. With Engravings, and Glossary of Scientific Terms. Sixth Edition, revised and enlarged, 7s. 6d.

——— Geology for General Readers. A Series of Popular Sketches in Geology and Palæontology. Third Edition, enlarged, 6s.

——— Chips and Chapters. A Book for Amateurs and Young Geologists. 5s.

——— Economic Geology; or, Geology in its relation to the Arts and Manufactures. With Engravings, and Coloured Map of the British Islands. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— Introductory Text-Book of Physical Geography. With Sketch-Maps and Illustrations. Edited by Charles Lapworth, F.G.S., &c., Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in the Mason Science College, Birmingham. 10th Edition. 2s. 6d.

——— Advanced Text-Book of Physical Geography. Second Edition. With Engravings. 5s.

PAGET. Paradoxes and Puzzles: Historical, Judicial, and Literary. Now for the first time published in Collected Form. By John Paget, Barrister-at-Law. 8vo, 12s.

PATON. Spindrift. By Sir J. Noel Paton. Fcap., cloth, 5s.

——— Poems by a Painter. Fcap., cloth, 5s.

PATTERSON. Essays in History and Art. By R. Hogarth Patterson. 8vo, 12s.

——— The New Golden Age, and Influence of the Precious Metals upon the World. 2 vols. 8vo, 31s. 6d.

PAUL. History of the Royal Company of Archers, the Queen's Body-Guard for Scotland. By James Balfour Paul, Advocate of the Scottish Bar. Crown 4to, with Portraits and other Illustrations. £2, 2s.

PAUL. Analysis and Critical Interpretation of the Hebrew Text of the Book of Genesis. Preceded by a Hebrew Grammar, and Dissertations on the Genuineness of the Pentateuch, and on the Structure of the Hebrew Language. By the Rev. William Paul, A.M. 8vo, 18s.

PETTIGREW. The Handy Book of Bees, and their Profitable Management. By A. Pettigrew. Fourth Edition, Enlarged, with Engravings. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

PHILLIMORE. Uncle Z. By GREVILLE PHILLIMORE, Rector of Henley-on-Thames. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— Only a Black Box. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. [*In the Press.*

PHILOSOPHICAL CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS. Companion Series to Ancient and Foreign Classics for English Readers. Edited by WILLIAM KNIGHT, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy, University of St Andrews. In crown 8vo volumes, with portraits, price 3s. 6d.

1. DESCARTES. By Professor Mahaffy, Dublin.
2. BUTLER. By the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M.A., Honorary Canon of Peterborough.
3. BERKELEY. By Professor A. Campbell Fraser, Edinburgh.
4. FICHTE. By Professor Adamson, Owens College, Manchester.
5. KANT. By William Wallace, M.A., LL.D., Merton College, Oxford.
6. HAMILTON. By Professor Veitch, Glasgow.

POLLOK. The Course of Time: A Poem. By ROBERT POLLOK, A.M. Small fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. The Cottage Edition, 32mo, sewed, 8d. The Same, cloth, gilt edges, 1s. 6d. Another Edition, with Illustrations by Birket Foster and others, fcap., gilt cloth, 3s. 6d., or with edges gilt, 4s.

PORT ROYAL LOGIC. Translated from the French: with Introduction, Notes, and Appendix. By THOMAS SPENCER BAYNES, LL.D., Professor in the University of St Andrews. Eighth Edition, 12mo, 4s.

POST-MORTEM. Third Edition, 1s.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

The Autobiography of Thomas Allen. 3 vols. post 8vo, 25s. 6d.

POTTS AND DARNELL. Aditus Faciliores: An easy Latin Construing Book, with Complete Vocabulary. By A. W. POTTS, M.A., LL.D., Head-Master of the Fettes College, Edinburgh, and sometime Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge; and the Rev. C. DARNELL, M.A., Head-Master of Cargilfield Preparatory School, Edinburgh, and late Scholar of Pembroke and Downing Colleges, Cambridge. Seventh Edition, fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

——— Aditus Faciliores Graeci. An easy Greek Construing Book, with Complete Vocabulary. Third Edition, fcap. 8vo, 3s.

PRINGLE. The Live-Stock of the Farm. By ROBERT O. PRINGLE. Third Edition, crown 8vo. [*In the Press.*

PUBLIC GENERAL STATUTES AFFECTING SCOTLAND, from 1707 to 1847, with Chronological Table and Index. 3 vols. large 8vo, £3, 3s.

PUBLIC GENERAL STATUTES AFFECTING SCOTLAND, COLLECTION OF. Published Annually with General Index.

RAMSAY. Rough Recollections of Military Service and Society. By Lieut.-Col. BALCARRES D. WARDLAW RAMSAY. Two vols. post 8vo, 21s.

RANKINE. A Treatise on the Rights and Burdens Incident to the Ownership of Lands and other Heritages in Scotland. By JOHN RANKINE, M.A., Advocate. Large 8vo, 40s.

REID. A Handy Manual of German Literature. By M. F. REID. For Schools, Civil Service Competitions, and University Local Examinations. Fcap. 8vo, 3s.

RIMMER. The Early Homes of Prince Albert. By ALFRED RIMMER, Author of 'Our Old Country Towns,' &c. Beautifully Illustrated with Tinted Plates and numerous Engravings on Wood. One volume 8vo. [*In the Press.*

ROBERTSON. Orellana, and other Poems. By J. LOGIE ROBERTSON. Fcap. 8vo. Printed on hand-made paper. 6s.

——— Our Holiday Among the Hills. By JAMES and JANET LOGIE ROBERTSON. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

RUSSELL. The Haigs of Bemersyde. A Family History. By JOHN RUSSELL. Large octavo, with Illustrations. 21s.

RUSTOW. The War for the Rhine Frontier, 1870: Its Political and Military History. By Col. W. RUSTOW. Translated from the German, by JOHN LAYLAND NEEDHAM, Lieutenant R.M. Artillery. 3 vols. 8vo, with Maps and Plans, £1, 11s. 6d.

SANDERS. Matthew Dale, Farmer. By Mrs SANDERS (A.L.O.S.) 2 vols. post 8vo, 17s.

SCHETKY. Ninety Years of Work and Play. Sketches from the Public and Private Career of JOHN CHRISTIAN SCHETKY, late Marine Painter in Ordinary to the Queen. By his DAUGHTER. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

SCOTCH LOCH FISHING. By "Black Palmer." Crown 8vo, interleaved with blank pages, 4s.

SCOTTISH NATURALIST, THE. A Quarterly Magazine of Natural History. Edited by F. BUCHANAN WHITE, M.D., F.L.S. Annual Subscription, free by post, 4s.

SELLAR. Manual of the Education Acts for Scotland. By ALEXANDER CRAIG SELLAR, Advocate. Seventh Edition, greatly enlarged, and revised to the present time. 8vo, 15s.

SELLER AND STEPHENS. Physiology at the Farm; in Aid of Rearing and Feeding the Live Stock. By WILLIAM SELLER, M.D., F.R.S.E., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, formerly Lecturer on Materia Medica and Dietetics; and HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E., Author of 'The Book of the Farm,' &c. Post 8vo, with Engravings, 16s.

SETON. Memoir of Alexander Seton, Earl of Dunfermline, Seventh President of the Court of Session, and Lord Chancellor of Scotland. By GEORGE SETON, M.A. Oxon.; Author of the 'Law and Practice of Heraldry in Scotland,' &c. Crown 4to, 21s.

SHADWELL. The Life of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde. Illustrated by Extracts from his Diary and Correspondence. By Lieutenant-General SHADWELL, C.B. 2 vols. 8vo. With Portrait, Maps, and Plans. 36s.

SIM. Margaret Sim's Cookery. With an Introduction by L. B. WALFORD, Author of 'Mr Smith: A Part of His Life,' &c. One volume crown 8vo. *[In the Press.*

SIMPSON. Dogs of other Days: Nelson and Puck. By EVE BLANTYRE SIMPSON. Fcap. 8vo, with Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

SMITH. The Pastor as Preacher; or, Preaching in connection with Work in the Parish and the Study; being Lectures delivered at the Universities of Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Glasgow. By HENRY WALLIS SMITH, D.D., Minister of Kirknewton and East Calder; one of the Lecturers on Pastoral Theology appointed by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Crown 8vo, 5s.

SMITH. Italian Irrigation: A Report on the Agricultural Canals of Piedmont and Lombardy, addressed to the Hon. the Directors of the East India Company; with an Appendix, containing a Sketch of the Irrigation System of Northern and Central India. By Lieut.-Col. R. BAIRD SMITH, F.G.S., Captain, Bengal Engineers. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo, with Atlas in folio. 30s.

SMITH. Thorndale; or, The Conflict of Opinions. By WILLIAM SMITH, Author of 'A Discourse on Ethics,' &c. A New Edition. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

——— Gravenhurst; or, Thoughts on Good and Evil. Second Edition, with Memoir of the Author. Crown 8vo, 8s.

——— A Discourse on Ethics of the School of Paley. 8vo, 4s.

——— Dramas. 1. Sir William Crichton. 2. Athelwold. 3. Guidone. 24mo, boards, 3s.

SOUTHEY. The Birthday, and other Poems. Second Edition, 5s.

——— Chapters on Churchyards. Fcap., 2s. 6d.

SPEKE. What led to the Discovery of the Nile Source. By JOHN HANNING SPEKE, Captain H.M. Indian Army. 8vo, with Maps, &c., 14s.

——— Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile. By J. H. SPEKE, Captain H.M. Indian Army. With a Map of Eastern Equatorial Africa by Captain SPEKE; numerous illustrations, chiefly from Drawings by Captain GRANT; and Portraits, engraved on Steel, of Captains SPEKE and GRANT. 8vo. 21s.

SPROTT. The Worship and Offices of the Church of Scotland; or, the Celebration of Public Worship, the Administration of the Sacraments, and other Divine Offices, according to the Order of the Church of Scotland. By GEORGE W. SPROTT, D.D., Minister of North Berwick. Crown 8vo, 6s.

STARFORTH. Villa Residences and Farm Architecture: A Series of Designs. By JOHN STARFORTH, Architect. 102 Engravings. Second Edition, medium 4to, £2, 17s. 6d.

STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF SCOTLAND. Complete, with Index, 15 vols. 8vo, £16, 16s.

Each County sold separately, with Title, Index, and Map, neatly bound in cloth, forming a very valuable Manual to the Landowner, the Tenant, the Manufacturer, the Naturalist, the Tourist, &c.

STEPHENS. The Book of the Farm; detailing the Labours of the Farmer, Farm-Steward, Ploughman, Shepherd, Hedger, Farm-Labourer, Field-Worker, and Cattleman. By HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E. Illustrated with Portraits of Animals painted from the life; and with 557 Engravings on Wood, representing the principal Field Operations, Implements, and Animals treated of in the Work. A New and Revised Edition, the third, in great part Rewritten. 2 vols. large 8vo, £2, 10s.

——— The Book of Farm-Buildings; their Arrangement and Construction. By HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E., Author of 'The Book of the Farm;' and ROBERT SCOTT BURN. Illustrated with 1045 Plates and Engravings. Large 8vo, uniform with 'The Book of the Farm,' &c. £1, 11s. 6d.

——— The Book of Farm Implements and Machines. By J. SLIGHT and R. SCOTT BURN, Engineers. Edited by HENRY STEPHENS. Large 8vo, uniform with 'The Book of the Farm,' £2, 2s.

——— Catechism of Practical Agriculture. With Engravings. 1s.

STEWART. Advice to Purchasers of Horses. By JOHN STEWART, V.S. Author of 'Stable Economy.' 2s. 6d.

——— Stable Economy. A Treatise on the Management of Horses in relation to Stabling, Grooming, Feeding, Watering, and Working. Seventh Edition, fcap. 8vo, 6s. 6d.

STIRLING. Missing Proofs: a Pembrokeshire Tale. By M. C. STIRLING, Author of 'The Grahams of Invermoy.' 2 vols. crown 8vo, 17s.

——— The Minister's Son; or, Home with Honours. 3 vols. post 8vo, 25s 6d.

STORMONTH. Etymological and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. Including a very Copious Selection of Scientific Terms. For Use in Schools and Colleges, and as a Book of General Reference. By the Rev. JAMES STORMONTH. The Pronunciation carefully Revised by the Rev. P. H. PHELP, M.A. Cantab. Seventh Edition, Revised throughout, containing many words not to be found in any other Dictionary. Crown 8vo, pp. 800. 7s. 6d.

——— The School Etymological Dictionary and Word-Book. Combining the advantages of an ordinary pronouncing School Dictionary and an Etymological Spelling-book. Fcap. 8vo, pp. 254. 2s.

STORY. Graffiti D'Italia. By W. W. STORY, Author of 'Roba di Roma.' Second Edition, fcap. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— Nero; A Historical Play. Fcap. 8vo, 6s.

——— Vallombrosa. Post 8vo, 5s.

STRICKLAND. Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By AGNES STRICKLAND. With Portraits and Historical Vignettes. 8 vols. post 8vo, £4, 4s.

STURGIS. John-a-Dreams. A Tale. By JULIAN STURGIS. New Edition, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

——— Little Comedies, Old and New. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— Dick's Wandering. 3 vols., post 8vo, 25s. 6d.

SUTHERLAND. Handbook of Hardy Herbaceous and Alpine Flowers, for general Garden Decoration. Containing Descriptions, in Plain Language, of upwards of 1000 Species of Ornamental Hardy Perennial and Alpine Plants, adapted to all classes of Flower-Gardens, Rockwork, and Waters; along with Concise and Plain Instructions for their Propagation and Culture. By WILLIAM SUTHERLAND, Gardener to the Earl of Minto; formerly Manager of the Herbaceous Department at Kew. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

TAYLOR. Destruction and Reconstruction: Personal Experiences of the Late War in the United States. By RICHARD TAYLOR, Lieutenant-General in the Confederate Army. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

TAYLOR. The Story of My Life. By the late Colonel MEADOWS TAYLOR, Author of 'The Confessions of a Thug,' &c. &c. Edited by his Daughter. New and cheaper Edition, being the Fourth. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THOLUCK. Hours of Christian Devotion. Translated from the German of A. Tholuck, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Halle. By the Rev. ROBERT MENZIES, D.D. With a Preface written for this Translation by the Author. Second Edition, crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

THOMSON. Handy Book of the Flower-Garden: being Practical Directions for the Propagation, Culture, and Arrangement of Plants in Flower-Gardens all the year round. Embracing all classes of Gardens, from the largest to the smallest. With Engraved and Coloured Plans, illustrative of the various systems of Grouping in Beds and Borders. By DAVID THOMSON, Gardener to his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, K.G., at Drumlanrig. Third Edition, crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

——— The Handy Book of Fruit-Culture under Glass: being a series of Elaborate Practical Treatises on the Cultivation and Forcing of Pines, Vines, Peaches, Figs, Melons, Strawberries, and Cucumbers. With Engravings of Hothouses, &c., most suitable for the Cultivation and Forcing of these Fruits. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, with Engravings, 7s. 6d.

THOMSON. A Practical Treatise on the Cultivation of the Grape-Vine. By WILLIAM THOMSON, Tweed Vineyards. Ninth Edition, 8vo, 5s.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. A New Edition, with Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s. Cheap Edition, 2s.

TRAILL. Recaptured Rhymes. Being a Batch of Political and other Fugitives arrested and brought to Book. By H. D. TRAILL. Crown 8vo, 5s.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE HIGHLAND AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND. Published annually, price 5s.

TROLLOPE. The Fixed Period. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 2 vols., fcap. 8vo, 12s.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018